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TALES AND FICTIONS.

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THE FAMILY OF PERRAULT.

A SMALL mound of sand, overgrown by a thin turf of parched and sickly verdure, points out the spot, in the European burial-place at Pondicherry, where M. Casimir Perrault, whose memory still lives in the hearts of the French residents of that settlement, reposes from his earthly sorrows.

Pondicherry, to an ordinary traveller, presents little that is worth notice. Yet it is not devoid of interest to those who take a retrospect of the rapid vicissitudes of the war, carried on with such protracted obstinacy by the British and French powers in India. In other respects, it is little more than a dilapidated fortress, washed by the sea on one side, and on the other affording a barren prospect of sandy plains varied with a succession of low hills, a continuation of the Pulicat chain, bare and rocky, with here and there a patch of withered

herbage. The attachment, however, of the French residents to a place once the most splendid theatre of their military achievements in the East, may be easily accounted for (though the greater number derive scarcely the means of subsistence from a few scanty salaries irregularly remitted and grudgingly paid) by the innocent vanity of a nation, so fondly clinging to the recollections of what it had been in the days of Dupleix and Lally, the cordiality of domestic intercourse for which it is remarkable, and the true French vivacity of their evening balls and coteries, where the most graceful forms glide along the dance, or engage in interesting discussions of the latest Parisian fashions—the same forms, elegantly dressed, that, in the morning, you might have caught in their most dowdy dishabilles, without shoe or stocking.

M. Casimir Perrault was one of the most respectable Frenchmen at Pondicherry. Before the revolutionary war, he was one of the council, and received a decent but ill-paid salary. It was said, also, that, foreseeing the iron times of the revolution, he had converted, before he left France, a great part of his ancestral property into money, which furnished a small contribution of capital to the house of commercial agency in which he was a partner. His wish was to remain there, in the bo-

som of his small family, (two sons and a daughter,) till the political storm that brooded over France should be overpast. Though little more than fifty when the writer was acquainted with him, he was so wrinkled by care and solicitude, that he might have passed for a much older man.

The Perrault family led a life which might be deemed happy, if to want little, and to have that little supplied, can be called happiness. But if Casimir had an ambition or hope beyond so narrow a sphere, it was centred in his eldest boy, Louis Perrault, upon whom he had bestowed the most careful education it was in his power to give him. He cherished the dream, that Louis was destined to revive the ancient honours of his house; and as the bar was then, and in every period of the French revolution, a lucrative and honourable profession, he resolved upon sending him to Paris, in order to pursue the preliminary studies at the university. This probation would require about three years, and by that time, he hoped, the indications of a troubled state of society would have ceased in his native land, or, settling into some stable and tranquil frame of policy, would enable him to return to it with the fruits of his industry. All his little savings, therefore, had for some time been directed to this object; and to accomplish it, a considerable

portion of his means was too partially lavished upon Louis.

With much volatility, the young man had qualities, which judicious culture might have ripened into virtues. But fits of wayward resolution, and headstrong self-will, occasionally came over him, and these were suffered to strike too deep a root during a course of private education, chiefly conducted by a parent, too blind to the faults of a child he loved so ardently. They showed their usual fruits, in an extravagant opinion of his own powers, and a peevish intolerance of contradiction from others. The father's eyes were reluctantly opened to the faults that darkened his son's character, before the time came for his departure by the Danish vessel in which his passage had been taken. Henri, his younger brother, moreover, was to accompany him to Europe, though with a different destination in life, his uncle, Antoine Perrault, a considerable landed proprietor in Britanny, having assured his father that a sphere of useful activity might be opened for him in that province, and undertaking to provide for him liberally, in exchange for certain farming services that would be required of him.

In the morning of October the 21st, 1791, the ship, that was to sever the two lads from their

dearest connexions, anchored in the roads. The heart of Louis, still untainted, yielded to the anticipations of the solemn adieu he was about to take of the kind parent, to whom he owed the small fund of useful knowledge which exercised and enriched his mind, and of the affectionate Hortense, his pet and playmate; and these emotions so far softened his temper, as to lead M. Perrault to draw the most flattering omens of the steadiness and circumspection of his future conduct. As for Henri, he was of a temper so reserved and still, and so methodically correct in all his movements, as to lull asleep all apprehension of his well-doing. But Louis had another parting to endure. Gabrielle de Montfort, of an ancient and loyal family in Britanny, had been reared from infancy in her father's house, at Pondicherry, where he filled the high office of chief-in-council, the highest colonial appointment next to that of the governor. Habituated to the climate as well as the society of the settlement, and unlike, in this respect, our own civil or military servants in India, the French in that country were seldom tormented with the disquietude we call the *home-fever*, but lived happy and contented on their salaries, which, augmented in some cases by annual remittances from their native provinces, enabled them to live, if not as splen-

didly, as comfortably, as the British at the neighbouring settlement of Madras.

The soft and scarcely perceptible gradations, by which childish predilections are ripened into lasting attachments, have been frequently traced. They might have been traced in Louis and Gabrielle. On the day before his departure, Louis frequently mingled his tears with those of his sister—then, suddenly wiping them away, cheered her with gay anticipations of future and happier meetings. Hortense could feel the solace of such enlivening topics; but Gabrielle could not. She shed few or no tears. There was that at her heart which was beyond tears—which tears neither expressed nor relieved. It seemed to be allied to some sad forebodings, for which she could assign no reason, but could not suppress.

Hours like these, painful, indeed, and heavy, are some of the most useful and purifying of our lives. It is to these hours, and the feelings belonging to them, that the mind will turn, with an overwhelming sense of self-reproach, when, at a distance from those with whom we have exchanged our parting sympathies, and released from the restraints imposed by their presence, we have yielded to temptation, and done that which would give them shame or sorrow. Nor did Louis, amidst all the errors of his after-life, ever forget the chastening lesson

of that scene. When the dreaded moment came, he sought not to conceal what he felt, as with one hand he held that of his sister, and with the other pressed Gabrielle's to his bosom. "Courage! courage!" exclaimed M. Perrault; "it is only a three years' separation. How speedily will that time pass away! How little is it in the remembrance of the past! Let us not give it an undue importance in our reckonings of the future." It was a painful effort to the father himself to be firm;—nature would have her way;—in a moment, parent and son were sobbing in a close embrace. M. Perrault suffered not the remaining minutes to depart unimproved. He reminded both of the temptations that would assail them in the world they were about to be thrown into; but the emphasis and strength of the exhortation were directed to Louis. He dwelt on the filthy-mindedness of sensual vices, however tricked out in the gorgeous attire of Parisian voluptuousness. But upon the sordidness and wickedness of gaming, he spake with the resistless eloquence of virtue. Never was that most odious of our propensities more skilfully dissected and laid bare in its true deformity. "It effaced," he said, "all the simplicity of truth, and every charity of love and friendship from the heart, leaving it a void, cold, sterile, and unfruitful of the affections."

Above all, he called to mind the rising spirit of disloyalty in France, withering the chivalrous and heroic gallantry, the exalted devotion, the white and unsullied faith, on which the throne, during a long succession of ages, had reposed—conjuring his son to shun the clubs and societies that had begun to undermine the religious feelings of his countrymen, and with it the moral sense which religion, if it did not infuse, strengthened and confirmed. "Should the conflict break out, let Louis Perrault remember him, that his ancestors never shrunk from the cause of the king and the law, nor spared their wealth and blood in its support." Such were the last valedictory words of Casimir Perrault to his sons.

The incidents of the voyage, the bustle of the ship, and the different places at which they touched, allowed scarcely sufficient leisure for the renewal of the melancholy feelings with which the youths left the parental roof. In the solitude of the night-watches, or during the short twilight of the tropics, when the whole horizon glows with that world of shadowy imagery, out of which fancy sketches new scenes of home, and hope, and love, Louis often sat unseen to steal a look or two at some trifling trinket which had once been Gabrielle's—perhaps a lock of that jetty hair he had himself severed—a rapine

soon and tenderly forgiven. When they landed at Havre, the youths had another parting to undergo; but there was an uncongenial element or two in their dispositions, that rendered the parting affectionate though common-place. Henri, occupied with shaping the future plans of an industrious and virtuous life, hastened to his destination in Brittany; and to Louis the varieties of the landscape, so unlike the dull, cheerless scenery of the Coromandel coast, and the cheerful, brisk conversation of a French diligence, in which there is always a good-hearted contest to be kind and agreeable, brought a pleasing relief from depressing recollections.

At Paris, he commenced his studies with the usual assiduity of beginners, not unmindful of the admonitions of the best of friends, and shrinking with the alarm of virtue from the dangers which beset youth and inexperience in the most dangerous of capitals. He shunned, above all, the gambling-houses in the neighbourhood of that voluptuous palace, occupied by the most abandoned of princes; and held the debating-clubs in still greater abhorrence. But every day familiarized him with the increasing licentiousness and insubordination of the people; and these impressions were so faithfully described in his letters to Pondicherry, that Casimir

felt in its fullest force how truly the good conduct of a child repays the cares and solicitudes of a parent.

Yet were these hopes unsound—the foundation was unsound on which he built them. As for the native affections of the youth, they were as warm and as fresh as ever; but the self-will, that early indulgence had planted, soon overmastered the wisest of his resolves and the purest of his feelings. At the end of a year, he wrote briefly and languidly to his father—affectionately, indeed, to Hortense—and to Gabrielle, as if he had done, or thought, or was likely to do, that which made him unworthy of such a treasure:—to her great grief and disappointment,—he wrote not at all. And so it was; one by one, his best resolutions gave way. He had been tempted to play, and was the dupe of those who tempted him. Gaming is a sort of pioneer to the vices: it breaks down every obstacle to their entrance. His father, whose commercial speculations had been far from prosperous, became unable to supply his extravagance, and his bills on Pondicherry were returned dishonoured.

Then came the revolution. Louis had caught the fever of the times, was initiated into the bloody rites of Jacobinism, and shared in many of its worst excesses. Covered with the threadbare mantle of

a spurious philanthropy, the arguments of the revolution found easy access to the understanding of the ill-fated youth. Despairing of regaining his father's confidence, and, what he prized still more, the forfeited affections of Gabrielle—those affections, the earliest blossomings of her heart—he sought excitement wherever it was to be found—and found it in the political clubs of the day. Louis Perrault was not a solitary instance of the kind. The false doctrines of liberty and equality had corrupted hearts as young and ingenuous as his own, and the ancient loyalty of France had ceased to beat in the bosoms of her children. By degrees, they dried up the fountains of commiseration and sympathy. The manly figure of Louis, his courage, and the ascendancy it gave him over his comrades, procured for him a commission in the army then on active service in the frontier provinces, threatened by the exiled princes. Yet he did not forget—he strove rather to forget—his father, his sister, and the interesting being who first taught him to love.

In the mean while, that lovely creature was on her voyage to France. The death of her parents had thrown her guardianship on a relative, who lived on his patrimonial property in Bretagne. The province revolted, and Count Dumas, her guardian,

not long after he had sent for Gabrielle, had joined the heroic struggles of the royalists, in whose fortunes Madame de la Roche Jacqueline has pathetically taught us to feel so lively an interest. La Vendée (the name given to the anti-revolutionary district) was the only portion of France where noble and peasant, rich and poor, were bound together by an indissoluble attachment. Intersected by canals and ditches, and full of impenetrable thickets, it was impregnable to an invading army; whilst it was inhabited by a race of men of simple and patriarchal manners, and whose loyalty, for the most part, was a sentiment transmitted through a long line of ancestry. Religion strengthened the political feeling—and the fanatical and savage decree, which drove the parish priests from their cures, kindled a corresponding flame of fanaticism in the hearts of the people. "In these causes," says Sir Walter Scott, "originated that celebrated war, which raged so long in the bosom of France, and threatened the overthrow of her government, even while the republic was achieving the most brilliant victories over her foreign enemies."

The peasantry in the neighbourhood of the Count Dumas had shown more than ordinary zeal amongst those who gained the first advantages over the troops of the revolution. By universal acclaim, he

was chosen their leader. Young Dumas, his son, was incited to miracles of valour—not by patriotism only, for it was aided by a sentiment that glowed with equal warmth within him—it was that of a devoted attachment to Gabrielle de Montfort. The old count, who looked upon that growing attachment with satisfaction, having doubt in his mind of its being returned by Gabrielle, was wont, at the close of each day of that savage warfare, to detail, in her hearing, the important services the youth had rendered to the sacred cause of his country. Gabrielle listened, indeed, with attention—nor was that attention unmixed with delight. "But why is not Louis here?" she could not forbear asking herself; "where is he, that *he* is not fighting for his king, and reaping his share of the laurels the younger Dumas has won so gloriously?"

In spite of the desolating warfare, by which the French army avowedly sought to render the country uninhabitable, the Vendéans fought for some time with renewed courage. More than 100,000 men were employed to subjugate them. The battle of Chollet, which was more adverse in its results than any which the Vendéans had yet sustained, determined them to pass the Loire, abandon their beloved bocage, and carry the war into Bretagne,

where they expected support from the tenantry of the count, as well as from the general insurrection of the province. A mixed and harassed host, of every age and both sexes, darkened the banks of the river. The means of crossing were few and perilous; the affright of women and children, famished and half-naked, became ungovernable; and such was the tumult and sorrow of the scene, that Madame La Roche Jacqueline compares it to the day of judgment. The count and his son, both wounded in the last defeat, were with difficulty retreating from the scourge that followed fast behind, whilst Gabrielle,—for the count with all his household was compelled to abandon the chateau of his fathers,—who, in the midst of those dreadful trials, lost not her resolution, still clung to him for protection. Without food, exposed to the fury of the elements, they continued their weary pilgrimage towards the heights of St. Laurent, where the whole mass expected to find a ford across the stream; but, having missed the track of the other fugitives, they had wandered nearly two miles from the common place of refuge.

At this moment, they were alarmed by a cry from the peasants of "the blues, the blues!" as the revolutionary soldiers were called. The count

looked towards the heights, and observed that a considerable party had passed in safety to the opposite side, apparently unpursued. "Fly, fly, Gabrielle!" said he, "*we* must remain here and die." "No," she exclaimed; "we will live or die together." But flight was now too late. A party of republican troops were only a few yards from them. They were conducting a number of prisoners they had inhumanly laden like cattle to convey their baggage. Two ferocious fiends had drawn their sabres to cut down the Dumases; but a voice desired them to desist, for the commanding officer had given orders to spare their prisoners, it being intended to make them a more memorable sacrifice to the offended genius of the republic. The wretched party were then goaded onwards, with the rest of their fellow-sufferers, having been laden with knapsacks, under which the aged count tottered, and which the firmer sinews of his son could hardly sustain. Gabrielle, finding herself less burthened than her partners in misery, asked leave to take on herself a share of what had been imposed on the elder Dumas; but she was answered only with a licentious jest. What would have been her anguish, had she known that Louis, her beloved, her betrothed, commanded the battalion,

of which the party actually conducting her was only a detachment! He was now about a league in the rear.

When they reached their halting-place, however, a discovery awaited her, which served still more to embitter her sufferings. They were distributed in farm-houses, which answered the purpose of prisons; but what were her feelings, when she saw Henri Perrault, who had joined the royalists, brought in, and assigned his quarters in the same apartments with herself and the Dumases! It was a speedy recognition, for Henri, already known to them by name, was soon introduced to them by Gabrielle. "But Louis, where is Louis?" said the poor girl. Henri shook his head. It was dangerous to ask many questions. But there was something still more appalling in the whisperings between Henri and the Dumases. It was, indeed, announced by Henri, that they were all doomed to military execution; nor was it possible to conceal it from Gabrielle. "We shall die without the consolations of our religion," said the count, "but we are in the hands of a merciful God, whose will be done!" The pious resignation was shared by all in this unhappy groupe. Suddenly, loud cries of wretches imploring for life, in an adjoining cottage, were

heard. Gabrielle sunk awhile on the bosom of Henri, but was soon restored, when the door was burst open by the officer commanding the detachment, who was urging on the soldiers to a complete execution of his sanguinary commission. That voice—its tones it was impossible for Gabrielle not to distinguish; and she again sunk down into the arms of Henri. What a recognition was reserved for each! Louis, for it was he himself, was not slow in perceiving that his brother and Gabrielle were the principal figures in this tragic groupe.

Time was precious;—but the opportunity of saving them had gone by. So suddenly, so overwhelming had been the discovery, that Louis gazed, with a silent and fixed look, for several seconds. The Dumases he knew not, but his eyes met the expiring glance of Gabrielle, to whom, in that short space, the whole had been revealed. She was a lifeless corse on the floor. "The gentlest of spirits has fled to its last resting-place," said the count, lifting his eyes to heaven; "we shall all meet there, my children." "Oh, brother, brother," cried Henri; "is it come to this? Oh, Louis, she blessed you as she died!"

Louis Perrault was aroused to the peril of the moment. He rushed out to order off the soldiers; but a file of a serjeant and five grenadiers were

actually entering the apartment; and as it was beginning to be dusk, they had not remarked that their commander had entered, and overturned him to the ground, in the fury of their savage ministration of his orders. What followed was the work of a moment. Henri, as he saw the soldiers approach, threw himself between them and the Dumases. It was too late. In an instant, his body quivered upon a bayonet. Louis had now risen, and rushed forward to save the rest. At that instant, a sabre had cleft the grey head of the count; but Louis succeeded in calling off his death-hounds from farther prey. He saved the younger Dumas, and gave him a passport, which permitted the desolate youth, who had now lost all he loved, to wander amidst the plundered ruins of the house where he had first breathed, and to find a shelter amongst the few peasants who still lingered near their beloved bocage.

But for this imperfect atonement to the violated mercy of heaven, he was himself brought to trial, found guilty, and sent to one of the prisons in Paris, which was overflowing with persons accused of the same sort of *incivism.* Louis, it had been proved before the court-martial, was seen in the act of hanging over the remains of a young woman and a young man, and ejaculating curses against

his own fate and the cause of the republic. From this prison, every week, a certain number of wretches were draughted off for the guillotine. Louis awaited his own fate with impatience. Life was a guilty burthen he longed to throw off. Those three unhappy beings, slaughtered before his eyes, and under his authority, were phantoms, one of them especially, that were for ever before him. The rigours of his imprisonment, however, were occasionally relaxed. He owed it to one of the deputy gaolers, who had once served under him. This man brought him, from day to day, intelligence of what was going on at the revolutionary tribunal, and told him that, by means of a *ruse*, he had succeeded in putting Louis, who had been ordered for instant execution, at the bottom of the list; so that he might not probably be called for till the following week. He had also rubbed out the chalk upon his door, a symbol that he was marked for one of the victims of the ensuing day, and placed the mark upon a contiguous one. "Why not leave me to my fate, generous friend?" cried Louis. "The sooner it comes the better." "Because," answered the gaoler, "we know not what time may bring about;" and, having placed before him his niggard allowance of breakfast, retired.

Time did bring about a change, which this wretched man little looked for. The friendly deputy visited him, and brought him a disguise. "The door shall be opened to you," he said, "when you have put on my wife's dress. She is here so often, that her ingress and egress will never be matter of suspicion. Follow me; you will be mistaken for her, since she is tall and masculine, and in figure not unlike you." There was no time for refusing to concur in this friendly stratagem. The gaoler's wife sheltered him as long as it was safe to do so—and with a few francs in his pocket, concealing himself by day, and making a short, stealthy journey every night, Louis arrived at the mansion of the younger Dumas, who was permitted to reside there in consequence of some powerful interest that had been exerted at Paris in his behalf, where he threw himself on the youth's protection, and claimed forgiveness for the involuntary crime into which a mistaken sense of duty had misled him. "But you are revenged, count," he said; "the bloody deed is written in fiery characters in my brain—there they will remain for ever." Hospitality is a sacred duty in those provinces. The count accompanied the repentant republican to Brest, where Louis joined Surcouff, who was about to sail on

an expedition of plunder to the Indian seas, as a marine.

About a twelvemonth after this, old Casimir Perrault and his daughter were sitting to catch the refreshing sea-breeze that had just reached his verandah. It was dusk, when a step was heard in the compound. Presently, there stood before them, in a ragged sailor's attire, the well-known form of a being once dear to both, and it was the being of whom the old man, who had been gradually sinking under a load of parental sorrows that made other cares comparatively light (though of these too he had his share), and Hortense had been talking. "Let me but see and bless him before I die!" said he. "God will forgive him, why should not I?" At these words, Louis appeared. "He is here, father," he exclaimed; "grant him your blessing —he deserves not your forgiveness." A faint smile of thankfulness to heaven beamed across the furrowed face of Casimir for an instant. But his last breath was spent in an ineffectual attempt to bless and forgive the wretched wanderer.

The tradition was rife at Pondicherry twenty years ago. Louis succeeded to the shattered fortunes of his father, and supplied the place of that affectionate guardian to poor Hortense. He again

joined Surcouff, and three years of successful privateership enabled him to retire to Batavia, whence it was understood they embarked for France, when her troubles had subsided into the settlement and repose of imperial despotism.

TOM LEGGE.

Of the uncommon men (in modern history), as De Boigne, General Thomas, we possess ample biography. Of the first by his son; the second by Colonel Francklin, dictated by Thomas himself, who was too illiterate to write; and of whom a condensed account, divested of every thing extraneous, could not fail to interest many readers even now. In him was seen the union of wild energy, considerable foresight, and daring intrepidity, with gigantic form and strength, which placed him among the most conspicuous of all who "carved their way to fortune" in that wide field: nor is there a reasonable doubt that, but for the brilliant close of his career in the unequal but unavoidable collision with Perron, he would have made Lahore his capital, for the Seiks quailed before the name of Thomas, who spoke of them as soldiers with contempt, and treated them with hard knocks.

With five hundred of his Rohilla cavaliers, he would at any time have disposed of thrice that number of Seik horse; nor, I will pledge myself, would James Skinner refuse the same odds, if we had a break with Runjeet, whose victories are due to "those vile guns" and his disciplined bands.

But besides these great names in the field of enterprise, there were many of lesser note, less favoured by fortune, "who dropped into the grave unpitied and unknown." Of these I became acquainted with one,—poor Tom Legge. It was the day after Christmas A.D. 1807, one of those bright exhilarating mornings, never known in our clime, while *in* my tent, and *in*tent on protracting the route of Sindia's army from Oodipoor to Cheetore, near which the camp was, a servant announced a respectable native as desirous to speak with me. Figure to yourself a square-built good-looking Rohilla, about forty-five years of age, clad in a yellow chintz alkbalik, red turban, &c., with fair complexion, sandy whiskers, and peculiar physiognomy, announcing him a native of the "Emerald Isle." Taking off his turban with his right hand, and, with a forecastle bow, greeting me in the purest Hibernian, "good morning to your honour!" while, as he uncovered his head, there fell down his back a long, trebly-plaited tail, that would have

done credit to a Chinese mandarin. One of my first questions was on the state of his appetite, as he had just come off a long journey, during which he had fallen among robbers, who had plundered him of everything but his *kais* and his book; and he was indebted to a good Samaritan for the wardrobe in which he stood before me. I told him, if he was not afraid of pork, there was a cold chine of a wild boar, and mustard withal. "In truth, sir, but I shall be obliged to your honour, for I have not seen either these five-and-twenty years." Having eaten moderately, and quaffed a single glass of beer,—for poor Tom, both from necessity and principle, was more of a stoic than an epicure,—he gave me the outline of his life. His recollections of home were scanty. He was a native of the north of Ireland, I think of Donaghadee, where his father was the owner of two small vessels, then constantly employed in carrying emigrants to America. He was very wild, and on his father wishing him to adopt some mechanical employment unsuited to his taste, being then about sixteen, he ran away from home, and entered himself on board a sloop of war (the *Swallow*, I think), then bound for Madras. Arrived in India, his vagrant principle increased with his strength; he ran away from his ship, and begged his way to Hydrabad, in

Sinde, with whose ruler he obtained service. An incident there occurred, which will furnish the date of this era in Tom's life. It was at this period that Nathan Craw,—a name connected with the earliest knowledge we have of that region,—had established a factory at Tatta, which excited so much jealousy, that the Sinde ruler resolved on its annihilation. Tom Legge was deputed as ambassador, and any thing but his own phraseology would mar the most laconic and emphatic speech in the annals of diplomacy. "*Mr. Craw, sir, I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news to your honor, but you must bate a retrate, and that immadiately, sir,*"—and he specified the time. I do not remember how long he had been there when entrusted with this mission, but altogether he was at that court and in Upper Sinde, five or six years. Thence he went to Mooltan, and remained some time, hence passing through the Indian desert to Jeipoor; but he did not sojourn long with the Rajpoots. He then entered the service of the Jat ruler of Gohud-Gwalior, where an Englishman, by name Sangster, commanded what were called the Regulars, a man of skill and ingenuity, under whom Tom learnt the art of casting guns, and whatever belonged to their management. With this knowledge, the errant principle revived; he bade adieu to Colonel Sang-

ster, and steered his course across the Indus to Cabool. Here his talents gained him three rupees a-day, and he remained some years, under very kind treatment, rendering himself so useful, that he was obliged to go without leave, seeing he could not obtain it fairly. He steered right north, across the Hindu Cush, for Badakshan, where he was so well received, that he stayed longer, if I mistake not, than at Cabool, and here he made some left-handed kind of marriage. It was either in the course of his service at Badakshan, on the journey thither, or on leaving it, that he was in Cafferist'han; and I well remember his horrifying our syed moonshee, by his account of men who, professing Islamism, were said to be *Adam-khor*, or ' man-eaters On quitting Badakshan, he found a new master in Bokhara, where for a time he sojourned, exercising his art; and there, as elsewhere, his only difficulty was to get away. He afterwards served at Herat or Candahar, or at both; and in this way passed more than twenty years of his life, serving almost every power between the Indus and the Caspian. Once more, being at length tired of this nomade existence, he crossed the Indus and made for Jeipoor, where he determined to fix for the rest of his days, his preamble to which was to marry an illegitimate daughter of the *hakim*, or Dr. De

Silva, a grandson of the celebrated Xavier De Silva, sent out by the king of Portugal to assist the astronomical studies of the Rajpoot prince of Ambér, Jey Sing, who founded Jeipoor. By this alliance Tom obtained the command of a Nujeeb battalion, but almost the first service he was sent on, proved the last of his eventful career. It was against a refractory chief, and he gallantly led the escalade, and was stepping over the parapet, when, to use his own language, "I was poked down with a pike, and shot through my thigh. I have come to your honor's camp to get cured, for they can make no hand at it at Jeipoor,"—intermingling his speech with a forcible and patriotic expression of the joy with which the British flag in front of the tents inspired him.

Having listened to this, and much more, which made so deep an impression upon me, that for years I could, and often did, repeat the adventures of Tom Legge nearly *verbatim* to my friends (one of whom, at least, if he should see this, will well remember them), I sent to request our doctor, Kenneth Macaulay, to come to me. His pleasure was not inferior to my own in listening to the variegated history of this singular being, who had retained, amidst these strange vicissitudes, an artlessness of manner and goodness of heart, displayed in

many notable instances, during his abode of some months in our camp. One of his most prominent characteristics, next to that of locomotion, was evinced in the store of wild legends he had picked up, his easy belief and accurate retention of which were alike extraordinary. Of his benevolence we had ample proof in his disposal of the sums of money we advanced for his use. They went to the sick and poor, whom he had learned to commiserate, and who had at the same time his advice and his medicines. But Tom had advanced a step beyond the administering of simples. He not only prepared unguents for sprains, but had recourse to the crucible, and his pills of decomposed cinnabar found numerous applicants in the "great camp," which, on a moderate calculation, contained then not less than one hundred thousand souls. Besides the quantum of alchemy which enabled him to compound his medicines, he had acquired a knowledge of the noble art of divination, by means of the blade bones of sheep, one much practised amongst the rude tribes of Central Asia, and a medium of penetrating "hidden secrets" analogous to that of our land, in no very remote times, from the grounds of the tea-cup. An opportunity too good to be lost having presented itself, I determined to have a proof of Tom's skill in osteology. The British

embassy was then following in "the tail" (as it is now called) of the great freebooter Sindia, whose predatory career, more rapid than the comet, at once foretold and fulfilled the "change to princes," one of whom after another was knocked on the head, having in vain invoked our interference. The army had then sat down before the fortress of Arore, in Aheerwarra, and knowing the slow process of a siege, we had recourse to Tom to learn till what period we must consent to wear the girdle of patience. "If I could get an entire bone, we should soon see; but not a mother's son of 'em will give it perfect." I soon resolved this difficulty, and the steward of the household being acquainted with the necessity of perfectibility in the article, from the next sheep that was slain we had one which the magician himself pronounced faultless. My tent being his head-quarters, thither he came with his divining blade, and began to read on its dark lines. His attention being diverted, however, by some casual occurrence, I could not resist trying the extent of the poor man's credulity, and by means of a slight dash of the pencil, putting a short line over a circular impression, I made a very good gun. On his resuming the bone, our first question was, "if there were any guns in the fortress." After various minute inspections, "I

think there *is* one, your honour," at length came forth; and the oracle closed with the declaration that Arore would surrender within that week;—fortunately for Tom's credit, it gave in in three days!

But this is a very common-place credulity, and of a nature shared by thousands. On another point, the knowledge of the spot that sheltered the first pair in their days of innocence, his belief was equally strong, though he mentioned but one who enjoyed the secret with himself—the carpenter of—(I forget the name), who was his guide to this once blissful and yet Hesperian abode. Whenever Tom touched on this subject, he became more than usually serious—it was his mad point. It mattered little that a warmer spot than the summit of the Indian Caucasus was requisite for the comfort of our undraped progenitors. To reason with him was unreasonable—he had seen and believed. The precise topography I cannot recal; but it was of course " whence four rivers issue, one of which was the Jihoon," and one watered the land of Havila, of which, according to Tom, Cabool was a corruption: " for does not the book say, there was much gold there, and is not this the case then, for gold is found in all these ruins?" The discovery,

however, of the bower of Eden, Tom awarded to the carpenter, who had remained for several days within the sacred precincts, and often wished he had never emerged; "for he never could speak of it, sir, without weeping like a child." The road which conducted to the Gar-i-Jumshid, or 'Cave of Jumshid' (such its local name), was through a spacious, dark cavern, through which rushed one of the four streams. The angel with the flaming sword still guards the entrance, though the carpenter was allowed ingress. In the heart of the mountain was a beautiful garden, filled with delicious fruits, with piles of gold bricks at one end, and of silver at the other; and various other marvels, of which the carpenter's glowing description tempted poor Tom to obtain entrance. His friend freely offered to conduct him to the cave, but "worlds would not have tempted him to re-enter it." Forth they sallied, but Tom's courage failed at the Erebean darkness and the rush of waters, which the carpenter pretended was occasioned by the perpetual motion of the flaming sword. Tom never recurred to the subject but with a sad melancholy look, which it would have been cruel to ridicule, and his concluding peroration was invariably the same—"and if it was not the garden

of Eden, sir, what could it be?" wisely leaving the *onus* of contrary proof on his hearer.*

Though his brogue was scarcely to be mistaken, there was mingled with it a strong Scotch accent, which induced me to ask Dr. Macaulay what countryman he would suppose him. Tom's meek spirit took fire; the quærè involved a double insult, to

* Tom's location of Paradise, whether on the Hindu Kho, or "Palmer, chief of hills," appears singularly infelicitous. The Gar-i-Jumshid, however, which served as the basis of the carpenter's hypothesis, and the entrance to Eden, is not without celebrity in the most ancient traditions. Its very name, "the Cave of Jumshid," the great Parthic hero of Ferdoosi, attests its antiquity, whether as a dwelling, a tomb, or a place of worship. If the latter, it would have answered admirably for the period so well described by our last master-bard:

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth o'er-gazing mountains."

There is hardly a doubt that it was this same cavern which Alexander and his Greeks converted into the cave of Prometheus; and who, not a jot behind Tom Legge in credulity, asserted that the ever-gnawing eagle was still at work upon his subject—so says Arrian, if I mistake not, for, I repeat, I write without book. Abulfazil also, on more ancient authority, takes notice of the Gar-i-Jumshid, as, I rather think, does Baber in his "Commentaries." It is in these regions also, 'midst

"Icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche,"

that the Hindu of all times has placed Cailàs, the abode of their Jupiter.

his country and to his veracity, and he exclaimed with warmth, " you may take me for a Spaniard or a Portuguese, or what you plase, sir ; but I tell you nothing but the truth, your honour, when I say I am an Irishman." I instantly poured the oil of gladness on his wounded spirit, by saying I did not doubt his word, but as my friend was a Scotchman, I wished to know whether he might not, from his accent, have taken him for a fellow-countryman. His countenance brightened as he rejoined, with a tone and expression I shall never forget, and which could only come from a genuine son of Erin, " *And was not my mother a Mackintosh?*"

But, perhaps, the most striking feature of his mind, considered with reference to his motley life, was his reverence for the sacred volume. I mentioned in the outset his having been plundered of every thing but his " mantle and book ;" that book was his Bible, which had never quitted him in all his wanderings. In short, piety, credulity, benevolence, a straightforward and honest simplicity, formed a strange compound in Tom Legge, whose moral and physical intrepidity require no comment.

But his wound healed not. During the first few weeks, the applications produced exfoliation, and he looked better, and felt happier than he had done for years, for he met with unwearying kindness in

return for the amusement afforded by his daily visits. But "hope deferred" at length began to prey upon him. Yet there was resignation mixed with his despondency when he found himself gradually wasting away. In these moments, he would say to me, "I do not fear death, your honour, and could I get my life written, and my boy sent to Calcutta, I should die contented." The first point I more than once commenced, but my health being undermined by severe and constant rheumatism, I was unable to make progress with it; and as a young *sub*, I had not the means to facilitate his other wish. At length, Tom expressed a desire to return to Jeipoor. A camel, a pony, clothes, money, every thing was provided for him by the kindness of the resident, Mr. Mercer, and our joint aid in camp. He had not quitted us long before despair overtook him; he threw away his clothes, and taking post in a deserted *mut*, proclaimed himself a fakir. In this condition he was discovered by the wife of Sindia's general, Jean Baptiste, who acted the Samaritan towards him; but it was too late, and he died.*

* This curious tale of a real character was furnished by the late Colonel James Tod, author of the *Annals of Rajast'han.*

A TALE OF THE MAYOR'S COURT AT MADRAS.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Happily, the Mayor's Court at Madras is now a matter of history only. Its strange freaks of justice, and its solemn plausibilities, are no more. Even the place where its sittings were held is no longer to be traced. Buildings, which have been the scene of memorable occurrences in Europe, by surviving those occurences, lend their aid to tradition and give a shape and substance to its shadows; but every fragment of that court-house has long since crumbled under the hand of time, or rather under the white ant, which, in that climate, is a much more active destroyer. If any thing, however, prolonged its memory in the settlement, it was the pew in St. Mary's Church, appropriated to the corporation in its "palmy state," and which continued to be occupied by Richard Yeldham, the last mayor, who tenaciously clung to the desk and its folio prayer-book, and to what the cock-roaches

had spared of the velvet cushion, long after his brother aldermen had not only laid down their civic gowns, but "shuffled off their mortal coils" altogether. Nor was it easy, in spite of the sanctity of the place, to repress a smile, when a stranger by mistake, or, as it sometimes happened, misdirected to it by an ill-timed pleasantry, blundered into that pew, and his peons, taking their signal from the displeased looks of their master, instantly set the matter right by expelling the intruder, in the face of the whole congregation. But amusing as it was to see poor Richard hugging the phantom of his office, no human being was more respected; perhaps the more so from the whims and peculiarities of his habits.

The proceedings of this court were of a mongrel kind, between a suit in equity and a trial at *Nisi Prius*. Decrees passed by a majority of votes, and there was an appeal to the governor in council, which was but little resorted to; the waters of municipal justice not being always the clearer for ascending to the fountain. When the four aldermen were equally divided, or, according to the slander of the day, when both sides had been equally bribed, the mayor had the casting-voice. But the persons who dipped their hands with most success into the rich feculence of that court were the attor-

nies, who acted as barristers also. There were admirable pickings for these gentlemen, most of whom were adventurers, who had become lawyers "in spite of nature and their stars;" some of them fugitive mates of Indiamen, who, on the departure of their respective ships, suddenly started up from the snug concealment of a punch-house, and, having sufficient interest to obtain a free-merchant's license, were fortunate enough to get admission into the court as attornies. But whatever were their legal qualifications, they were as noisy a pack of pleaders, and gave their black clients as much talk for their money, as if they had been regularly trained in Westminster Hall or the Four courts of Dublin. They talked, however, to little effect. Neither good causes, nor powerful pleadings, availed much. There was a shuffling and cutting of the judicial cards, which deceived the best players. Vainly did the advocates waste their melodious breath in that Babel of brogues and dialects, for so I have heard it described. Impassive to their eloquence, sate old John T——g, the most *influential* member of the bench, if I may use the cant phrase of the day, with his legs carelessly flung over the railing before him—there he sate, deaf to the voice of the charmer, immersed in thoughts that soared far above the merits of the cause he was hearing. As

he sipped his coffee, and ate his fish and rice, at that morning's breakfast, the wealthiest party to the suit had in a short visit overthrown the judicial equipoise of his mind; yet he listened, or seemed to listen, with serene attention, to the reciprocal wranglings of the bar. On such occasions, the most experienced of the practitioners *felt* what would be the decision; for having expended a certain portion of voluble nonsense, and exchanged a few witticisms not always of the finest manufacture, they tied up their papers and waited for T—— g's opinion. If the case was a plain one, he had the faculty to perplex it; if intricate, he could make it intelligible, or appear so, to his brother judges. He was the bell-wether of the flock, and the rest followed in his track.

But the lawyers of the Mayor's Court were not uniformly of this class. In the year 1785, Mortimer Williams, a young man of fine talents and finished education, arrived at Madras, with permission to practise as an attorney. Though not called to the bar in England, he had been educated to the law, but was too poor and unbefriended to run the risks and defray the expenses of that precarious profession. Reports had reached him of the average state of talent in the Mayor's Court, and he calculated, perhaps not too sanguinely, that with such

competitors, his success was by no means doubtful. In the confidence of that calculation, and the elation of heart incident to youthful hopes, he had engaged himself to a beautiful girl of French extraction, who had consented to become the sharer of his fortunes, so soon as Mortimer's professional prospects should render the project eligible. Great sums of money had been made there; but the court was then in its full maturity of corruption, scarcely paying justice the compliment of assuming her semblance.

No man could have been more misplaced than Williams. It was a soil as ungenial to his talents, as it was to his virtues, for he was a being of high honour, and trained to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. He spoke eloquently, not merely because he was a scholar, but because he thought and felt eloquently. It happened, however, whether from the constitution of his mind or the habits of his education, that in the ordinary business of judicature, his eloquence was too refined, and his reasonings too severe and logical in their form, for the petty details he had to deal with. His mind was capacious, but little things eluded its grasp, and it was brought into constant collision with minds of a coarser texture. The hard front of an Irish adversary, fearless in assertion, for ever re-

futed but for ever unconvinced;—the indefatigable wiles and slow insidious perseverance of the Scottish pleader, labouring onwards to his point, and by a false shew of deference conciliating the ear of his judges;—that petty skirmishing, in short, which consists in wranglings for costs and entrapping each other by trick and stratagem—this was not only little in unison with his feelings, but aggravated a hundred-fold in that climate the wear and tear of his nerves, always stretched to their utmost tension, when a duty was cast upon him, that affected the rights and interests of others. If his lot had thrown him, as he used to remark, amongst competitors of loftier habits of thinking, and endued with perceptions of the fair, and good, and decorous, as exquisite as his own, he might have reaped honour from the conflict. But to put forth the strength of a rich, flourishing intellect, pregnant with images collected from an ample range of learning and meditation, in a scuffle with low and subaltern minds, was a wasteful application of his eminent gifts—a laborious descent from a towering and eagle flight, to silence the idle cawings of the crow or the contemptible chattering of the magpie. Unfortunately, he was not trained to this; and there was, moreover, a modesty in his nature, which, except on great occasions, made him dis-

trustful of his powers. It was not so with Mortimer's antagonists. It is inconceivable—the confidence and self-possession of ignorance. They had fearlessly dashed into a profession, with the elements of which they were untinctured, and having acquired its jargon, imagined they had mastered its principles. Then there was the clumsy jest, the unfeeling sarcasm, the rough brutal contradiction: —all this was enough to rouse the instinctive antipathies of a gentleman into madness. Such was the adverse tide against which he had to beat.

All, who have studied India in its moral aspects, have remarked that the native character at the presidencies is a superinduced, artificial character, in which every genuine Hindoo quality seems to have degenerated. But amongst the corruptions that have produced this effect, the worst of all is the plague-spot which English courts of law have communicated to it. The office of the attorney is the Pandora's box, from which the vilest of its contaminations have sprung; for the foulest curse with which English rule has visited that interesting people, is that of having taught them to worry and tear each other to pieces by the forms or rather the mockeries of justice. At present, native litigiousness, or at least the fund that fed it, is nearly exhausted: it was then in its first freshness. But

Williams was feeble in a bad cause, and the moment he saw that it was upheld by perjury, abandoned it altogether. The agents, or black lawyers, as they were called, *viz.* the dubashes, who have the coaxing and nursing of the causes, no longer flocked to his office. "Master good man," they said, "but master not proper man for a court-lawyer." He had, therefore, the mortification of seeing the profits of the court engrossd by less scrupulous practitioners. The loss of business, however, chiefly embittered his thoughts, because, having confided too sanguinely in some early indications of success, not long after his arrival, he had forwarded a remittance to England, to enable Miss de Montreville to embark for India, and in all probability she was by this time on her voyage.

But what soon afterwards gave the death-blow to Mortimer Williams's professional success, was a resolution he had formed, alone and unassisted, and with a host of chances against him, of vindicating the purity of the court, by a fearless exposure of its corruption; as mad a Quixotism as could have visited the brain of man. In a cause then pending, it had come within the conusance of Williams's client, that an adverse party to the suit had paid one of those seasonable visits already hinted, and which was likely to produce its usual fruits,—a

decree in accordance with the wishes of the wealthy visitant. Williams was bent on trying a novel experiment, in order to bring the abominable practice to shame and detection. In the defendant's answer, therefore, he inserted an allegation that the plaintiff himself, conscious of the weakness of his claim and to pervert the ends of justice, had actually given the sum of one thousand star pagodas to a member of the court, and when the cause was heard, Williams tendered evidence in proof of it. When the officer of the court read that astounding allegation, which unveiled some of the most sacred mysteries of Madras justice, the whole bench rung with indignant exclamations against the libel and the libeller. Erect in the pride of virtue, Mortimer Williams faced the storm, and defied its fury. One moved that he should shew cause within three days why his name should not be struck off the rolls of the court. This was a satisfaction to Williams, for he thirsted for the opportunity, that would thus have been given him, of substantiating the charge. But whether they dreaded the exposure, or from some other reason, they contented themselves with striking out the scandalous matter for impertinence, and decreeing with costs against the defendant.

From this time, Williams lost nearly all his business; for who would employ a man whom the

court heard with averted ear? He was one morning ruminating on the perplexities of his condition, and endeavouring to summon that gloomy courage, which might enable him to meet them (that courage almost deserting him when he reflected that there was one, whom he loved more than himself, who would soon be involved in his misfortunes), when a Hindoo of caste, and of respectable appearance, who had glided in with the usually inaudible step of a native visitor, stood suddenly before him. The man had a dejected and melancholy expression of feature; he wore no turban, but in lieu of it a nurraya cloth thrown over his head, a symbol of some distress suffered, or some grievous injury inflicted, and the rest of his habiliments exhibited the disorder and negligence which betoken affliction. "I am seeking," said the braminy, "an honest lawyer. The human face is a science I have studied. In the face the mind is registered. Amongst your brethren, I have perused only cunning and servility. Your countenance bears the characters of integrity and courage. It is not redress that I look for—but state my case, that I may regain my estimation in the eyes of my caste, who now consider me polluted and dishonoured." He complained of an unjust imprisonment and a severe corporeal punishment by order of the collector and

magistrate of the T—— district. During his short sojourn at T——, an ummaul had been plundered of her gold ornaments. Suspicion fell on the goorikul to whose charge she had been entrusted. He was apprehended, and having equivocated in his answers, had by order of the collector been punished with several severe strokes of the rattan. Mootiah, believing him innocent, interposed in his behalf, but having expressed himself in stronger terms than the collector liked, he was confined in the same prison, and severely punished with the rattan, on the virtues of which, as a test of judicial truth, the worthy magistrate seemed to have implicit reliance.

This was a fresh perplexity to poor Williams. He had already given inexpiable offence to the court. He had now to brave the government itself, whose policy at that time was to screen their servants from public animadversion. But honour urged him to undertake the cause, and he would listen to no other impulse. In a few weeks it was ready for hearing. The plaintiff met him as he entered the court-house, and put into his hand a bag of rupees, the amount of which scarcely covered the sums already disbursed by Williams. "Young man," said he, "I am poor. Your reward must be found in the honourable discharge of your duty.

Fear not the storms of power. Like the winds of heaven, they may tear up the worthless shrub, but the root of the generous tree is strengthened by agitation."

The times we refer to are long gone by. More enlightened notions of policy influence our relations towards the natives of India. The chair at Madras was then filled by W—— l, a name afterwards of some notoriety in the annals of the Company. Little, mean, and insignificant in person, the pride of place supplied his want of stature, and gave him an erect strut, which he mistook for dignity. Cunning and duplicity were his substitutes for talent. The office having been cast on him by accidental devolution, he filled it but for a short time, when he was recalled to answer charges of malversation in England. Williams, intent only on his professional obligations, stated the case with great power, and animadverted in terms of just severity upon the outrage inflicted upon an unoffending Hindoo; but he did not spare the Government itself, who had thrown the shield of their protection over the author of the injustice. He was carried, perhaps, by the vehemence of honourable feelings and an instinctive hatred of oppression, somewhat too far: for the court, having decided against the plaintiff with costs of suit, eagerly

seized the opportunity for which they had long waited, and on the alleged ground of his having used contumelious expressions towards the Government, removed him from the list of practitioners. The Government next cancelled his indentures, and ordered him to embark for England in a ship then in the roads and ready to sail. Williams addressed them in a memorial, eloquently urging the hardship and injustice of the case. One topic of it, it might be supposed, would have found its way to bosoms not steeled against justice or humanity; for he intimated his daily expectation of the arrival of the young lady, to whom he had been attached from his youth:—the desolate condition of an unbefriended girl thrown amongst strangers, and without the means of support in the absence of him to whose protection she was consigned. The memorial had no effect; and having made the best arrangements he could for her reception in the family of a humble Englishman, with whom Williams left for that purpose what little he could spare out of the scanty remnants of his savings, he prepared to embark in obedience to the orders of the Government. On the beach, he was accosted by his client Mootiah. "Be not cast down," said the braminy: "it is but an imperfect recompense for all you have suffered in my behalf; but wear

this ring for my sake;" placing, at the same time, a ring in which a diamond of some size, but apparently of little price, had been clumsily set by some inexpert artist; and then took leave of the young lawyer with looks that bespoke regret and gratitude. The ring being much too heavy to be worn, Williams deposited it in his desk, placing, however, no other value on it, than as a memorial of his Hindoo friend.

Julia de Montreville arrived about two months after his departure. Her surprise and perplexity may be readily conceived, when she found herself thrown on the precarious hospitality of strangers, and the pleasing anticipations she had so fondly cherished of being received in the protecting embraces of her lover, so cruelly deceived. She was, indeed, kindly welcomed under the roof of the friends to whom Williams had recommended her; but they themselves were poor, and almost wanted the little aid they imparted. Julia was in the vernal height of her charms, and at that time English beauty was a "pearl of price" at the settlement. Her beauty, for it was truly fascinating, attracted an attention to her distress and the painful circumstances of her arrival, which they would not otherwise perhaps have received. It became the fashion to express a sympathy for

her situation, and she was invited into the family of a civil servant of distinction. In compliance with the suggestions left her by Williams, she was to remain in India, till he should announce to her the prospect of obtaining redress from the Directors, and their permission to return to Madras. In the meanwhile, though dejected and wretched, she was whirled along the circle of fashionable dissipation, and compelled to wear an aspect of gaiety, which was belied by the feelings of her heart. Admirers fluttered around her; nor were suitors wanting. The kind lady, beneath whose roof she resided, urged her to accept one of the most eligible, dilating with infinite volubility on the charms of a gay establishment, and taking care to set before her the folly of a romantic attachment to a man of ruined fortunes. To feelings attuned like Julia's, all this was the harshest discord that could be sounded; and she lingered in feverish impatience for a letter from Williams. That letter came; but it breathed no syllable of hope. He was struggling with penury, and though the passage was almost blotted out by his tears, at the conclusion he advised her, in the spirit of a generous self-devotion, to accept — He could not finish the sentence, but he evidently recommended her to accept a suitable offer should it be made her.

She resolved, however, with increased earnestness, to return home. How was this to be done? Poor and dependent, she could not command the means. One evening, when she had excused herself from a party on the plea of indisposition, and was sitting alone, and in no very enviable mood, a palanquin stopped at the steps of the verandah, from which a native alighted, who, after the usual salutations, addressed her, and placed in her hands a shawl, which he begged her to unfold. She had scarcely retired for that purpose, when the visitor, having re-ascended his palanquin, was instantly out of the reach of her gratitude; for the shawl contained a sum in pagodas, more than sufficient to defray the expenses of her voyage. It was Mootiah from whom she had received this beneficent token. To shorten the narrative, Julia returned to England, and was united to Williams, although he was still struggling with depressed fortune. Love, however, does not always overflow with worldly resources, and theirs were soon exhausted. The prospect was gloomy, and even affection, pure as ever glowed in two human hearts, was not at all times sufficient to cheer it. They were sitting in mournful consultation one night upon the ways and means of the morrow. "I may exclaim with Jaffier," said Williams, with a forced smile:—

"'Thank heaven, I'm not worth a ducat.'" Suddenly, however, he bethought himself of the ring with which Mootiah had presented him, and which he had preserved only as a memorial of that worthy creature's kindness, it being of little or no other value in his estimation. But as it was unquestionably a diamond, though covered with incrustations, and the ring, though of the clumsiest workmanship, was gold, he carried it to a jeweller—and to his astonishment, found that the stone was of the first water, and that it required only a skilful artist to redeem its lustre. He disposed of it for £800, which, in that crisis of their fortunes, seemed a mine of wealth. But much better things came. By the death of a French uncle, who had been one of the *fermiers* of the revenue under the old *régime*, Julia inherited considerable wealth. The bequest being coupled with the condition that her husband, whoever he might be, should assume the name of Montreville, and reside a certain portion of the year in France, as a superintendent of the estates devised to her, they immediately established themselves at Paris.

Years flowed on in uninterrupted happiness, and Montreville had almost forgotten the trials and misfortunes of his youth; when one morning, as he was crossing the Pont Neuf, his observation was

drawn to a short, elderly Englishman, meanly attired, and walking with a slow desultory pace, denoting, as he rightly conjectured, considerable uneasiness of mind. The stranger also gazed intently on Montreville, and in a few instants they recognized each other. It was W——l, the Madras governor, the man whose injustice had crushed his early hopes; but the memory of that injustice was now obliterated by the claims of the unhappy man to his compassion. "Do you recollect," said Montreville, "the name of Williams?"—"I do," returned W——l; "I remember it with regret." Montreville would not suffer him to apologize, but having, by the courtesy of his manner, won the old man's confidence, heard from him the melancholy recital of his distresses. The story was a short one. He had been recalled, and had fled his country, where a bill of pains and penalties hung over his head. He was now abandoned by all who had basked in the sunshine of his power, on many of whom he had lavished favours, which laid the foundations of ample fortunes. A few minutes before Montreville had met him, he had eagerly hastened, in the warmth of a long and early friendship, to shake by the hand one of those whom his bounty had fed and enriched; but his advances were scornfully repulsed, and this had occasioned

the agitation which Montreville had remarked in his features.

In this destitution Montreville humanely succoured him, and having raised some subscriptions among the most opulent of the few Englishmen who were then at Paris, settled on him a small provision, which allowed him to wear out the remnant of his days in a decent obscurity. The vicissitudes we have related, form an instructive lesson; and those who act unjustly while they stand upon the slippery heights of fortune, would do well to remember the fate of W——l, the governor of Madras.

THE MERMAID.—AN EASTERN TALE.

"Did I ever tell you of my adventure with a mermaid?"

"A mermaid!—No, never: I should like mightily to hear it, Captain Quizzle."

"It is the most remarkable of all my adventures: I wonder I have not told you of it."

"You have so many strange stories: your life must have been an eventful one. Pray let us have it, Captain."

"Well.—I traded for several years in the Eastern Archipelago. The swarms of clusters of islands thereabouts are amazing; not a tenth part of them are ever visited by human beings, and consequently all the strange things in the animal and even the vegetable creation are to be found there: monsters, as we call them, seem to congregate amidst these delicious spots, because they are there out of the reach of man's destructive power. You have

heard of the Brobdignag butterflower discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles in an island of the Archipelago, at mere sight of which one of his Hindu servants died of fright:—calyx like the dome of St. Paul's; pistils like good-sized fir-trees; pollen in such prodigious quantity that wild-beasts are often smothered in it. Sir Stamford likewise met with the Dugong, or mer-man. He could only get a dead specimen; I have often seen the animal alive; I have shaken hands with one, for they are exceedingly gentle creatures. All these things are now pretty notorious. But besides these, unicorns are so plentiful (though they can never be taken alive, as you all know), that their horns are used as walking-sticks by the respectable Malays, and as canes by the schoolmasters. The Malay boys require a vast deal of banging to get their alphabet properly, the letters are so difficult to sound (their mouths often grow awry in the attempt), and the unicorn's horn saves trouble, one stroke of it raising twenty large blisters. Then they have tooth-picks made of griffin's claws—but to the mermaid.

"I had often heard of mermaids in different parts of the Archipelago, but I did not credit the stories told me by the native rascals, who are desperate liars. A grey-headed old man, however, one day, upon my taxing him with deceit upon this point,

assured me he had seen one; and further told me, that if I was desirous of ocular proof, he could direct me to a spot where I should be pretty sure to meet with one of these water-nymphs.

"I gladly accepted the offer, and he directed me to go alone to one of the little islets on the eastern side of the isle of Billiton (I was then on the island of Banca), where, he said, these ladies often disported themselves of an evening. He cautioned me to be on my guard, and to keep out of their reach, for they were apt to take liberties with gentlemen,—that is, to scratch out their eyes, slice them in half with a sudden twitch of their tail, and so forth.

"Accordingly, the very next day, I procured a native boat, which could be paddled by one person, armed myself with sword and pistols, and boldly but privily launched my frail bark into the blue deep, to cross the strait of Gaspar.

"When I was equipped, I could not help laughing at the expedition I was setting out upon. However, I could but do as many have done, whom curiosity has prompted to be spectators of the washing of the lions at the Tower on the 1st of April;—that is, keep my folly to myself.

"I reached the island indicated by my greybeard Mentor; it was a sort of quinquangular rock, with a coat of the richest mould, absolutely

swarming with birds, glittering with flowers and shrubs of variegated tints, and a magazine of odours. Had it been of a circular form, its circumference might have been about a mile and a half or two miles. It was evident that human steps were rarely imprinted upon its luxuriant turf.

"Drawing up my light bark on a slope of the isle, I set it on end, and propped it with a paddle, to serve me as a temporary hut, for I was determined to wait some time the issue of the adventure, before I returned and gave the old Malay a horsewhipping, which I was resolved to do, if it appeared that he had fooled me. I remained here two or three days, till I began to be devoured with *ennui* at this Robinson Crusoe-like life. I was almost continually walking along the margin of the sea, picking up shells, pebbles, weeds, and other things of the kind, but saw nothing of the maids of the deep.

"One evening, however—just at that glorious period of it when, especially in Eastern climes, a kind of preternatural and enchanted silence reigns around, and when every object appears to emit, as it were, a golden lustre, as if restoring some of the light it had absorbed in the day from the departing luminary,—on turning a sharp curve of the islet, I was startled by a shriek, and perceived, rather in-

distinctly, two hands raised above the surface of the water, at a short distance from the shore, and momentarily, a woman's head popped up and down, as if the individual was drowning. In the suddenness of astonishment, I forgot that I was on an uninhabited spot, and, at the moment, felt an almost irresistible impulse to rush into the smooth water and rescue the sinking victim, thinking it a woman. Fortunately, I recovered my recollection in time, and stood still to await the result. The hands gradually sunk tremblingly beneath the surface, the circles disappeared, and all was again still.

"Whilst I stood musing, my eyes rivetted to the spot where I had beheld what I now began to believe might be a phantom of the fancy, a loud, wild, but musical and merry burst of laughter drew my attention to another side, where I saw, as if wading in the shallow water, a tall, slender, but beautifully-proportioned female, of an olive complexion, and with exceedingly long dark hair, which she was gracefully employed in winding about her head and temples. I walked to the edge of the beach opposite to her, and taking my stand, in order to observe her the more narrowly, I was again saluted by a laugh, which, though somewhat louder than we are accustomed to hear from young ladies in drawing-rooms, was quite feminine in its tones, and unac-

countably bewitching in its general character: it was neither a titter nor a horse-laugh, but equidistant from both, the voice reminding me of the liquid notes of musical-glasses. Never did I behold more lovely features than I now gazed on with intense and growing interest. The eyes were unusually large, dark, and penetrating; but the aspect of the face altogether was soft and gentle. It was, indeed, a face which, as the poet says, if nature made, the die had been destroyed.

"I held out my hands; she laughed again and held out hers. This was a trying situation, and I felt such a desire to draw nearer and converse (if I could) with my fair *incognita*,—whose unwillingness, on her part, to approach, evidently seemed to be the result of

—innocence and virgin modesty,
That would be wooed and not unsought be won,—

that I several times was near wetting my feet. But in one of the lady's quick motions, unfortunately—fortunately for me—there appeared, a short distance in her rear, the sharp edge of a large fish-tail, shaped like that of a huge salmon's. This discovery instantly had a very sedative effect upon me. I dare say the lady-fish saw in my countenance the consequence which her train *entailed* upon me, and perhaps attributed it to its

true cause; for with an appearance of arch bashfulness, she turned about, and, casting a leering look at me, soused into the water, and was gone in a twinkling."

"Astonishing!—But now really, Captain Quizzle, is this true?"

"True!—so help——"

"Well, well, don't swear. Pray go on."

"Well, thought I, my doubts are now at an end. Here I am,—not asleep, nor out of my senses; and if I have not seen a mermaid, why then ——"

"But did she come again?"

"You shall hear.—It was singular enough, that I dreamed I should see a mermaid the night before, and that made me, at first, suspect that I was really asleep when she really appeared;—for I remember a curious occurrence of a person's dreaming he was awake when he was all the while asleep; and as the story is not long, and as I may forget it, I will tell—"

"Never mind that; another time will do for that; I want to hear the end of this extraordinary adventure."

"You shall have it.—I saw no more of the water-nymph that night, but I was punctual in my attendance the next evening at the same place. I did not wait long before I heard from the other

side of a projecting angle of the rocky islet, an air warbled in such an enchanting strain, that I dared not move from the spot on which I stood, to ascertain whence it came, lest I should lose a note of it. Its effect upon my whole system I can only describe by supposing that some subtle stimulating fluid passed through every nerve from the brain to the toe. You have remarked the restlessness of a cat when a violin is bowed so as to prolong its sweetest tones; this will give you some idea of my *suffering,* for such it was."

"Astonishing! This account conforms exactly to the old notions of the mermaid, who was reported to sing like a Siren."

"Exactly. She appeared to me just as the mermaid is represented in old pictures, except that I saw no comb or looking-glass. But to proceed.

"When the air ceased, I hastened to the quarter whence it proceeded, and there recognized the same charming face and form, and was, moreover, saluted with the same laugh. I resolved to address the sea-lady. I knew the Malay language well, and had a smattering of most of the dialects of the Archipelago; and I thought if she could speak at all, she was more likely to know some of these than any other human tongue. To my delight as well as surprise, I found she understood and could talk

Malay; but she articulated in a very peculiar manner, somewhat like the mode in which persons born deaf and dumb enunciate what they are laboriously taught to utter.

"And now comes the most extraordinary part of my story.

"She gave me an account of the sub-aqueous region, which excited my astonishment: whether true or false will never be determined, for no human visitant could get back again to tell us. She gave me to understand that, at a vast depth in the ocean, there was another atmosphere, on which the water rested, like our atmosphere upon the sea. I imagine this must be the interior world, of which various phenomena on the surface of the earth afford manifest indications. Her description of this interior world was perfectly fascinating: it must be a real paradise. Owing to the density of the atmospheric medium, and the absence of the principle of gravitation or terrestrial attraction, men, and even houses and castles, could float in the air, without being liable to any injury by dashing against one another, or what we call 'falling down.' The temperature of the air, she informed me, was invariably the same; perpetual spring, or rather summer, prevailed every where; and, in short, all was pure enjoyment. What surprised me more

than any thing else was, that she said there were inhabitants of this upper world there, and amongst the rest an Englishman,—*Orang Ingleez*, as she expressed it."

"How did they get there?"

"Aye, how did they get there?—precisely the question I asked her. She replied that it was undoubtedly a matter of difficulty, for the descent was a long one, and a living body must sink very rapidly to avoid suffocation before it reached the nether air; but when there, she said, the lungs soon became habituated to breathe it. She instanced herself, who could breathe both atmospheres, which was not possible, if the lower one required a peculiar set of organs to inhale it. All that was necessary, she said, was to exclude the air as much as possible from the lungs, hold the breath, and if a person was carried down with velocity, there was no danger; and she offered, if I chose to risk the experiment, to be my guide and propeller. And then she renewed her enchanting description of the central paradise, where nothing dies, where pleasure never tires, and novelty is ever new:

Where love is liberty and nature law.

She even expatiated on the delights of the journey itself, the luxurious delirium of the rapid whirl, the sights beheld in the passage, the glittering

treasures of the deep, the vegetable wonders of the marine world, and the tribes of curious and harmless beings that sport upon the confines of the two regions. I have often thought of this conversation when your daughter, Miss Greenfinch, has been playing and singing that pretty air—

> Follow me and we will go
> Where the rocks of coral grow," &c.

"The Mermaid's song?"

"The same. I had no great stomach to make the trial, however; having a good many unsettled accounts, I did not like to be the means of ruining some honest fellows who were my creditors, and, besides, I did not relish the idea of being reported *felo de se;* so I civilly declined the journey."

"Pray go on: what was the result of the adventure? I am in a fever to hear."

"We grew very good friends. The sea-lady sung me several most captivating songs; one, in particular, was so exquisite, that I thought I should never forget either words or music; but I remember neither. We moved along quite round the island, I walking on the margin of the sea-shore, she gracefully gliding through the liquid mass as if by a mere act of volition, for she seemed to make no exertion, and her tail,—I thought studiously,—was kept out of view: you cannot ima-

gine a more picturesque and beautiful object than she appeared. Where the water was deeper near shore, she sometimes approached closer to me, but apparently always recollected herself suddenly and turned away again: a semblance of bashfulness and maiden-timidity, which gradually divested me of all fear.

"Whilst we thus communed together, my faculties almost entranced with the romantic novelty of the adventure, the charming eyes and features continually beaming upon me, the ravishing pictures the fair apparition drew of her abode and of the heavenly beings by which it was inhabited, the magic of the solitude and silence which reigned around us, upon which her mellow voice broke, as it were, into a thousand musical echoes, the nymph suddenly exclaimed 'hark!'

"I heard nothing.

"'I must be gone,' she said.

"Almost involuntarily, I stretched forth my hand. She glided towards me, cautiously and timidly, and extended hers. Our hands joined.—

"Instantly, I felt myself held by a giant's gripe, and dragged forward; the resistance I could offer, though I was a match for most men, was like the effort of a child. Meantime, the dazzling features I had gazed upon with ecstacy darkened into the

malignant aspect of a demon.—I was on the verge of destruction—when, unexpectedly, one of my pistols went off in the struggle; upon which this she-devil let me go, and bounced under water, leaving me in a cold sweat, all of a tremor, and my shoulder almost dislocated."

"Good heavens!"

"You may be sure I did not stay much longer on this infernal island. I soon reconverted my hut to its proper purpose, and paddled away with as much vigour as my wounded arm would allow, fancying I saw a large salmon-tail in every curl of the wave. My old friend soon perceived in my face, on my return, that I no longer distrusted the fidelity of his statement."

"What a very extraordinary adventure, Captain Quizzle? And this is really a fact?"

"A fact?—No."

"No? What, is it a fiction you have been telling us all this while?"

"Every word of it."

"Psha!"

BIOGRAPHY.

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THE HONOURABLE JOHN ADAM.

John Adam was the eldest son of the Right Honourable William Adam, lord chief commissioner of the Jury Court for Civil Causes in Scotland, and the Honourable Eleanor Elphinstone, second daughter of Charles, tenth Lord Elphinstone, and was born on the 4th May 1779. He was educated on the foundation of the Charter House, and being presented by his uncle with a civil appointment to Bengal in 1794, was sent for a year to Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart, Professor Robison, and other distinguished professors of that period. He finally sailed for India in the *Barrington*, along with his cousin, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, afterwards Governor of Bombay, and arrived at Calcutta in February 1796. His first nomination was to an inferior office in the judicial branch of

the service. He was sent to Patna to serve his probationary term under Mr. Henry Douglas, then judge and magistrate of that station. Here he was for three years employed in the study of the languages of the country, and in the sedulous discharge of those minor duties, by which the junior servants of the Company are trained to official habits, and fitted for the high career to which they are destined. In March 1799, Mr. Adam was promoted to the office of register in the Twenty-Four Pergunnahs, the presidency district; and having been introduced to the personal notice of the Governor-general, he was, in the following year, transferred to the judicial and revenue branch of the secretariat, wherein he was nominated head assistant.

Marquess Wellesley had recently returned to Bengal upon the conclusion of the Mysore war, and was at this time occupied with the formation of the College of Fort William. It was a part of his scheme for the education of the junior civil servants, to collect the most promising into an office under his own supervision, called the Governor-general's office, into which those most distinguished for attainments at the college were to be placed afterwards, as a reward of merit on leaving the institution. By thus employing them as his confi-

dential assistants, he trusted to familiarize their minds with the consideration of great political questions, and produce a scale of qualification suited to the exigencies of the higher departments of the state. Mr. Adam was one of the very first selected for this distinguished career. In May 1802, he was placed at the head of the office in question, and vested with the charge of its records; and in March of the following year, his services were rewarded by a nomination to the office of collector in one of the districts (Goruckpore) then recently ceded by the nawaub vizier. It was not, however, Lord Wellesley's intention to deprive himself of the useful talents of his assistant; he accordingly retained Mr. Adam in his suite until his final departure for Europe; and Sir George Barlow having, in April 1804, made him deputy secretary in the secret political and foreign departments, took occasion to record a minute explanatory of the cause of his not joining the station to which he had been appointed, and bearing honourable testimony to the useful service rendered by Mr. Adam in the secretariat in the interim, more especially during the Mahratta war.

In March 1809, Mr. Adam was appointed by Lord Minto secretary to Government in the military department; an office which required the quali-

fications of a thorough man of business, which he possessed in a pre-eminent degree. Occupied sometimes with the discussion of projects affecting the most momentous interests of the state, he had the intelligent mind to discriminate the sound from the fallacious; whilst, on the other hand, he could devote himself, with the most exemplary diligence, and without any sensation of fatigue or disgust, to the dullest accumulation of uninteresting details. The records of the Supreme Government contain more than one acknowledgment of the admirable manner in which the duties of this office were performed by Mr. Adam;* but in the case of a secretary, an appeal to such testimonials is not the test of merit; for the proceedings, minutes, and resolutions are mostly of his own preparation, and the intimate relation in which he stands towards the members of Government, both precludes their addressing him in the language of official compliment, and renders it superfluous to record their sentiments on his conduct, when they have so many other ways of showing their esteem and confidence.

* These will be found in the minutes and discussions between the Supreme Government and Home Authorities, as to the relative advantage of having the office of military secretary filled by a civil or by a military servant. It is only such questions that give the opportunity of bearing testimony to individual merit, and they very rarely occur.

Upon Mr. Edmonstone's promotion to a seat in the Supreme Council, in October 1812, Mr. Adam succeeded him in the more responsible and higher salaried office of secretary to Government in the secret foreign and political departments, and it was in this situation that Lord Hastings found him, on his arrival in India in the following year. It thus fell to be the duty of Mr. Adam to point out to the new Governor-general the political objects most deserving of his attention, to ascertain his views, and assist in their development, besides finally being the organ for communicating them to others.

The political horizon was at this time far from clear. A war with the mountaineers of Nipaul was actually impending, and the condition of the predatory associations, and of Central India generally, required vigilance and the most cautious management. How great soever the talents, extraordinary penetration, and acknowledged judgment of the Marquess of Hastings, much necessarily depended on the form and manner in which things were in the first instance represented to him. If his Lordship early arrived at the true perception of the difficulties of his political situation, if he was enabled to seize at once the proper line to which he consistently adhered, as his matured conviction and expe-

rience satisfied him of its correctness, he will not, we are assured, refuse to Mr. Adam the merit of having contributed, by his intelligence and useful suggestions, to lead his mind to these just conclusions. In the conduct of the Nipaul war, and of the political operations simultaneously set on foot, his Lordship was removed from the seat of Government, and had to act, therefore, on his personal judgment, without the power of consulting his constitutional advisers, and without the weight of their credit to lessen the responsibility, and participate in the consequences, of an ill-success. In such a situation, he could not be insensible to the inestimable advantage of having near him, in the confidential post of his political secretary, a friend and adviser of approved judgment, an intelligent and thoroughly informed counsellor, rather than a mere ready instrument for the preparation of the instructions he might dictate. Such was Mr. Adam to Lord Hastings at this period, and his Lordship has always both spoken and written in the warmest terms of acknowledgment of the assistance he derived from his secretary, on this as on all other occasions. Much of the official correspondence relating to the Nipaul war, and political events of this time, has been printed and laid before the public. Although the compilation is very imper-

fect, and there are volumes of private correspondence besides, in which the commandants of divisions, political residents, and other confidential officers of Government were in the habit of expressing their secret sentiments, and of seeking advice on points it would be a breach of confidence always to divulge; we may still appeal to the folios containing these documents as a test of the laborious diligence with which information was sought in every quarter, and of the intelligence with which every circumstance was combined and brought practically to an useful result. They afford abundant proof, that, in times of war and political struggle, something more than a ready pen is essential to constitute an efficient secretary; and they moreover justify the challenge, that Mr. Adam's merits in this capacity will not shrink from comparison with the very highest grade of qualification of which our Indian history can furnish an example.

The Nipaul war happily concluded, the course to be pursued to relieve our provinces from the danger of annual incursion, or attack from the predatory powers, demanded the early determination of the Supreme Government. In the discussions connected with this important subject, there were two questions to be decided; first, whether the Govern-

ment should take the requisite steps on its own responsibility, or await a reply from England to the despatches in which instructions had been solicited; and secondly, whether the measures, when undertaken, should be confined to the expulsion of the predatory associations from their haunts, or should comprehend the extension of the British influence over Central India, with a view to its permanent tranquillization. Lord Hastings inclined to the latter more enlarged course of policy, and was, moreover, prepared to commence operations without waiting any special sanction from home; but his colleagues were less decided, and the want of support to his Lordship's views led, consequently, to some delay. During these discussions, Mr. Adam was the strenuous adviser of all that was most vigorous and decided; and when at length the repeated irruptions of the Pindarries determined the Government to wait no longer for instructions, Mr. Adam, accompanied the Governor-general as secretary for the operations about to be commenced, and, as far as his voice had weight, influenced the resolution finally taken by his Lordship, to adopt, upon his sole responsibility, the more extensive plan for establishing the British supremacy over the whole of India.

A campaign followed, with the results of which

the public is sufficiently acquainted. In the planning of that compaign, and during the whole of the military as of the political occurrences to which it led, Mr. Adam was the sole depositary of his Lordship's views, and exclusively enjoyed his confidence; so much so, that the instructions for the movement of every corps, sometimes extending even to the details of its formation and equipment, issued entirely under his signature. The Bengal army have too much reason to know this, for it became the plea for refusing it an equal share of the spoils with its southern associates. Though it was admitted that the campaign was one set of operations, combined and directed throughout by one controlling authority, every corps and every division performing the separate part assigned by its instructions from head-quarters; still the Marquess of Hastings was considered not to have taken the command in his military capacity, as Commander-in-chief, seeing that his orders for regulating the military operations were invariably issued through the political secretary of the Governor-general.

The labour and anxieties of that period can be known only to those who witnessed Mr. Adam under the discharge of his accumulated duties; late in the night, when all else were at rest, the

lamp was constantly burning in his tent, while kâsids and estafettes were waiting to carry forth his expresses; again, though the march was always made before daybreak in the morning, he was nevertheless beforehand, and at the desk with his candle to snatch a few minutes for some urgent business ere the drum should beat the final order to move. The peculiar nature of the duties to be performed, and the necessity of constantly applying the weight of personal influence to reconcile the views and dispositions of the various agents employed in the different operations, rendered it impossible for others, howsoever willing, to contribute material relief or assistance. Either the Governor-general's own hand, or that of his known confidential secretary, was essential to give effect to an instruction, whose object was to check the wayward inclinations of some functionary, on whose conduct the success or failure of some important part of the general plan depended: no one else, indeed, was sufficiently master of the whole design to be able to draft properly such an instruction.

It is to be observed that, in addition to the functions of the political and secret departments, Mr. Adam filled the situation of private secretary to the Governor-general; so that he had thus another branch of duty to perform, in its nature

urgent and distinct from that which mainly occupied his thoughts; but consisting of confidential correspondence, regarding the distribution of patronage, or of communications with the principal functionaries at the presidency, and therefore not admitting of transfer or delegation to other hands.

The strongest frame of body must have yielded to the fatigue and anxiety of such accumulated labours, continued as they were for so long a period without intermission. Mr. Adam's constitution was originally extremely good;* a long career, however, of sedentary but incessant occupation in the climate of India, had already so far weakened it, as to have rendered a voyage to the Cape indispensable a few years before. His frame, therefore, was not proof against the effect of such unremitting cares as were now heaped upon him; and the seeds were unfortunately sown, during the campaign, of the

* Dr. Nicholson, in his report on the state of Mr. Adam's health of date February 22d, 1825, says, "Mr. Adam had been gradually declining in health for several years past, although he had not of late years suffered from any acute disease. From being naturally strong, robust, and rather inclined to corpulency, he is now reduced to a state of great emaciation, and consequent weakness and debility. This great change in his appearance took place very gradually, and at first without any apparent cause, except that he had been exposed, for several successive years, to great mental and bodily fatigue, conducting the duties of his important offices under circumstances of no small difficulty, in his boats on the river, or in camp with the army in the field."

disease which ultimately carried him off, and deprived the world of his virtues and useful talents when they had scarcely ripened to full maturity.

But we have not yet done with the recapitulation of Mr. Adam's claims to the lasting gratitude of the country, to the service of which his life was devoted. Though the remainder of his days was short, and passed in sickness, the period was yet eventful, and crowded with actions for which his name will be long remembered and cherished with affection. Hitherto, Mr. Adam has figured only as the confidential adviser or agent for the execution of measures, the credit or blame of which attached, and justly so, to those who gave their sanction to them and incurred the entire responsibility. The time was, however, approaching, when he was himself to take part in the deliberations of the Council Board; and to appear in his own person as the originator or supporter of the measures pursued. In April 1817, the Court of Directors, in acknowledgment of Mr. Adam's prior services, had nominated him provisional member of council, and the departure of Mr. C. Ricketts for England enabled him to take his seat very soon after the Governor-general's return to the Presidency, upon the conclusion of the Mahratta and Pindarry war, *viz.* on the 9th of January 1819.

As a member of council, Mr. Adam's character was conspicuous for solid sense, and for the close discriminating judgment he had ever at command for all questions. Respecting the talents and experience of others, he was anxious to seek information, and to avail himself of their suggestions on all subjects with which he believed them more familiar than himself: but it was only to obtain the means of arriving at a just conclusion; for he never surrendered his own judgment, nor yielded through deference, when his conviction was not satisfied. He was above the petty ambition of figuring in the record, as the propagator of new opinions or the originator of new schemes, and communicated his sentiments freely as heretofore—satisfied that good measures should be adopted, and indifferent where the credit might attach. Though from habit and the necessity of a long employ as secretary, particularly distinguished as a ready writer, his minutes were nevertheless rare, and contained purely what was necessary to be stated; for above all things he despised the notion of making them a means of ambitious display, or of courting favour through this channel, by avowing sentiments and supporting measures known to be agreeable to the authorities to which he was responsible.. He never permitted the sense of obligation and attachment, by

which he was bound to the Governor-general, to influence any departure from the conscientious discharge of his duty to the public. Rejoicing always, when the occasion allowed him, to join heartily with him, and anxious to contribute to his personal honour and renown by any sacrifice of his own talents that could promote their increase, he yet did not hesitate to record his dissent when his judgment could not approve; but he did so at all times with regret, and with the most considerate delicacy and tenderness. On two questions only were the sentiments of Mr. Adam so decidedly at variance with those of the Marquess of Hastings, as to entail the necessity of a consistent and continued opposition; these were the press, and the course of policy to be adopted at Hyderabad. With respect to the former, the opinions of the noble Marquess were as much opposed to the notion of absolute freedom, as those of Mr. Adam. Both considered such a state to be incompatible with the character and condition of the people of India, and with the system of government by which the British supremacy is maintained there; but they differed as to the means by which the growing licentiousness was to be restrained, and did not agree in the estimate of the extent of its mischief. Mr. Adam deemed it indispensable to make an early and strong

example. He considered the discredit suffered by the Government, on one hand, from being continually held up to contempt and ridicule; and the triumph enjoyed, on the other, from perpetually exhibiting the highest authorities as objects of insult, powerless to resent or prevent what every one saw was injurious and offensive; to be positive mischiefs in the existing state of India. He looked upon this unrestrained license as calculated to wean the population from their submissive habits, and particularly prejudicial in its influence on the machinery by which the existing system was worked, and throughout which, respect and mutual deference and subordination, and even the steady hand of discipline, were the pervading principles of management. In order to preserve the Government from the dangers thus apprehended, Mr. Adam was prepared to issue municipal regulations, placing the press entirely under the control of the Government, besides putting in force the power already possessed over European residents, in case of their offending so as to call for its exercise. His reasons have already been laid before the public, and may deserve further notice. No man was a more sincere friend to the principles of liberty, and the freedom of the press under a free constitution and responsible Government, than Mr. Adam; no one entertained a

more unfeigned deference for the constitutional control of public opinion, or was more desirous to have his measures submitted to that tribunal. But he was thoroughly convinced, that what was essential to the preservation of liberty in England was wholly unsuited to India, and could produce nothing there but discord, ruin, and confusion. It seemed to him a mockery to claim for the European part of the community in India, consisting chiefly of the paid servants of the Company, civil and military, and of persons engaged in commerce and residing under license, the privileges and functions of the body of the people of England; or to suppose that the measures of Government could be publicly discussed and controlled by the servants of the Company, or those who resided by their sufferance and might be dismissed at their discretion. And with regard to the natives, though he was fully sensible of the beneficial effects to be derived to them from the gradual and well-regulated diffusion of knowledge, and was the foremost to promote it on every occasion; yet he felt that it was most unwise to propose that the British Government should be criticised and controlled by a population differing in religion, manners, habits, and language, whose first lesson would be to consider their Governors as strangers and usurpers, and as such

to be destroyed: while, at the same time, it would have exposed all India to the hazard of the religious opinions of the natives being outraged, and their prejudices inflamed, by the too zealous interference of intemperate fanatics.

With respect to the Hyderabad question, the nature of the case, and the strong personal interest taken in it by the Marquess of Hastings, made it very distressing for his late confidential secretary to take the decided part of opposition which a conscientious sense of duty required. Feeling strong, however, in the conviction of his own judgment, it was impossible he could hesitate; and he chose the line, to which he steadfastly adhered, at the risk, sometimes, of exciting sentiments such as it had never been his lot to encounter during the long period of intercourse in which he had stood in confidential relation with the Governor-general. The case was briefly as follows:—Mr. William Palmer, a native of India, long employed in the military service of the Nizam, was tempted, by the state of credit at Hyderabad, to retire from his highness's service, and engage in money speculations, similar to those by which General Martine had amassed so large a fortune in Oude. The career of this gentleman's past life had enabled him to form extensive connexions, and his intimate acquaintance

with the natives, the language, habits, and prejudices both of court and country, gave facilities to such an undertaking which made his ultimate success little doubtful. But the countenance of the British representative at the court, avowed or understood, was indispensable; for without it the capital embarked must have partaken of the insecurity which had brought credit to the low ebb of which he proposed to take advantage; and, ever since the direct interference of the British Government in the appointment of a minister, all the real power and influence was centred in his hands. By uniting himself with an intimate friend of the then Resident (an officer of the Madras engineers, engaged in public works at Hyderabad), the appearance, at least, of this countenance was assured, and it was confirmed by the place where the house of business opened, which was within the Residency-grounds, in a house appertaining to the public establishment. Thus countenanced, the concern thrived for several years, entirely unknown to the Supreme Government at the Presidency. In 1814, the existence of the house, as a commercial establishment, was first brought officially to its notice, by an application from Mr. William Palmer for its eventual countenance and protection, and Mr. Adam was the secretary under whose hand the Resident was in-

formed, that Government would "approve of his affording every proper degree of countenance to the proposed commercial establishment, consistently with the provisions of the treaty, and of his recommending it to the favourable consideration of the Nizam's Government." Encouraged by this, the house extended its concerns, and sought further to strengthen itself by the association of new partners. Some of the public officers of the Residency yielded to the temptation, and an individual known to be connected with the Governor-general, by the marriage of his ward, was further induced to join the association. Money-dealing, that is, borrowing at one rate of interest and lending out at another, was the main, if not the exclusive source of profit; but since Mr. Burke's exposure of the mischiefs which had resulted from similar transactions at Arcot, the lending of money to native princes had been specially interdicted to Europeans by a specific act of the British Legislature, except under the written sanction of the Governor-general in council previously obtained. In 1816, after the house had been extended as above noticed, an application was made by it for the required written license, to evade this prohibition, and the ground asserted was, that, owing to the extensive nature of the house's speculations, it was impossible to avoid occasionally con-

travening it. The application was submitted by Mr. H. Russell, and Mr. Adam was again the secretary through whom the license was furnished, with the condition only, that the Resident at Hyderabad, for the time being, should have the right of inquiring into all transactions with the Nizam, and satisfying himself as to their nature and object. In the course of the same year, the Resident mentioned, almost incidentally, that the pay of a portion of the Nizam's troops, about to be employed in the field, had been provided for by an arrangement with this house. Thus commenced the system of advance to his Highness's Government, which ended in bringing it to the eve of bankruptcy and dissolution. Up to this time, and, indeed, long afterwards, Mr. Adam had that high opinion of Mr. Russell's judgment, character, and talents, that he suspected nothing of the practices he was the instrument of sanctioning. He carried with him to the Council Board the same confidence in the propriety of Mr. Russell's suggestions; so much so, that, when a second arrangement for the pay of a larger portion of the Nizam's troops, through the same house, was submitted, in 1819, for the special approbation of Government, his voice was with that of the Governor-general for granting again the desired sanction, in opposition to his colleague,

Mr. Stuart, who was the first to point out the mischievous tendency of such transactions, and to ask for further inquiry before the faith of Government should be in any way pledged by affording its countenance. The house had now a clear game before them, and, by feeding the extravagance of an irresponsible minister, sought only to lay as heavy an incumbrance as possible on the prospective resources of the State, so as to engross more or less influence at their ultimate disposal. The Supreme Government was all this while ignorant of the rate of interest at which the house made its advances, and while its own money transactions were managed always at six per cent. per annum, or at most in times of emergency at ten, was blindly countenancing a mortgage on the resources of its ally, at no less a rate than twenty-four and twenty-five per cent. In 1820, the matter was brought again to issue, by Mr. Russell's submitting an application for the Supreme Government to authorize a loan to the Nizam, by the same house, of sixty lacs of rupees, repayable by instalments, from appropriations of the Nizam's land revenue, which, supposing the terms to have been strictly adhered to, and the appropriations to have never failed, would have yielded sixteen per cent. Mr. Adam was now become sensible that this house was engrossing

the whole financial business of the Nizam's Government, and his eyes were opened to the mischiefs that might be expected to result from the continuance of such a system. He accordingly joined with Mr. Stuart in strenuously resisting the proposed loan, and in recommending, as a far preferable mode of relieving the distresses of the Nizam, that the British Government should make the advance from its own treasuries, or lend its guarantee in such a manner as to allow the Nizam's Government to go openly into the market with it. The measure was, however, carried by the Governor-general's casting vote, and the sanction of the Government was afforded in the manner solicited by the house.

In the mean time, the attention of the authorities in England had been drawn to these transactions; and, very shortly after the discussions regarding the sixty-lac loan had closed in the manner stated, a despatch arrived in India, conveying their unqualified disapprobation of the whole proceedings from first to last, and directing the license under which the house had been concerned in pecuniary dealings with the Nizam to be immediately recalled, and all transactions to be forthwith brought to a close. Mr. Russell returned to Europe about the same time, and it was not long before his successor, Sir Charles Metcalfe, felt the influence of the ascen-

dancy acquired by the house through its financial dealings, and pointed out the mischievous effects resulting from this source, as well as the state of utter ruin and disorganization in which the Government at Hyderabad was involved in every department.

Mr. Stuart had been obliged, by increasing ill health, to leave India, and the burthen of asserting the principles they had maintained in conjunction, fell on Mr. Adam, whose opinion became every day more confirmed as to the necessity of retrieving the error into which the Government had slidden, and of interfering with a strong hand to check the pernicious influence established, and put an end to all transactions between the house and the Nizam's Government. But this was not all: the minister, whose extravagance and mismanagement had produced the mischief, having been raised to power by the British Government, that Government was clearly implicated in the discredit of his measures; and Mr. Adam conceived it necessary, in the extraordinary circumstances in which the Nizam was placed, that the Resident should be supported in the exercise of a direct control over every department.

The discussions on this subject assumed a warmer character at the Council Board than ordinarily

attaches to abstract questions of the kind; for the Resident (Sir Charles Metcalfe) had already, though not without keeping Government informed of his proceedings, adopted the course he deemed most proper on his own responsibility; and the point debated was, whether he should be supported, or be disavowed and eventually recalled. The opinions of the members of council corresponded generally with the view taken by Mr. Adam; and, pending the discussions, the sentiments of the Home Authorities having been strongly declared on the same side, it was at length finally determined to adopt measures for closing the transactions of the house with the Nizam's Government: but this resolution was taken only a short time before Lord Hastings' departure from the country; so that the execution fell to Mr. Adam, who, as the senior member of council, had been designated his Lordship's temporary successor, until another Governor-general should arrive from England.

On the 13th of January 1823, Mr. Adam took charge of the Supreme Government. Elevated thus temporarily, and almost by accident, to the highest station, an ordinary man would have been satisfied to carry on with credit the routine of daily business. He might be expected to evade the con-

sideration of every great question of policy that admitted of postponement; to be cautious, in the extreme, of entertaining new projects, and, confining himself to temporary shifts and expedients, particularly to shrink from the responsibility of grappling with subjects, on which the sentiments of the authorities to which he was answerable had not been declared. Such, however, was not Mr. Adam. Placed in a situation of vast power, and conscious of possessing the talents to wield it beneficially, he determined to do all the good he could. He was not content that the period of his sway should be marked as an interregnum, distinguished only for the absence of energetic measures, —a mere blank space between two administrations; nor did he think it either generous or consistent with the line of public duty, to shift off upon his successors the odium, risk, and responsibility of executing what his own judgment pronounced to be right. It was true, he could not boast of that high confidence, or of those unequivocal pledges of support, which a Governor-general selected from the nobility of the land carries with him always from England; but though the personal hazard might be greater from this cause, the powers and public obligations were the same; and the additional weight of responsibility was no sufficient reason, with one

whose whole life was an uninterrupted course of self-devotion, for hesitating to act when his conviction was clear as to the expedience. Discarding, therefore, the more prudent policy of inefficiency, Mr. Adam made his election for continuing the functions of Government in their full and entire exercise; for deciding, without fear or favour, upon every question that might arise; and for boldly executing what the result of his deliberations might determine to be best.

Occasions for putting this resolution in force were early presented, by the continued licentiousness of the public journals, and by the necessity of prosecuting to a close, the measures undertaken at Hyderabad. Certain rules had been conveyed in writing to the conductors of periodical papers, under the special authority of Government; and the observance of them had been enjoined as the condition of their licensed residence in India, for they were at that time, without a single exception, natives of Great Britain. These rules had been long and systematically violated during the government of Lord Hastings, by the editor of the *Calcutta Journal*, who, at length, notwithstanding the hopes his Lordship entertained of restraining him by milder remedies, received from his Lordship the most distinct intimation, that for

the next offence his license would be cancelled, and he would be ordered to depart forthwith from India. The determination of Mr. Adam not to suffer any further disregard of the rules to pass with impunity, was fully known; nevertheless, the editor of the *Calcutta Journal* ventured, in direct breach of them, to comment in a style of satirical remark on an appointment made by the Government. The consequence was, that, consistently with the intimation he had before received during the government of Lord Hastings, his license was immediately withdrawn, and he was ordered to quit the country. With a view, at the same time, to prevent a repetition of similar conduct, by the substitution of another editor, not liable to the same punishment, a municipal law and general regulation were passed, reserving to Government the power of suppressing any establishment which might hereafter print offensive articles, and prohibiting, under severe penalties, the circulation of such in the interior. The adoption of these measures exposed Mr. Adam to much obloquy and scurrilous abuse from the principal sufferer and to the attacks also of many well-meaning enthusiasts for the perfect freedom of the press; but this was no more than he had anticipated; and the voice of the public, as of all the authorities who have had consecutively to pass

their judgment on the subject, has now fully declared itself for the wisdom of the policy pursued, and in grateful acknowledgment of the energy and self-devotion with which it was undertaken. The Court of Directors and the Board of Control took the earliest opportunity to express their warm approbation of his conduct. The Court of Proprietors, by a large majority, concurred in that approbation, and declared that, by withdrawing the license of Mr. Buckingham, Mr. Adam had consulted his duty to the Company, and the due protection of those high interests which were intrusted to his administration.

His Majesty in Council, whom Mr. Buckingham petitioned that the regulations for the press might be rescinded, upon a report of a committee of the Privy Council, which was, amongst others, composed of the Lord Chancellor, the two Chief Justices, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief Baron, Lord Stowell, Lord Teignmouth, and Sir Henry Russell, declared that the prayer of Mr. Buckingham's petition ought not to be complied with: thus approving of the rule, ordinance, and regulation passed by the Bengal Government, with the concurrence of the Supreme Court, for the control of the press.*

* It is important to state, that this concurring opinion in England on the merits of Mr. Adam's proceeding with respect to

The debt of the banking-house at Hyderabad had been accumulating at eighteen and twenty-four* per cent. interest, and had now reached the

the press, is entirely in unison with that of the highest authorities in India. In a letter from the Governor of Madras to a friend, that enlightened person, so competent to form a sound and unbiassed judgment, states, "that the plan Mr. Adam adopted, and the temper and decision with which he carried it into effect, secured public authority and the character of Government. By that he rendered a very important service to our Indian empire. I scarcely know any act of the Supreme Government of which I should have liked so well to have been the author: for in India it requires more firmness and real patriotism to regulate the press, than in England to assert its freedom."

An authority of no less weight on all questions regarding India, and whose opinion on such a point is of the more value from the liberal sentiments of his mind on all questions of general politics, the Governor of Bombay, bears equal testimony to the importance of Mr. Adam's services to India on this occasion. "Nothing can exceed," he says, in a letter to a friend, "the praise which every body in Bengal bestows on John Adam's administration; which is the more to his credit, as much of his employment has been of an unpopular nature—the restriction on the press in particular; but the inconsistency of a free press, where nothing else is free, or intended to be free, is too obvious to escape you. It is our duty, and I am happy to say it is our wish too, to hasten on the time when the people of the country may take a share in their government. But, at present, nobody would take a part or an interest in political discussions but the Europeans, of whom more than nine-tenths compose the strength of the army."

* Twenty-five, if the difference between the lunar and solar year be taken into the account. A separate account was opened for the sixty-lac loan at eighteen per cent. for the lunar year, the bonus of eight lacs being added to the principal.

enormous amount of near eighty lacs of rupees. The purchase of an annual payment of seven lacs, due by the British Government to the Nizam for part of the Madras territory, was to yield the fund for the liquidation of this debt, preparatory to a final close of all transactions. In order to compel a delivery of accounts, and prevent any evasion of the resolution adopted for putting an end entirely to the mischief, the most vigorous measures were resorted to, extending even to the prohibition of intercourse between the members of the firm and the Nizam's ministers, and to ordering the Europeans connected with it to quit Hyderabad. It appeared, on inspection of the accounts, that, besides a bonus of eight lacs, taken without consideration or equivalent upon the negociation of the sixty-lac loan,—which was, in fact, a mere transfer of account,—there were large monthly charges inserted, under the head of salaries, to individual members of the firm or their families. These the Supreme Government had determined to disallow: but the rest of the account was, with even gratuitous liberality, discharged in full with all its accumulated interest, without further audit or investigation. The house declared themselves bankrupts immediately after the receipt of this money, and asserted the payment to have been the cause of

their failure, from its effect on their credit, and from the necessity it imposed of suddenly closing all concerns with native bankers and others. The reality of the bankruptcy, or of the causes to which it was ascribed, was never specially investigated. In the meantime, the house were looked upon as martyrs; and the proceedings of the Supreme Government, more particularly the measures adopted towards the individual members of the firm, became the subject of much acrimonious discussion in England, and of very violent attacks upon the character of Mr. Adam, on whom lay the principal responsibility. The creditors of the house, whose funds were endangered by the declaration of bankruptcy, were excited by the most powerful motives of private interest to aid the opposition; and every engine of intrigue was set at work to enlist partizans, and accumulate the means of irritation and annoyance. The name and character of the Marquess of Hastings were, further, very artfully mixed up in the discussion, and the subject was agitated under the disadvantage, to Mr. Adam, of appearing as a direct reflection on his Lordship: as if the approbation of the course pursued implied, not only the condemnation of the proceedings of Mr. Adam's predecessor, but would further cast an imputation on his unimpeached character for honour and inte-

grity. Mr. Adam was far removed from the scene of action, and was without the means, even if he had had the inclination, to meet this formidable array with his own weapons. The bare merits of the case were his only defence; yet, with these, and the friends they raised him, he prevailed against all the arts and fallacious reasoning, and against all the interested views, that were brought to aid the cause of intrigue and disorder. In the Court of Proprietors, as in the Court of Directors, the vote of approbation on his conduct was carried with a triumphant majority.

It has been impossible to avoid noticing these two questions; for the interest and the clamour they excited have not yet entirely subsided, and Mr. Adam's character and conduct were too deeply involved in the issue, to allow of either being passed over in silence. But although the part taken by Mr. Adam was consistent with his known character for firmness and decision, and has been since pronounced judicious and right, still, as he was in some measure pledged to the line of policy in both instances by his previously-declared opinions, and, indeed, could scarcely have acted otherwise, without betraying weakness and irresolution, it is not by these that his merit as a Governor-general must be judged. In his short administration there were

many other measures originated, excellent in themselves, and regarding which the voice of mankind will be more united in its approbation. To them, therefore, let us hasten.

The treasuries of India were left by the Marquess of Hastings in a condition of overflowing prosperity, beyond the calculation of the most sanguine. The statements and accounts exhibiting this result were laid before Mr. Adam very soon after his Lordship's departure; along with estimates for the future, from which it appeared, that unless any war or political struggle intervened, of which there was then no symptom, the improving resources of the country would yield a large permanent surplus beyond the wants of the Government at home or abroad. As a wise measure in itself, and one calculated further to improve this cheering prospect, a considerable and immediate reduction of the existing debt was resolved upon; and with this it was determined to combine a general reduction of the interest, on a large portion of the public securities, from six to five per cent. per annum. Measures of this kind are always more or less unpopular, from their effect on private incomes; and, owing to the constitution of society in India, they are there more generally a source of dissatisfaction than elsewhere. Such considerations

had, of course, no influence in the determination of the question; but it is worthy of note, that from the manner in which the measure was executed, and the strict impartiality with which the benefits and disadvantages were distributed to the public, the reduction became in this instance a source of credit, rather than of unpopularity, to the administration which effected it.

By the result, there was permanently added to the net income of the State a saving of interest to the extent of more than thirty lacs of rupees (£300,000); but the revenue was already ample to superfluity, and the question of its disposal was thus presented in a new and very different light from heretofore. It had hitherto been the ruling principle of the finance of India to levy as much as could possibly be drawn from the country, in the certainty that the maximum would not suffice for the exigencies of the state in Europe and in the country. The existence of a large surplus seeming now to be established, it was to be considered whether some alleviation of the existing burthens should not be extended to the people, and, as a general question, in what manner the surplus income could be best appropriated. The debt of India had been already greatly reduced, and might eventually be wholly extinguished, if it were considered advisable

to pursue this end; but the judicial and military establishments were both avowedly inadequate, and some effort to improve them seemed imperatively to be called for whenever the finances might allow it. Again; it was impossible not to feel the obligation to make some further sacrifices to improve the moral condition and comfort of the people, by public institutions or works of general utility, now that a state of affluence had succeeded to one in which the necessities of the Government absorbed the whole of its income.

Considering that the local Governments possessed only a delegated power, it was of course essential to avoid compromising the Home Authorities by any steps they could not afterwards retrieve, and the permanent abandonment or alienation of the existing resources was open to this objection. An augmentation of establishments also, particularly of the military, was, from the difficulty and inconvenience always attending a reduction, a measure only to be resorted to in case of indispensable necessity. No one felt these considerations more strongly than Mr. Adam; and in the minute in which the question was brought forward by him for the deliberation of the Council Board, they were particularly dwelt upon: nevertheless, there were some measures of which he thought it incum-

bent to recommend the immediate adoption, in the conviction that their expedience was too manifest to be controverted; and it was his study so to shape his recommendations in regard to others, as to obviate entirely the objection arising from the subordinate character of the Government.

In the first place, in the tariff of the customs of Bengal, there was an item which bore with singular unfairness on the manufactures and comforts of the people in that portion of our territories. The cotton manufactories of Bengal, heretofore the grand staple of its commerce with Europe, were taxed with a transit duty of seven and a half per cent., while, by the commercial treaties concluded with Oude and Nipaul, the same articles from those countries were taxed only with a duty of two and a half. The cottons of England possessed over them the same advantage, being free of transit duty, and subject only to a duty of two and a half per cent on importation by sea. This inequality of taxation, though not the sole, was still, there was too much reason to believe, a main cause of the decay of this branch of the trade of the country, which had taken place in later years. Common justice required that the productions of Bengal should be placed on the same footing, at least, with those imported from other territories, and that both should go to the consumer

taxed at the same rate. Mr. Adam, therefore, did not hesitate to recommend that this additional duty should be abandoned immediately, though at the eventual sacrifice of some revenue. He scrupled, however, to extend the principle to other objectionable taxes, the abolition of which was not called for, on one hand, by the same considerations of justice and strict impartiality, or which, on the other, would entail a more considerable sacrifice. With respect to these, he was content to point out what seemed to him the fittest for discontinuance, in case the circumstances of the Governments at home and abroad should enable them eventually to dispense with the revenue.

Nevertheless, fully admitting the claim of the population to participate in the benefits of the present affluent condition of the finances, Mr. Adam proceeded further to recommend a present appropriation of revenue to purposes conducive to their moral improvement or permanent comfort and convenience. The obligation to provide a fund applicable to institutions for promoting the education of the natives, had been acknowledged and specifically declared in the Act of 1813, for renewing the Company's charter, but as yet the necessities of the State had prevented any advertence to this provision. Mr. Adam felt that the object

could be no longer neglected; he accordingly made the appropriation specified by the Legislature, *viz.* one lac of rupees per annum; and he appointed a committee of the most intelligent men of all classes at the Presidency to superintend the distribution, and determine the form in which the largess could be made most extensively useful in promoting the desired end.*

* There was no branch of public policy to which Mr. Adam attached more importance than the education of the people, or which he was more anxious to promote, though he felt the necessity of proceeding with the greatest circumspection and prudence with reference to the peculiar circumstances of the native population of India. His opinions upon this subject may be best collected from a short passage in his address to the students of the college at Calcutta, on one of their annual examinations:—

"The attention of the Governor-general in Council is sedulously directed to the important subject of public instruction. In furtherance of that object, public aid has been afforded to those useful and laudable institutions, the School Book Society, and the Calcutta School Society, as well as to the Hindoo College, founded in 1817, and superintended by some of the principal Hindoo gentlemen of this city. No wise or just government can be indifferent to the literary and moral improvement of its subjects, and other and more extensive measures may hereafter be framed for the education of the various classes of the inhabitants of the British possessions. The subject is one of the highest importance, both to the Government and the people. The diffusion of liberal education among the natives of India may be rendered a blessing or perverted into a curse to the country, according to the manner in which it is carried into effect. If, by any improbable combination of circumstances, a misguided zeal or overheated

Besides thus extending the support and countenance of Government to institutions directed to the moral improvement of the country, Mr. Adam took the same occasion for setting apart a fund for public works, tending to the increase of the people's comfort and convenience. For this purpose, the town duties collected at the principal cities and stations presented themselves as, in every respect, the most appropriate resource; the total amount being such as Government could sacrifice without inconvenience, while the distribution was ready made, in the proportion levied from the population of each place. The people looked to the Government only for the execution of such works as the fund would be applied to; and the hope that, were the impost abandoned, the same amount would find its way to similar purposes through other channels, would have been vain indeed, in the existing state of society of India. It was a circumstance also not

enthusiasm should mingle in this important pursuit, the most disastrous consequences may be predicted, both to the people and their rulers: but, directed to its proper and legitimate ends, and conducted with the judgment, discretion, and sobriety, which I trust will never be lost sight of, and, above all, with the full concurrence and cordial co-operation of the natives themselves, it cannot fail to produce the most extensive and decided benefits both to the Government of the country, and to the millions under its sway."

lost sight of, that, in the event of any exigency, it would always be in the power of Government to resume the asset, and render it again available for the wants of the state, so long as these might require the aid.

In the above propositions the members of the Council joined heartily with the Governor-general; and the minute recorded by Mr. Adam, at the time of bringing them forward, is a fine specimen of the enlarged and liberal views which guided his administration. His friends may confidently appeal to this record, and to the measures which grew out of it, as a noble monument of his abilities as a statesman, and as placing his name in the very highest rank of those whose energetic virtues and illustrious talents have brightened the annals of our Indian empire.

This, however, is not all. The administration of civil justice, which is the first duty of a regular Government—indeed, the condition by which it acquires the title—was very inadequately provided for, from the insufficiency of the existing European establishments. The large size, the wealth, and populous condition of many of the districts, had produced an accumulation of business beyond the physical ability of the most capable functionaries to discharge; and as, under the existing system,

the superintendence of both the civil and criminal departments was vested in the same individuals, the former duty was in the larger districts more or less neglected; for the more urgent obligation of providing for the public peace, and of attending to the duties of police, which, from their nature, admitted of no delay, allowed no time for the decision of civil suits, and other business of the courts of civil judicature, in which the same functionaries presided.

In the present prosperous condition of the resources of the country, it seemed to Mr. Adam to be indispensable to attempt some remedy for this crying evil; and, after mature deliberation, he resolved to effect it by separating the two departments, and providing an additional European officer in the districts most overburthened. Considerations of economy, added to the want of servants, and the desire of gradually introducing a change of this importance, made the Government resolve not universally to extend the principle; but rather to wait until the evil of accumulated business called urgently for a remedy in each individual district. The relief, however, proved very effectual, so far as it went, and was, moreover, not attended with any expense that deserved consideration, when viewed in relation to the importance and value of

the object gained on one hand, or to the means happily possessed of meeting additional charges on the other.

One other subject, and that perhaps of all the most important, remains to be noticed; and that is, the augmentation of the army by four regiments of infantry. It was no part of Mr. Adam's intention to propose this increase in conjunction with the other measures above described. As it was one of the last measures of his government, so was it that of which he felt the responsibility to be the heaviest, and which he weighed most maturely and with most anxiety, before he finally brought it forward. Lord Hastings had, so early as in March 1819, submitted several propositions for the improvement of the military establishment for the sanction of the authorities in England. Amongst these was one for a considerable increase of the infantry; and, deeming the matter urgent, he had sent an officer of the staff from India to expedite the determination. After more than four complete years, however, no orders had reached India, nor had the Supreme Government received any intimation of the probable result of the reference it had thus made. In the mean time, the necessity had arisen of providing troops from the Bengal establishment for several new stations. The space, too, over which the

army was now spread, and of which it constituted the main, if not the exclusive security for the maintenance of tranquillity, had been extended by nearly one-third, and there had been no proportionate augmentation; but, on the contrary, the regular army was still on the scale which had been calculated for a season of peace within the contracted territory before possessed. The Commander-in-chief very strongly urged the necessity of an increase, to prevent the troops from being worked beyond their endurance, to the prejudice of their discipline and habits of subordination; and the hazard of this, added to the knowledge that much dissatisfaction and discontent did exist, in consequence of the harassing duties and life of incessant labour in which the troops were kept, formed, altogether, in the opinion of Sir Edward Paget, as in that of Mr. Adam, whose means of ascertaining the point were equally good, a case of emergency calling for a speedy remedy. But there were many powerful considerations to deter the Governor-general from acting, great as he felt the emergency to be. In the first place, there was a positive prohibition from home on the record, forbidding any increase of the fixed establishment, without the special sanction of those authorities. Again, a project having been already submitted

by the former Governor-general—for whose sentiments on such a subject it was impossible but that all must feel respect—the presumption was, that, in his view, the emergency was not so great as to preclude the delay of a reference; and there would be, besides, an appearance of wanton and unnecessary precipitation in anticipating the orders while that scheme was still under consideration. Moreover, Mr. Adam was sensible that his successor was on the way out to India, and daily expected; and it was natural to suppose that he would bring with him the desired sanction to the scheme submitted, or, at least, that he would come prepared, by a knowledge of the sentiments of the leading authorities at home, either to execute their intentions, or to adopt such a line of conduct in the supposed emergency as would best square with the policy they approved. On the other hand, against any further postponement, there was this to be urged, and it was an objection which outweighed every other in the mind of Mr. Adam:—it was impossible that the new Governor-general could be sufficiently informed of the circumstances and state of feeling in the army, to be able to decide, upon his own judgment, on so momentous a question as the adequacy, or otherwise, of the establishment for the duties it was called upon to perform.

Either, therefore, the opportunity would be lost of remedying the mischief in time; or, if the new Governor-general were led to adopt a strong measure of the kind proposed for its remedy, it must be from the persuasion of others, on whose experience and means of forming a just conclusion he must rely. Mr. Adam thus felt it would be himself that must urge its adoption on his successor, and that, in doing so, he must expose himself to the imputation of ungenerously seeking to link another in the responsibility of his own measures. He saw it would be difficult to explain, either to others or to the satisfaction of his own conscience, why, being so strongly convinced of the necessity of the augmentation, he had not made it when the power was in his own hands. The fear of the consequences to himself, personally, would, in fact, be the only reason he could in such a case assign. Such were the motives that induced Mr. Adam to come forward, at length, with a proposition for augmenting the infantry of the Bengal army. He was as free from coveting the patronage and popularity consequent upon the increase, or from seeking any personal advantage whatsoever from it, as he was, on the other hand, far from underrating the personal risk at which he brought the measure forward. That it would be viewed with jealousy

in England, he was well aware; and there was reason to apprehend that it might possibly be regarded as an act of temerity, unwarranted by his own limited and incidental authority, or by the circumstances on which he rested the emergency. Still he always hoped that the strength of his reasons for acting without further reference to England would ultimately prevail, and satisfy the authorities on whose part he administered the affairs of India. At all events, he preferred to risk the chance of their displeasure himself, rather than ask of his successor to incur the hazard. His conscience was strong in the internal conviction that what he proposed was right and proper, and necessary for the welfare of the interests which Providence had committed to his hands—and with that he was satisfied.*

* The following extract from Mr. Adam's minute on this subject shows some of the reasons which operated on his mind; and furnishes, at the same time, a favourable specimen of the enlarged and benevolent view taken by him of questions of general policy :—

"We have not merely to contend against foreign enemies: we are foreigners ourselves, who, by a continuation of extraordinary circumstances, have obtained the rule of a mighty empire, and are called on to govern millions of human beings having nothing in common with us in religion, manners, habits, principles, feelings, or prejudices. It is our duty, as it is our aim, to attach and conciliate our subjects by wise, just, and benevolent institutions, and impartial laws, adapted to their habits and peculiar modes of

The above are some of the most prominent measures of Mr. Adam's short administration. Though it lasted but for seven months, the recapitulation of its occurrences will, if the narrative be faithful, occupy as large a space in the general history of India as the same number of years in any other period of equal political tranquillity. Our limits restrict us to a very imperfect notice, and much has of necessity been omitted, possessing, perhaps, claims to commemoration superior to what has been stated; for it was the ready attention shewn to every one's representation, and the constant anxiety displayed to investigate and rectify any errors, abuses, or imperfections of system that might be pointed out, which particularly distinguished the

thinking, by an unceasing and vigilant attention to the security of their rights and interests, and by extending to them the full benefit of our superior science, civilization, and advancement in the arts of life. To a certain extent, we have succeeded—but there is still much to be performed; and, with the best-founded confidence in the efficiency of our measures, and their progressive tendency to confirm and perpetuate our tenure of this country, I must confess my conviction that many years must elapse, if the period can ever be expected to arrive, before we can rely for the obedience of our subjects, and the security of our possessions, on our civil institutions alone. While this continues to be the case, even the most peaceable and long-settled provinces cannot prudently be rendered so bare of troops as to lead the people to suppose, that we possess no more efficacious means of protection or control than the ordinary civil establishments."

administration of Mr. Adam, and raised it to the high place it holds in public estimation. We should not, perhaps, be justified, were we to pass over without even a distant allusion the ready illustration of this disposition, which was afforded by the legislative remedy applied to the evils arising from the extraordinary avidity with which speculation began to be pushed in the indigo trade. The competition and disputes of the manufacturers in the interior produced constant affrays, attended with violence and bloodshed, to the injury of the peace of the country, and demoralization of the native population. The matter was investigated fully, and, after consulting the most intelligent men of all classes, an effectual corrective was administered, by the simple measure of providing a more prompt and effectual mode of settling these disputes than had heretofore existed. The subject may seem unworthy of mention; but it was of great interest to the European community in India, and was at the time much talked of.

The political relations of the Supreme Government with the Native Powers of India present little of importance; for the system enforced during the administration of the Marquess of Hastings was yet too recent to require, or even to admit of, any material change, however necessary such may be

for its eventual improvement. Mr. Adam had thus, in this department, only to follow up the course of policy commenced by his Lordship, and in the first introduction of which his concern, though in a subordinate capacity, had been so extensive.

To the eastward, indeed, the Government were involved in altercation with the Burmese, whose encroaching spirit and ambition threatened, at some future period, to disturb the public tranquillity. It was in the time of Mr. Adam that the resolution was adopted to resist the pretension of this nation to the island of Shahpooree, on the Chittagong coast. The letter asserting the right of the British Government to its possession was written by him; but there was at the time no reason to suppose that a serious quarrel was impending, either on this or any other account. The sentiments of Mr. Adam were declared for resisting vigorously the encroaching spirit and insulting pretensions of the Burmese officers, and for treating them on all occasions as demi-savages, whom nothing but fear could restrain within proper limits. But matters were not yet brought to the issue to call for the practical application of these principles, when Lord Amherst arrived, and assumed the Government-general, and Mr. Adam was obliged, by the growing strength of the disease (a dysentery) which had been prey-

ing on his constitution for several years, to proceed to sea for his recovery. He thus had no part in the subsequent measures of the Government.

He remained at the Presidency until the middle of September, for the purpose of introducing his successor to a knowledge of the affairs requiring his immediate care; and in doing so he made a hazardous sacrifice of strength, from a chivalrous notion of the obligations of his public station, against the advice of all his friends and physicians. His public life, however, may be fairly stated to have closed with his government, on the 1st of August 1823; for what remains to be told is only the melancholy tale of increasing infirmity, from which he in vain sought relief—first in a voyage by sea to Bombay; then in a land journey through Central India, during the bracing months of January and February; and, finally, in a residence for the hot season in the mountains conquered from the Nipaulese All was fruitless: the disease was too firmly rooted in his constitution to yield to change of air, relaxation, or any other remedy that could be applied in India. Returning at the close of the ensuing rains, a consultation of medical men was held at Ghazeepoor, on the Ganges, who gave it as their final opinion, that there was no hope but in a voyage to Europe. Up to this period Mr. Adam, had strenu-

ously resisted the advice and earnest solicitations of his friends that he would try this remedy. The means, however, he had been enabled to accumulate were very confined, and as he thought that he was wanted in India, nothing could induce him to consent while he had the hope that by remaining he might yet a little longer serve his country with advantage: that hope was now extinguished, and he could resist no longer. He came down to Calcutta, for the purpose of embarking, in a state of weakness that prevented his taking his seat again at the council table, or even admitting the visits of his most intimate and dearest friends. A passage was engaged for him in the *Albion*, Capt. Swainson, which finally sailed for Liverpool on the 16th April 1825. But the hand of death was upon him, and he did not live to see again the land of his fathers, or to gladden the hearts of his family, who doated on him with an affection unknown to those who have not a son or brother who has wrought himself the same high claims to love and veneration. Mr. Adam died off Madagascar, on the 4th June, and when the vessel arrived without him, many indeed were the hearts in which a mournful blank was left by the intelligence. Public tokens of the high esteem and respect in which his character was held, and of the regret universally felt at the loss,

have not been wanting to grace his memory;* but this can afford little consolation to the many who enjoyed his friendship, and who were attached to him by ties they can never transfer to another; while to his family, whose affection had been for years feeding in absence on the report of his fame and virtues, with the fondly-cherished hope that the reality would be restored to their embraces and society in the maturity of his years and honours—all these additional testimonies of his value can only aggravate the affliction with which that hope must be abandoned for ever.

In every relation of life Mr. Adam was amiable

* In addition to the resolutions passed by the Court of Directors and Court of Proprietors on this subject, it appears, by recent accounts from India, that the Sheriff of Calcutta has called a meeting of the inhabitants, by requisition, in the Town Hall, "for the purpose considering the most appropriate mode of offering some mark of public respect and esteem to Mr. Adam, on the occasion of his departure for Europe."

[This address was forwarded to England; it bears 325 signatures of persons of the first eminence and respectability. One of the paragraphs is to this effect:—

"After a long course of honourable service, during which ample opportunities have been afforded of appreciating the qualities of your character as they have been exemplified in the various relations of public and private life, it will be gratifying to you to receive from those amongst whom the largest portion of that life has been consumed, this deliberate and solemn record of the affectionate sentiments of respect, esteem, and confidence, which the recollection of it has inspired."

in a very rare degree; and this was acknowledged, not only by those who, participating his society and counsels, felt the influence of his character in the warmth of their own feelings; but by those also who saw him at a greater distance, and were even opposed to him in political sentiment. A most gratifying proof of this was afforded on the occasion of his relinquishing the government, and preparing for the voyage to Bombay, from which he then expected a partial, if not entire restoration of health. The Court of Directors had re-appointed Mr. Adam to a seat in council, with a renewed term, upon Lord Amherst being nominated Governor-general; and it was therefore quite unusual to offer any public testimony to one still holding a share in the executive Government: nevertheless, looking at the precarious state of his health, and the possibility that, although ostensibly only for a term, the separation might be perpetual, the wish was universal to unite in procuring some memorial, to remain at the Presidency, of one whose public and private virtues were so highly esteemed. Although not strictly in rule, therefore, a meeting was yet called at the Town Hall to consider the matter; and it was not only attended by all classes, but the ardour with which the proposition was met, and the rapidity with which a large subscription

was afterwards raised to accomplish the object, were such as had never before been witnessed. The warmest partisans of the unrestricted liberty of the press, and opponents of the measures taken to restrain it, vied with the friends and connexions of the firm at Hyderabad, which had declared themselves ruined by Mr. Adam's proceedings, in acknowledging the influence of his private virtues, and in bearing testimony to the high talents, the integrity, and self-devotion, with which every public trust had been discharged in his long career of service. All present had, perhaps, their own mental reservations as to the propriety or necessity of particular measures, but this did not lessen their esteem for the character it was the universal wish to honour; and, instead of encountering opposition where it would have been free for any one to offer it, the difficulty was to restrain the feeling of admiration within proper bounds, and to confine the vote to what certainly was the most appropriate memorial—a full-length portrait, to be placed in the Town Hall. The picture has since been well executed by G. Chinnery, and is indeed a faithful memorial of features, which cannot be looked upon without reverence and affection; for they carry in them the aspect of virtue united to high talent, and blended with a mild unassuming dignity of deport-

ment, such as cannot fail to rivet the attention of a stranger even to Mr. Adam's fame and merit.

But it is time to close this memoir, which is already too long. Mr. Adam was in his 46th year when he died. In person he was considerably above the middle height, about five feet eleven inches; his make was robust, and his carriage erect and dignified. In early life he was fond of active exertion, and even a patron of athletic exercises: the sports of the field had ever their charm for him, and he was a bold and excellent horseman: his sight, indeed, was imperfect, so as to compel the habitual use of glasses; but the effect was not unsuited to the thoughtful cast of his features, and the impression of his appearance was altogether most prepossessing. Mr. Adam's public character has been best described by the relation of the principal circumstances of his public life. The attachment of his friends—of whom, to the last day of his existence, the number was constantly increasing, without the loss of a single one of those previously gained—is the best test of his private virtues. There never was an individual in whom the qualities which form an estimable, useful, and distinguished man in public life, were more happily blended with those which engage the affections of mankind in private intercourse. Frank, sincere,

and open-hearted, his manners had a bewitching simplicity that banished restraint, and won their way to immediate esteem and confidence. He was blessed also with a cheerfulness of disposition and suavity of temper, which nothing could ruffle or interrupt: and, to crown the whole, his temperament was so truly social and his heart so thoroughly kind, and he returned the affections of others with so ready a warmth, that all who approached him found their early regard kindle rapidly into a sincere and lasting friendship. With all the firmness of purpose and inflexibility of principle, which distinguished his public career, and gave consistency to the line of duty which he pursued undeviatingly through life, he was yet remarkable for the peculiar modesty and unassuming character displayed in his intercourse with others. He was fond of equal society, and indulged freely in convivial pleasures, but took little part in conversation unless appealed to for his opinion, or called forth by the necessity of vindicating the cause of truth and justice, and sound principle. To such a call he was never insensible, and when he spoke he was listened to with respect and deference—not for any brilliancy of talent he displayed, which others might fear to encounter, but for the manly correct views and solid sterling sense which characterized all his sentiments.

Though his good-nature was the theme of every one's praise, no one had less of that easiness of temper which others might hope to lead. On the contrary, while he assumed nothing, his associates always felt his superiority, and lent themselves readily to his guidance. Of the influence of his personal character amongst his cotemporaries, an example was presented in the early part of his career, to which, as it displays also the soundness of his judgment and the rectitude of his principles, it may not be inapposite to allude. A fund had been proposed for the widows and orphans of civil servants dying without means, and it became a question whether illegitimate children should be included in the provisions of the scheme. The older servants were in their favour, and all the influence and weight of name were on that side. Opposed to them, however, were a party, at the head of which stood Mr. Adam and the present Sir Charles Metcalfe; and their arguments and example in the end carried the day—so much so, that, when it was put to the vote, the illegitimate children were excluded by a large majority.

Having left England at a very early age, Mr. Adam was of necessity indebted to himself for much of his education; yet his attainments in literature were very respectable, and his reading ex-

tensive, though irregular—for he lost no opportunity of cultivating his talents, and prosecuting useful studies. Considering, indeed, the activity of his life, and the claims on his time presented by the career of his public employments, it is rather surprising that he should have contrived to accumulate so much knowledge as he possessed. On questions connected with the politics of England, he was, from family connexion and early association, inclined to favour the principles of the party led heretofore by Mr. Fox; but he was far from being their slavish admirer, and was as free as others to confess their errors, when their conduct would not stand the test of his own discriminating judgment. Notwithstanding that his mind was continually occupied with the business of the day, and the means of benefiting the country to which his life was devoted, such subjects had to the last an interest with him more than common; for his heart was ever in England, and he looked forward with the fondest delight to the prospect of returning eventually to take part in its affairs, and claim there the reward due to one who had so well performed his duty. But though this was ever uppermost in his thoughts, he was yet so little selfish, and yielded so readily to every generous impulse, as to neglect, almost with a faulty disregard of his

own interests, the accumulation of the means of ultimate retirement. His charities were most extensive, and the real benevolence displayed, as well in the manner as in the liberality with which his assistance was afforded, might furnish a copious theme of eulogy; for many are the traits of this description with which every one who has lived with him in India must be familiar. With such a disposition, it cannot be wondered at that his fortune, on leaving the country, should have been so small, as barely to yield him a competency, though a man of no expensive habits, and without family. Such, however, was the case, notwithstanding the very splendid career of service he had run; but Mr. Adam's reward is in the reputation he has left behind him, and in the sentiment of gratitude and admiration with which his name will ever be mentioned.

DOULUT RAO SINDHIA.

The recent death of Maharajah Doulut Rao Sindhia, the Mahratta chieftain, tempts us to bestow a cursory glance upon the eventful history of a personage who was once the most powerful prince in India, and might have been the most formidable enemy with whom the British Government has ever contended in that quarter.

The origin and caste of the Sindhia family are rather obscure: Sir John Malcolm tells us, and we have heard from other sources, that they are really Sudras of the Koombee or agricultural tribe: but they claim to be Rajpoots; and Captain Grant Duff, whose authority is weighty on this point, favours this account of their extraction. It is certain that the first individual who became eminent as a soldier, Ranojee Sindhia (subsequently a silledar of the first Bajee Rao), was employed in the humble office of carrying the Peishwa's slippers,

which became in some measure a badge of the family: the most potent of the Sindhias, upon being visited by the Peishwa, produced the very slippers which had been borne by Ranojee, and which are still preserved in the family, and held them under his arm during the visit, without evincing any shame, but rather feeling pride, at recollecting the original occupation of his family.

This individual was Madhajee Sindhia, the illegitimate son of Ranojee, who became head of the family, and soon after the fatal battle of Paniput, in 1761, succeeded, by his talents and address, in ranking as the most powerful of the Mahratta chiefs. He was enabled to extend his territories gradually, through the weakness and dissensions of the court of Poonah; and, by the aid of De Boigne, a French adventurer, Madhajee eventually attained a greater, if not a more consolidated power, than any Indian prince since the death of Aurengzebe.* He died, whilst meditating further schemes of ambition, in 1794.

Madhajee Sindhia, having no male issue, adopted†

* Malcolm, i. 127.

† This is a point disputed; it is said that Madhajee did not adopt any person, but signified his wish that Doulut Rao should succeed him, in preference to the sons of an elder nephew. The succession of Doulut Rao was disputed by the widows of Madhajee, who set up another prince.

the son of Anund Rao, his youngest and favourite nephew, son of Tookajee Sindhia, as his heir. To this youth, the late Doulut Rao, who was then only fourteen, he left his vast possessions, and an army better disciplined and equipped, as well as more efficient, than had ever been formed by a native prince in India. Doulut Rao Sindhia was, in fact, in a condition to become the arbiter of the Mahratta empire.

From policy, perhaps from habit, Madhajee Sindhia professed a respect for the Peishwa's government, which he manifested throughout life. But his successor, who was born at a distance from the Deccan, and educated without the sphere of Poonah influence, no sooner established his authority than he openly threw aside all allegiance to the Peishwa, and considered himself rather the principal sovereign of India than a member of the Mahratta confederacy. His prime minister, Shirzee Rao Ghatgay, whose daughter Sindhia married, acquired a vast influence over the young prince, and to the evil counsels of that wicked minister must be attributed, in a greater measure, the bold and shameless rapacity, the unexampled atrocities, which marked the commencement of his reign, the recollection of which, it is supposed, afflicted the Maharajah in his later years with feelings of keen remorse.

A coalition of the Mahratta powers against the Nizam, in 1795, was the first transaction of importance in which Doulut Rao engaged; that prince was forced to purchase security at an exorbitant sacrifice of money and territory.

The violent death of Madhoo Rao, the young Peishwa, at this very juncture, involved the Mahratta princes in a series of intrigues, which disclose the most consummate baseness and treachery, illustrating in a remarkable manner the features of the Mahratta character. Sindhia, encouraged by the passive temper, or rather the refined cunning, of Bajee Rao, the new Peishwa, not only interfered in the state affairs of Poonah, but practised there acts more arbitrary than these chiefs of the confederacy had ever attempted.

It was at this period that Shirzee Rao Ghatgay commenced his abominable intrigues, in conjunction with Bajee Rao, who persuaded him that his views of becoming minister to his future son-in-law (for his daughter, though promised, was not yet given in marriage to Doulut Rao*), would always be obstructed whilst Nana Furnavese, the celebrated minister at Poonah, had a vestige of power. In pursuance of arrangements between these two individuals, Nana Furnavese and all his adherents were

* He married her in March 1798.

treacherously seized, and such a scene of tortures and barbarities was exhibited, as will be remembered, whilst Poonah exists, with horror and execration.* Of these transactions Sindhia was cognizant; and by consenting to create Shirzee Rao Ghatgay his Dewan, at the desire of Bajee Rao, in return for two crore of rupees levied by Ghatgay upon the rich inhabitants of Poonah, he became, in effect, *criminis particeps.* Bajee Rao himself was at length shocked at the wretch's enormities, which he had never contemplated, and remonstrated with Sindhia on the subject; but the latter lent a deaf ear to his complaints.

The public odium which attached thereby to Sindhia, and the arbitrary, undisguised authority which he assumed, induced Amrut Rao, the brother of Bajee Rao, to propose to the Peishwa the bold scheme of seizing that chief. Bajee Rao eagerly acquiesced; and Amrut Rao, with his brother's privity, prepared a military party to be ready at an appointed signal; and Doulut Rao was invited to the palace on business. The invitation being declined, a positive order was sent by the Peishwa, desiring his attendance. He came, and Bajee Rao, assuming an unexpected tone of superiority, required Sindhia to declare whether he

* Grant Duff, iii. 196.

was master or servant. The latter answering respectfully that he was ready to show his dependance; the Peishwa reproached him with his insolence and cruelty, and concluded with ordering him to quit Poonah. Sindhia professed his willingness to obey, but demurred on account of want of funds to pay his troops. At this critical moment, the Peishwa had not courage to give the signal; he suffered Sindhia to depart full of suspicion and distrust, and he thus shewed the first decided proof of that imbecility which afterwards distinguished him.

The excesses and extortions of Ghatgay, who now disregarded the remonstrances of Sindhia, became unbounded after the rupture with Bajee Rao, who was suspected of inciting the revolt of the Baees, widows of Madhajee, who disputed the succession of Doulut Rao. Sindhia at length ordered him to be arrested, which, although a step of some danger, was put in execution by the late Col. Hessing, then in Sindhia's service. A reconciliation between Sindhia and Bajee Rao followed, and a sense of common danger, arising from the altered policy of the British Government under Lord Mornington (Marquess Wellesley), who succeeded Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth), in 1798, tended to unite them more closely.

The object of the British Governor was to remove Sindhia from Poonah; he accordingly offered the Peishwa a body of troops for his protection, urging the reinstatement of Nana Furnavese. Bajee Rao, though he had formerly applied for this aid, now declined it; and, with the privity of Sindhia, accepted a sum of money from Tippoo, with whom the British were at war. In concert with Sindhia, he had laid a plan to attack the Nizam, an ally of the British. The death of Tippoo disconcerted all these schemes; but Sindhia nevertheless despatched emissaries to Seringapatam, for the purpose of encouraging resistance amongst the partizans of the late sultan, though he sent, at the same time, congratulations to our Government.

Sindhia's power was at this period, however, greatly weakened by the continued hostilities of the Baees, whose partizans plundered his territories, and committed every species of depredation.

His control over the Peishwa still subsisted; but he was at length forced to proceed to Malwa, in order to defend his territories in that quarter from the inroads of Jeswunt Rao Holkar, who took advantage of Sindhia's troubles, and in 1801 defeated a body of his best troops, commanded by British officers.

Sindhia left at Poonah an army under Shirzee

Rao Ghatgay, now liberated. This wretch, by a repetition of his brutalities, provoked a conspiracy to seize and murder him, whilst at Poonah; he however escaped to his army, which he soon after led against Holkar, who was defeated by him with great loss.* Had Sindhia followed up this blow, he would have annihilated the power of his enemy. The latter was permitted to recover himself, and in October 1802 he gained another complete victory over his adversary.

The treaty of Bassein, by which the Peishwa contracted to receive a subsidiary British force, was repugnant to the wishes of the Mahratta powers; but, engaged as they were in hostilities with each other, no overt opposition was offered by either, except a proposal by Sindhia to the Bhonslay, for a general confederacy of the Mahrattas against the English as their common enemy. When an envoy of the Governor-general visited Sindhia to invite him to join the alliance with the Peishwa and co-operate in the treaty, though he declined becoming a party, he declared that he had no design of obstructing it, and that his intentions were friendly to the British Government: at this very period, it appears from copies of secret letters since found in the palace at Poonah,* Sindhia, Raghoojee Bhonslay,

* Grant Duff, iii. 229.

and the Peishwa, were actively concerting hostilities against us. Holkar could not be prevailed upon to lay aside his resentment and join the project.

The plans of the confederates became at length suspected, and the Governor-general called upon Sindhia to explain his intentions. Sindhia and the Bhonslay, after many evasions, and not till a force under General Wellesley occupied a position in their neighbourhood, disavowed any hostile designs; upon which General Wellesley proposed that they should disband their armies. This proposal was rejected; and preparations were thereupon made by the British Government, upon a scale of unexampled magnitude, to meet the emergency.

The armies of the two Mahratta chiefs consisted of about 100,000 men, including 50,000 horse and 30,000 regular infantry and artillery, commanded by Europeans. The British forces, assembled in different quarters in India, amounted to 50,000 men. Hostilities commenced by the attack of Ahmednuggur, in August 1803. In September was fought the celebrated battle of Assye, at which the united Mahratta forces were routed, and the British commander, now the Duke of Wellington, achieved the first of those victories which have raised him to a competition with the first general of the age.

The pertinacity of Sindhia, in rejecting the prudent advice of De Boigne, not to provoke hostilities with the British Government, and the rash counsel of Perron, De Boigne's successor in the command of Sindhia's disciplined troops, led the Maharajah into projects which brought ruin upon him before he and his confederate had adopted a plan of operations. General Lake, the British commander-in-chief, advanced against Perron's cavalry, and took Coel and Aligurh; having marched to Delhi, he was attacked by Sindhia, whose army was defeated with great loss, and Delhi was occupied by the victors. Agra next fell; and in November was fought the great battle of Laswaree, in which the British troops had a trying and critical task. The victory cost them 800 men, but it completed the overthrow of the French brigades, and placed all Sindhia's districts north of the Chumbul in the power of the British Government.

Propositions for peace were soon after made by Sindhia, but the British army continued its operations and success. A cessation of arms was at length granted to him by General Wellesley, on conditions which Sindhia, however, violated. The confederates (Sindhia and the Bhonslay, or Berar Rajah) tried another battle at Argaom, but were

again defeated with very considerable loss; and they soon after (in December) accepted the terms offered them, which, as respects Sindhia, were the cession to the British Government and its allies of his territory between the Jumna and Ganges, and all situated to the northward of Jeypoor, Joodpoor, and Gohud: the forts of Ahmednuggur and Baroach with their districts, his possessions between the Ajunta Ghaut and the Godavery, and a multitude of claims on various Indian powers, were also renounced by him. He admitted a resident at his court,* and engaged to banish Europeans from his service. Sindhia subsequently became a party to the defensive alliance between the British Government and other Indian powers, and a subsidiary force was stationed near his boundary, but on the British territories.

These cessions, although they greatly curtailed the dominions and reduced the influence of Sindhia, left him still in possession of very ample territories, and more compact than formerly.

Holkar was startled at the rapid success of the English; and, when too late, decided upon making common cause with the confederates. He urged Sindhia to break the treaty; and though the latter's

* The first resident at Sindhia's camp was Major (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm.

ministers, Shirzee Rao Ghatgay in particular, urged him to renew the war in conjunction with Holkar, he resented the conduct of the latter so far as to communicate his proposal to the British resident, and subsequently agreed to co-operate with our troops against Holkar.

In the subsequent contest with that enterprising chief, however, Doulut Rao evinced some intention to break with the British Government. He had addressed (in October 1804) a long letter, filled with unjust and frivolous complaints, to the Governor-general, and, at the instigation of Shirzee Rao Ghatgay, he commenced his march from Berhampore with a full design of joining Holkar. In addition to various hostile acts towards the British Government, Sindhia was guilty of a gross outrage against Mr. Jenkins, the acting resident. He advanced towards Bhurtpore, the rajah of which was an ally of Holkar; every effort was made to pacify him, as the British troops were now engaged in the attempt at reducing that celebrated fortress, where General Lake sustained a repulse in the month of February 1805. A hasty reconciliation with the Bhurtpore rajah immediately took place, the chief motive to which was a desire to prevent the open declaration of Sindhia, who had actually despatched a body of his Pindarries and all his

cavalry towards Bhurtpore; but the treaty was fortunately concluded just before their arrival. Sindhia, however, immediately entered into terms with Holkar, who with his allies joined Sindhia's camp. Holkar urged a continuance of the war; but a conviction that a further prosecution of it was impolitic, led Sindhia to reject the violent counsels of Shirzee Rao Ghatgay, the advocate of Holkar's plans, and to renew his alliance with the British Government by a new treaty, in November 1805, founded upon that of December 1804, with a few additional provisions, one of which was the exclusion of Shirzee Rao Ghatgay from Sindhia's councils: a condition which was afterwards renounced by the British Government.

This turbulent and infamous character subsequently recovered his influence with Sindhia, to whom he frequently dictated with the utmost insolence. Sindhia at length gave orders for his arrest: he resisted, and was speared by the officer entrusted with the execution of the mandate: thus meeting a death too mild for his atrocities.

The large military establishment still maintained by Sindhia, which exceeded his ability to pay when his territories were entire, became now an excessive burthen; his subjects were pillaged, and he was himself reduced to great straits for want of money.

He established his camp at Gwalior, in 1810, from whence he never moved his head-quarters, and Sindhia's "camp," as it is called, became a great city. He there subsisted chiefly by borrowing money at excessive interest, pledging, amongst other securities, the pensions which his family under the last treaty derived from the British Government.

The subsequent history of Sindhia contains no remarkable event. Left to ruminate, in maturer years, upon the rashness of his past measures, he seems to have grown prudent from experience; and, although he was obviously ready to take advantage of any event calculated to restore him to his former pre-eminence, he never afterwards broke with the British Government. In 1815, provoked by some measure, injurious, as he supposed, to his interests, on the part of that Government, and encouraged by the untoward opening of the war with Nepaul (with which state Sindhia is known to have intrigued), he put his army in motion; but the brilliant termination of that contest was speedy enough to prevent his actually committing himself. In the great Pindarry and Mahratta war of 1817 and 1818, Sindhia was quiet: not from a sincere desire to see the freebooters, whom he held in pay, exterminated, nor from a wish for the Peishwa's

reduction; but through the judicious and skilful arrangements of Lord Hastings, which embraced the territories of Sindhia, and amply provided against the defection of that chieftain. Many proofs of the secret hostility of Sindhia reached the knowledge of the Governor-general, who intercepted his letters to the Pindarry chiefs, as well as others to the court of Nepaul, which his Lordship directed the British resident to present to the Maharaja, unopened, in full durbar. A new treaty was entered into on the 5th November 1817, by virtue of which Sindhia's army was dislocated, and placed temporarily under the superintendence of British officers. The Gwalior durbar was, however, intractable, and sometimes menacing, until the destruction of Holkar in January 1818, and the surrender of the Peishwa in May, had sealed the fate of the Mahratta powers.

From this change in the political relations of Central India, Sindhia reaped considerable advantages. Even the extinction of his predatory bands, who preyed upon his territories, and were a frail resource to him in the moment of danger, was a benefit in the end: the saving to his treasury in reductions alone was computed to be not less than twenty lacs per annum, and his finances were in other respects greatly ameliorated. Influenced by

observation and experience of the beneficial results of the British system, he seems, since 1818, not only to have become our faithful ally, but to have subsided, without any fresh formal obligations, into a species of dependence upon our Government, whose interference he has even solicited in the settlement of disputes with his tributaries.

For the last few years, the Maharaja appeared to withdraw himself from public business, and his court has been chiefly occupied with the adjustment of a multitude of claims and petty disputes, arising out of past transactions. Latterly he seems to have sunk into a sort of apathy, and become emaciated. Though he had been ill for many months, his near decease was not anticipated. His disorder, however, which is understood to have been dropsy, came on rapidly a day or two before his death, which happened on the 21st March 1826, at the age of forty-eight. He died one of the few independent princes in India, with a territory of upwards of a crore of annual value.

He executed a will, and nominated regents for the management of the state, whom he directed to use every endeavour to continue on terms of friendship with the British Government. He has left no son, legitimate, illegitimate, or adopted. The male line of Ranojee Sindhia seems extinct.

To the aforegoing details of the life of Sindhia, which are extracted chiefly from Sir John Malcolm, Captain Grant Duff, and other historians, we are enabled to add the following particulars, from private but excellent authority.

In person, Dowlut Rao Sindhia was about five feet seven inches in height, stout built, his complexion dark, his visage round, with a rather flat nose; his expression commanding yet benevolent, with great dignity of deportment. His dress and manners strongly recalled Holbein's portrait of our own Henry VIII. This arose partly from his mode of wearing the turban, which was small, twisted in the fashion of a rope, and placed on the side of the head. His garb was very simple; a white ungah, or tunic, and gootunna, or tight silk trowsers, down to the knee; common amongst the Mahrattas. His necklaces were gorgeous, consisting of many rows of pearls, as large as small marbles, strung alternately with emeralds. The pearl (*mooti*) was his passion, and the necklace was constantly undergoing change, whenever a finer bead was found; the title of 'Lord of a Hundred Provinces' was far less esteemed by him than that of *Mootiwalla* the 'Man of Pearls,' by which he was commonly designated in his camp.

He was a keen and active sportsman, and much

more of his time was spent on horseback, or in tiger-hunting, than in camp. He was, perhaps, the best shot of his tribe; and he would sit for hours on the banks of a river watching the fish leaping to the surface, which he seldom missed. He was a first-rate horseman, and expert with the lance; though far inferior in both respects to his great rival Holkar. Naturally indolent, where business or official matters called for his attention, he was the very prince of procrastination, as his own officers and the British envoy frequently experienced.

In his minority, he displayed an instance of unusual severity, and of boldness in despising the customs of the land, by putting to death several Brahmins of rank, whom he deemed inimical to his government; and in order to evade the forfeiture attendant on spilling the blood of a Brahmin, he blew them up with rockets. This was considered as indicative of a cruel disposition: but his future life by no means justified this idea; and, although atrocities were committed, especially when such men as Ghatgay held the reins of government, they did not originate with him.

To banish the ennui of a camp, where reading was not much in vogue, he amused himself ordinarily, when the hours of prayer and dinner were over, with the calamuts (musicians) and dancing

women. He was reckoned a good judge of music, and spared no expense to procure the best musicians; he was particularly partial to that measure called the *droopud*, of which one of the characteristics is an almost incredible rapidity of articulation.

He was fond of retiring to gardens, of which he had several contiguous to his camp at Gwalior, where, with his chiefs, he feasted, and witnessed the song and the dance. There was a good deal of buffoonery about his court, of which even his friends and subjects did not speak in terms of commendation.

Though he had several wives, the Baeza Bae had gained the entire ascendancy over him, to the exclusion of the others. She was the daughter of Ghatgay, through which influence she more than once had nearly been the ruin of Sindhia and his state. Her descent was from the Rahtore Rajpoots, which alone gave her great power over him, as he was of lower caste. She was a bold and masculine woman, and used frequently to go out with her own damsels on horseback, and amuse herself with exercising the lance. Her brother, Hindu Rao, had latterly very great influence with Sindhia; he was a fine specimen of a turbulent Mahratta, and, with opportunity, might have been a second Sevajee. Sindhia's

understanding was above mediocrity; it saved him when all his brother princes were falling. He had ambition, but it was quenched in indolence.

In his intercourse with the various envoys to his court, his conduct was marked by urbanity and dignity; and, although the latter forbade the discussion of business except through the medium of a minister, courtesy was observable in every action. More than once the British embassy dined with him; and, in order that the envoy and his suite might feel completely at ease, every individual was removed from the apartment except the internuncio: Sindhia looking on, his religion forbidding him to join in the conviviality.

Amongst other instances of his courtesy, is the following, which we give in the words of our communicant: "When the late Mr. Moorcroft, the superintendent of the Company's studs, then travelling over the country, came to see the celebrated breeds of Mahratta horses, I introduced him to Sindhia, and, on mentioning the purport of his visit, he immediately appointed the next day, and a plain close to our own camp as the rendezvous for the Mahratta cavaliers, and the scene of their 'noble horsemanship.' We had a regular tournament. Sindhia not only sent the finest horses, but the *élite* of his chieftains, to 'witch' us with their

feats. There were to be seen the grey-beard of threescore and ten, and the infant under two lustres, opposed to each other, their high-bred steeds spurning the earth, the sword against the lance; the boy was on a mare of the Mandés breed; the old chief on a B'heemrat'halli, old, and blind of one eye, but bounding as the roe. But the object that excited our astonishment above all was Sambajee Angria, a grandson of the famous pirate of Colaba. To describe his feats, and those of his horse, is impossible; suffice it to say that Mr. Moorcroft, who was in raptures, lifted up his eyes in wonder, observing that, till that hour, he had been in utter ignorance of the powers of the horse, or the abilities of a horseman."

Like all Hindus, Doulut Rao was perfectly tolerant to the many under his authority professing the Mahommedan faith. It was a singular circumstance to see a Mahratta prince assume the mourning garb, and head the procession of mourners, on every anniversary of the martyrdom of the sons of Ali. He provided for many of the Mahommedan priesthood, and held some of their shrines in considerable veneration; especially that of Sah Madar, at Gwalior. A reason, however, for this conduct may in part be found in the fact, that one of these devotees became oracular to his uncle and

predecessor, Madhajee Sindhia, who, at the commencement of his career, was urged to conquest by these words of the fanatic: "My son, I give thee the country as far as Delhi."

Doulut Rao was, however, less superstitious than most of his countrymen. "I recollect well," says our authority, "on the appearance of the comet in 1807, the remarks which the Brahmins and his ministers made of its foreboding 'change to princes;' he replied, that it could not be meant for him, for that he could not be worse off, and that all change must be for the better. His finances were then very low, as were the spirits of his army, after the disastrous campaigns of 1803-4.*"

The success of the British arms over this chieftain, and the consequent diminution of his territory, proved ruinous to the independence of the minor

* Of the resources which Sindhia had to replenish his coffers, the following is one, mentioned as an item of news in a native paper, the *Shums ul-Ukhbar*, of July 2d 1824: "On the 16th May, Hindu Rao represented to the Court, that Gopal Rao Phalgea wished the Maharaja would have the kindness to call at his house on the occasion of his marriage, which would increase his honour and dignity among his relations. The Maharaja replied 'what presents does he offer, if the court will comply with his request?' The former said 'Fifty thousand rupees in cash, a hundred and one trays of fine cloths, five horses, and an elephant, are provided as presents to the Maharaja. Upon which the Maharaja accepted the proposal."

states of Central India. Soopoor, Ragoogurh, Chanderi, Bahadoorgurh, and others of less note, were successively overrun and conquered; and the British embassy at Sindhia's court had the humiliating office of following in the train of this marauder, and were called upon by these ancient chieftains for succour, without the power of redressing or even listening to their complaints.

One of Sindhia's favourite pastimes was elephant-fighting: he had several of the finest elephants in India. But above all things, flying the kite was his passion, in which he was the greatest adept, perhaps, in India. It is there a very different amusement to the boyish one in this country, and affords scope for considerable skill. The string is covered with a paste made of pounded glass and glue; and when two rival kites come in contact, the string of one is sure to be cut, which event decides large bets. A month or two every year was devoted to this amusement, and all the empty bottles at the residency were in requisition for his Excellency's kite-strings.

In 1810, a splendid barouche, with four grey Arabians, Morocco-leather harness, and postillions superbly clothed, was presented to Doulut Rao. At the first march, the British envoy saw with astonishment the gay equipage laden with fakirs!

Sindhia never entered it, having been impressed by some superstitious people with strange notions of it. These were not lessened by an accident which occurred to a splendid tent of yellow cloth built for him by the British resident. The centre room was twenty-eight feet by sixteen, with four others fourteen feet square, all having glass doors. On the occasion of the first entertainment he gave, a torch-bearer accidentally set the whole in a blaze; and the general report throughout the camp, the next day, was, that spring-guns, daggers, and other implements of destruction, were placed between the folds of the cloth.

That Sindhia's political career closed without the convulsions that terminated that of his old confederates (the Peishwa, Holkar, Bhonslay) must be attributed to the extreme, and perhaps indiscreet, forbearance of Marquess Hastings, in two conspicuous instances. For the first, the crisis, and what is termed *political expediency*, might furnish a justification: this was his treacherous correspondence (aggravated by repeated denials) with our enemies the Nepaulese, proved by the seizure of his messenger disguised as a physician, with letters concealed between the leaves of a book. But such high bearing as the magnanimous behaviour of Lord Hastings (to which we have already adverted),

in respect to these proofs of consummate treachery, could not be appreciated by a Mahratta, as appeared from the second instance—his long train of gross prevarication, duplicity, and falsehood, in addition to the base artifice displayed in his private orders to his commander, Jeswunt Rao Lar, to hold out in Asseergurh, while he was sending continual overt orders for its surrender, by which many valuable British lives were forfeited. By Lord Hastings' line of policy, a noble opportunity was lost of restoring to independence all those states of Central India which had fallen a prey indirectly to our successes. That it arose from a noble, a magnanimous motive, no man can doubt; that it was a most unfortunate course as respects the Rajpoot states, is no less true, and must be deeply deplored by those who know the history of these ancient states and have their welfare at heart. *They* would, indeed, have been allies. The Mahratta can never forget what he was, and to what he is reduced; that his flag once waved on the battlements of Timoor, and is now confined to the Chumbul.*

* The adoption of a son by the late Doulut Rao Sindhia was a measure often proposed by him during his life, but deferred from time to time by the conflicting claims of different candidates, and the opposing influence of the Maharaja's confidential advisers. His known intention, however, and the necessities of the state,

imposed the performance of this act upon the widow, who, agreeably to the principles of the Hindu law, is empowered to adopt for her husband after his decease, if in previous possession of his authority to that effect. Although, however, the arrangement was resolved on, it was not so easy to fix upon the particular object, as, amidst the numerous branches of the Sindhia family, from which alone the heir could be with propriety selected, none were of any immediate proximity to the deceased raja. The common ancestor of this house, Changojee Sindhia, the grandfather of the individual who first obtained political distinction, Ranojee Sindhia, had three sons, from the elder of whom Doulut Rao was the seventh in descent. The next of kin was the sixth in descent from the second of Changojee's sons; but this person, named Peerajee, a farmer in the Dekhin, being of mature years, was unfit for adoption, and the persons who were eligible for that purpose were the sons of individuals still further removed. Of these, the five nearest in succession were invited to Gwalior, where they arrived on the 29th of May 1826, and, after some discussion of their pretensions, the choice of the Bai was directed to Mookt Rao, the son of Patloba, a person the eighth in descent from Changojee through the third of his sons, and residing in camp upon the humble allowance of eight or ten rupees a month. Mookt Rao is about eleven years of age, small, but well made, dark complexioned, lively, and intelligent. He can read and write a little, and ride on horseback, a more meritorious acquirement in Mahratta estimation. His horoscope is also said to be highly favourable, and the marks on his person indicate his being destined to command. With all these circumstances in his favour, the popular voice fully confirmed the election of the Bai, and the 18th of June was the day fixed upon as most propitious for the performance of the ceremony of his installation.

On the Saturday previous, the chiefs and the ministers were assembled at the durbar, when the intentions of the Baiza Bai to adopt and place Mookt Rao on the musnud were publicly announced, and the opinions of the assembly were asked. Not a dissentient voice was heard, and all expressed their warm concur-

rence in the measure. The pundits were then consulted as to the legality of the lad's marriage with the youngest grand-daughter of the late Maharaja, and pronounced sentence in its favour.

On Sunday, the adoption and marriage ceremonies took place; the father of the lad making over all right to his son to the Bai, and confirming the donation by pouring water from his hand upon her's. On Monday, at daybreak, the young raja elect and his bride proceeded in state through the camp, mounted on the same elephant, and, after having paid their devotions together at a particular temple, they returned to the palace, where the ceremonial was completed by the Bai embracing the boy and her grand-daughter, and placing one on each knee.

In the mean time, all the ministers and principal sirdars were assembled in durbar, and when the auspicious moment announced by the astrologers arrived, Hindu Rao conducted the boy from the inner apartments, and, leading him to the British resident, who, with all his suite, was present, requested him to place the young raja on the musnud; which he accordingly did, and a general discharge of artillery and musketry proclaimed the occurrence to the camp.

Immediately after Mookt Rao was seated, the resident presented a splendid khelat to him, and one for the bride, on the part of the Governor-general. Trays were presented also on behalf of the Bala Bai, as well as by the Senapati and by Raghonath Rao, on the part of the raja of Dhar. The different individuals present then offered their respective nuzzers, which continued till about twelve o'clock, when the young raja, being completely overcome with fatigue, was allowed to retire to repose. The heat of the day, and the crowded state of the durbar, rendered the ceremony particularly oppressive to much older individuals.

Mookt Rao takes the title of Jankojee Sindhia, after the gallant chief of that name, who was killed at the celebrated battle of Paniput. The Baiza Bai will continue to act as regent until the young raja attains years of discretion.—*Cal. Gov. Gaz., July* 9, 1827.

KIERNANDER, THE MISSIONARY.

Less has been said of the missionary Kiernander than of many others of much inferior note. In zeal, in the efficacy of his labours, in learning, human and divine, in warmth of Christian charity, in a spirit freed from sectarian trammels—above all, in a genuine piety to his Creator, and a sincere love for his fellow-creatures, Kiernander eminently abounded. His good works, to use the familiar but beautiful metaphor of St. Luke, were, in "good measure, pressed down and running over" (ὑπερεκχυνόμενον). But he was unfortunate, and alternately drank of the sparkling cup of worldly prosperity, and tasted the bitterness of worldly indigence. The sympathies of sects and brotherhoods are seldom expended upon the unfortunate members of their own body. To be destitute is to be friendless; and he who is sunk to dependence and want, is supposed to reflect dishonour on the fraternity he belongs to.

The temporary fallings-off, uncharitably imputed to poor Kiernander, were not defections from the cause of his "great task-master," but, in the transient hour of prosperity, a heedless giving way to its influences, which a man must be made of the sternest stuff of fanaticism effectually to resist. In truth, poverty has its pride as well as wealth, and there is as little of Christian humility as of common sense in flying from the allurements of fortune. Except in the case of Swartz, and the one or two highly-gifted individuals who have approached his excellence, there has been no slight degree of affectation in a gratuitous contempt of advantages.

There are persons, who, like Martinus Scriblerus, in his abstract idea of a lord mayor without a fur gown and gold chain, cannot conceive of a missionary without the accustomed associations of a dingy black coat, lank hair, black stockings darned with white thread, and a woe-begone, cadaverous countenance. Some European Protestant societies, if they have not actually prohibited their missionaries from marriage, have shewn themselves much better pleased with their celibacy. Yet it is not easily conceived why the domestic affections should estrange them from the great duties of their calling. If any thing opens the heart to a more catholic

spirit of benevolence, it must surely be the home-felt bliss of conjugal life, which, if it softens a man's temper, does not the less fit it for the trials and dangers of his station. In many instances, the wives of missionaries have shared their labours, and alleviated their sorrows. The Moravians, eccentric as some of their early regulations were with regard to females, and excluding as they did every thing like mutual choice from the marriage-union, are remarkable for those sexual attachments, which have so frequently kept alive religious enthusiasm under circumstances that threatened its decay. The flames of religious and earthly devotion are not unfrequently kindled at the same altar.

Another mistake, not less common, seems to have its effect upon those who have regulated the code of duties which missionaries are enjoined to observe; it is that which supposes the persecution and mockery of the world to be essential to the making a good one. Its corollary is, that the esteem of mankind, and the wish to conciliate it, are inconsistent with his calling. The result has been sufferings which, without any forfeiture of character, might have been avoided, and a spiritual pride in incurring them. No man was visited more severely by the consequences of these errors in thinking than poor Kiernander. He was, it is true, of a social

temperament, and did not shun society. He did not cut himself off from the virtuous love of woman, and was twice married. He was not a candidate for contempt, and conformed to the manners of the world he lived in. So long as he could afford it, he was bounteous even to profusion in his way of living; yet the bulk of his wealth was piously expended. He built a splendid church, and endowed a large school, out of his own funds. But what is this to the inexpiable offence of having availed himself of his share of worldly enjoyments whilst they were within his reach, or of taking a temperate part in the convivial pleasures of society?

Il riso, e 'l canto, e 'l parlar dolce humano.

In Mr. Carne's Lives of the Missionaries, the most romantic portions of Kiernander's life have been selected for pathetic description; and his visit, in the day of adversity, to the tomb in which the remains of his two wives, Werdena and Ann, were deposited, with the reflections that naturally rushed upon his mind when it fell back on the memory of the happy days he had spent with each of them, is most happily imagined. Unluckily, however, the same tomb did not contain the two ladies; and for tomb we must read, it is to be feared, a hole dug in a sandy soil, where their fair carcases experienced

the fate of other settlers at that time, namely, that of being devoured by jackals within a few hours of their interment. Imagination seems to have had its share in many other of the biographical topics in the same article. It may not, therefore, be unamusing, at least not uninstructive, to detail some of the chief incidents of a life, marked, it is true, by vicissitudes, but still a matter-of-fact life, the incidents of which are not made at all the more impressive or useful, by the tinge of romance which Mr. Carne imparts to it. These details, slight as they are, have been derived not only from the recollections of the very few of his contemporaries still living, but from Kiernander himself, through the medium of his correspondence, which was various and extensive, and kept up (especially with one of his friends) during the whole of his residence in India, except during the short interval of his blindness.

He was born in 1735, at the small town of Akstad, in Sweden, situated in the southern district of East Gothland. His parents were little above the condition of peasants; but in Sweden education is cheap, and they destined their son for holy orders. He had a great ardour for knowledge, and finished his studies with much reputation at Upsal. The means of visiting one or two of the foreign univer-

sities were kindly supplied him by a friend of his family; and at Halle, where he resided nearly two years, and officiated as classical tutor, he ingratiated himself so much with Professor Franke, that when an application was made to that gentleman by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, to recommend to them a fit person to be sent out as a missionary to Cuddalore, he strongly urged the appointment of Kiernander; and Kiernander accordingly, after a six months' residence in London, in order to acquire a more perfect English pronunciation (having already made himself a proficient in the language), proceeded in a Company's ship to Cuddalore, where he arrived in the beginning of 1758. He kept, like Swartz, a journal of the voyage, and, like Swartz, magnified every incident of the sea into a tempest, from which earnest prayer delivered him; and swelled every gale, that rendered it expedient to lower the top-mast, into the Euroclydon, that tossed about St. Paul in the Egæan. Like Swartz, too, if it was calm, he instantly set about praying for a breeze, and it was not long before it was vouchsafed to him. In every favourable change, in short, that accelerated his voyage, he immediately recognized the finger of Providence, and an encouragement from Heaven to persevere in his labours.

At Cuddalore he was well received. It was a most hospitable settlement, governed by a chief, Mr. Lewin, who was a man of amiable manners. With the advantages of a native ease of address, and a countenance singularly handsome and attractive, Kiernander, moreover a young man of extensive and varied erudition, found no difficulty in being introduced into the best society of the place. His congregation had been already formed, and consisted of about two hundred. Many of these were Portuguese converts from the Catholic communion; many were half-castes; but respecting native Hindû converts, though no man laboured more strenuously to convert the Hindûs, Kiernander uniformly holds a discreet silence. In this silence, which does great credit to his sincerity, he has had but few imitators amongst his successors. Except Swartz, who is always an exception to all that is unfair and disingenuous, most of them have swelled their annual reports with accounts of proselytes from the most respectable ranks and highest castes of that people.

To his friend Dr. Lloyd, who was at Seringapatam, where Hyder Ali had confined him for the advantages of his compulsory services as his physician, Kiernander, when the sphere of his labours considerably increased, complained of the low cha-

racter and bad dispositions of the native converts. He imparts to him in confidence, as the fruit of his experience, the fact, that few individuals, of good moral habits, are inclined to forsake their native religion to adopt that of strangers. Nothing can effect, he says, a great national conversion like that of Mohammed, but a sword like that of Mohammed; and the greatest of our modern theologians, Michaelis, whose mind pervaded the whole world of learning, secular and profane, seems to have uniformly held the same opinion. "How plainly wrong, soever," says he, "the Jewish and the Catholic religions may be, yet out of every hundred that forsake the one or the other, there are ninety-nine profligates or cheats."* Nor will the experience of any candid person who has resided in India furnish evidence of a more consolatory kind. As far as respects the Hindû natives, the missionaries, even now, have no cause to rejoice over their converts. Those of Swartz were individuals who had no caste to forfeit; for forfeiture of caste is the grand test of a sincere Hindû conversion: and though his congregation was kept together by the

* Michaelis, Moral. t. ii. ann. 2. He afterwards adds:—*Ich habe von proselyten wenig gute Hoffnung, und doch hat mich die Erfahrung gelehert dass ich zu liebrich in Hoffenwar:* "I have little hope of proselytes, and have yet been taught by experience that I was too fond in my hopes."

common affection of all for their beloved pastor, how soon was it dispersed after his death, and what a miserable and straggling flock is it at present!

Kiernander, in early youth, was distinguished for a vivacity of intellect and fancy, which never deserted him. Having acquired an almost complete command over the English language, although the Swedish accentuation remained with him to the last, he soon became a captivating preacher. Admiral Boscawen, who commanded the fleet then at anchor in the roads, was his frequent auditor, and shewed him the most flattering attentions. His fine countenance and animated style of preaching drew also to his congregation the female residents of the town, who, throughout the whole of his ministry, were his most enthusiastic admirers. It was his maxim, that no woman could be seriously affected by religious truths, unless they made her shed tears. The faith taught by Kiernander found its way to their hearts through this amiable weakness of their natures. A young and beautiful creature, the daughter of a merchant from Hamburgh, named Fischer, was not the least attentive, or the least edified, of his flock. She looked at nothing and saw nothing but the preacher, from the first to the last moments of the service. When he dilated upon the rapturous hopes of the faithful, and the endless

sufferings of the sinners, her sighs and sobs were the most audible. It was some time before he could ascertain correctly who the female was that bore such feeling testimony to the efficacy of the Word. She placed herself in an obscure place, in that part of the church which was set apart for the females, whence she could with the least restraint gaze on the preacher.

About this time Kiernander was invited by the English of Fort St. David's, then our chief settlement on the Coromandel coast, to officiate as their chaplain. They had driven away the Portuguese Catholics, and Kiernander was put in possession of their church, which was commodious and airy. The sphere of his usefulness was now enlarged. His precepts did not savour of ascetic severity. He did not rebuke the little levities of the sex, which many of his successors, sent out by the Society, thought it their duty to growl at. He made no war upon their harmless finery; or, if he glanced at them, it was in a spirit of pity towards infirmities that have some affinity to the most amiable parts of our nature. Could such a pastor fail of being acceptable to that portion of his church, whom, it must not be concealed, the missionary became more and more solicitous to please? There were, however, if not actual spies, some vigilant

observers of his ministry; nor were there wanting at home, some who considered all this as at variance with its duties, and who severely censured it as unseemly ambition, and a struggling for popularity. These impressions had, in the subsequent events of his life, an inauspicious influence over its fortunes.

Werdena Fischer, to whose fixed gaze and uplifted features he had become habituated at Cuddalore, to his great surprise appeared amongst his female auditory at Fort St. David's. Her father had a store at that settlement, and occasionally visited it with his family. After a long religious flirtation, during which the young lady had given her parents evident indications where her affections were placed, Kiernânder, to spare her feelings, ostensibly proposed marriage himself: in truth, in the overflowings of her soul, which was too ingenuous to conceal even a forbidden wish, she had herself besought him to take that step, as necessary to her temporal and even her spiritual welfare. The marriage was against the advice of many of his religious friends at the settlement; it incurred the reprehension of the Society, of whose tacit regulations it was a breach. They were married in 1758. Werdena's father was rich, and gave her a dowry sufficient to render their home comfortable and

happy. These were the bright days—*albo digna capillo*—of Kiernander, and time flew on wings of down. Yet his marriage did not interfere with the duties of his mission; it enabled him, on the contrary, to build, or rather to enlarge, his school-room, and to endow his church with an organ, which he bought at Pondicherry, before, as it turned out unluckily, an organist sufficiently expert could be found to play on it.

But the settlement of Fort St. David's was destined to a sad reverse. The Count de Lally, after the farce of a siege, entered the fort through a breach, and put his troops in possession of the town. The panic-struck commander and the civilians, frightened out of their senses, scampered away with the greatest expedition, and every thing was left to the unrestrained plunder of Lally's troops. Kiernander imagined that his little property would be exempted from pillage, and, in a polite letter to the Count, expressed his confidence, as a foreigner and an ecclesiastic, of meeting with that indulgence. He was most politely undeceived; and, in reply to a hint thrown out by Kiernander, that, in the capacity of a Lutheran pastor, he might still be allowed to officiate in the Portuguese church, Lally, with the utmost courtesy, reminded him of the example of mildness and toleration shewn recently by the

English themselves, in ejecting all Portuguese Catholic priests from their settlement, and appropriating their church and its treasures to their own use. Upon the question of toleration, Kiernander found the Frenchman had the best side of the argument. It was a severe loss to him. The same blow had involved his wife's family in ruin. Their goods were plundered, and, stript of every thing in the shape of worldly comfort, the ill-fated missionary sought a precarious hospitality at the Danish town of Tranquebar, where he was employed at a miserable unendowed chapel, upon a salary that did not supply him with the necessaries of existence.

There was something more to depress and agitate his spirits, in the consciousness of the narrow range that had yet been opened to his ambition. He had done nothing hitherto towards the conversion of the heathen, the great object of his mission, and with talents, of which he well knew the value, and a zeal which was always active and ardent, he was now "cabined, cribbed, confined" to a contracted sphere of utility, and, what was still less to his taste, an ignoble and obscure corner, where he could effect nothing that could gratify either his vanity, or his ambition to do good upon a large scale. He had not yet learned sufficient humility to wait

"God's own time," and to be content to serve him with thankfulness in whatever condition, however lowly, he might please to demand his services.

In the midst of these inquietudes, he received a kind invitation from Mr. Watts, one of the Bengal council, accompanied by a remittance sufficient for the purpose, to settle at Calcutta, where he arrived, on board a Danish vessel, about 1759 or 1760. Clive was then in the zenith of his reputation. The victory of Plassy, and the skilful intrigues which followed that brilliant affair, had rendered him the arbiter of the native states, the prop that supported the sinking fortunes of the Company, and the terror of the French, who had lately received in that quarter of the world some humiliating proofs of British superiority in arms. In Mr. Watts, Kiernander found a sincere, unwearied friend. Through his interest, he was appointed to the chaplaincy of Fort William. The manners of the missionary, which were those of the polite world, but mingled with the mildness of the pastoral character, gained him acceptation and kindness every where. Kiernander and his wife, a lively and engaging woman, were universally welcomed; and on the birth of his little girl, Clive and Watts stood her sponsors. The cup of earthly enjoyment was now full. Clive and the principal inhabitants of

Calcutta became his regular auditors. He was enabled also to satisfy the sense of duty, which was always at his heart; he made great progress in the religious instruction of the natives, and was enabled to establish a school for one hundred and fifty Europeans. In the midst of these blessings, he lost his wife. Affectionately attached to her by ties of gratitude and love of no ordinary strength, and by the perpetual remembrance that the happiest days of his life were those of which she had been the sharer, he bowed, indeed, his head with silent resignation to the stroke; but the rest of his days, even amidst their brightest hues of external fortune, were chastened and tinged with the regrets of that separation.

If, in circumstances of ease, the love of the world insensibly stole upon Kiernander, it would be harsh to visit him with severe censure; yet it did not escape the reprehension of the Society. Social habits and social cheerfulness were not in their eyes becoming the humility of a spiritual teacher. When will certain sects learn that religion is not the less grave or authoritative in its sanctions, for wearing occasionally a worldly polish, and appearing with worldly smiles? But something much less expiable had been reported by one of Kiernander's *friends*, with whom he corresponded in London. Early in

life, he had seen and conversed much with the Moravians, many of whom had been driven from their native towns in Bohemia into Sweden, during the first persecution of the Austrian government. It was a tenet strongly insisted upon by Zinzendorf, though at present almost discarded, that it was possible to obtain *assurance personal and perfect of an acquaintance with God.* In his correspondence, which shewed that this tenet was in high favour with him, Kiernander merely regretted the slowness of the process by which he realized that assurance. He did not pretend to have obtained, or to act upon it. It was, however, imputed to him as his habitual doctrine, and his waywardness and leaning towards the pleasures of the world were supposed to arise from the consciousness of having reached that state of assurance, which relaxed his efforts, by convincing him that, having arrived at the goal of Christian perfection, no further struggle was required of him. His words were: "*Volitare super me videtur tantum, nunc retrocedens, nunc progrediens, confirmatio ista divina de quâ scripsisti;*" a state of mind indicating more of scepticism than assurance. Yet the letter, treacherously communicated, caused an unfriendly coldness on the part of the Society towards him, which in the severer vicissitudes of life, he bitterly

felt and deplored. It was objected to the tenet, that it inspired spiritual pride; but spiritual pride was not amongst the failings of the Moravians, for of all religious sects they have been the most exempt from it; and Peter Boeler, by whom it was first preached, was the lowliest of Christians and the most unpretending man of his age. Besides, Kiernander did not preach or promulgate it. With him it was an *esoteric* doctrine, if he really believed it; and it was communicated under the seal of a private letter to the friend who betrayed its contents.

Such, however, was the earnestness with which he preached, that his popularity increased daily. A similar religious love-making to that which had united him to Werdena Fischer, made him triumph over the yielding heart of Mrs. Ann Wooley, a wealthy widow. His biographer has touched with nearly the same traits of imagined beauty the plump, unmeaning, and orbicular face of the widow, as the more genuine charms of Werdena, who was really a pretty woman. Mrs. Wooley, though the most generous and kind of created beings, was fat and unwieldly. By this marriage he acquired what was then considered a large fortune, about £25,000. She urged him, shortly after their marriage, to return to England and live comfortably upon the in-

come arising from it; but he was not long in convincing her that it behoved him to remain on the great theatre which had been opened to his labours, instead of leaving the seed he had sown to perish by the way-side. He was destined to give further dissatisfaction to the Society at home, for he was now enabled to keep a splendid table and to live in a superb house; superb, at least, in that state of the English factory, when the whole of Coringa, which is now covered with palaces, was a morass and a jungle. It was, moreover, laid to his charge, that he drove a carriage and four. But this is not true. The Governor and Mr. Watts had each carriages, chiefly as matters of state; no other person kept them. Nor was such a luxury at all necessary to Kiernander or his family, for the English were then pent up within a narrow circle, and it was a perilous adventure to ride a mile beyond the Mahratta ditch.

It was in acts of real benevolence and kindness that his money was expended. Two Jesuits, with whom, during a short visit at Tranquebar, he had much theological controversy, were received into his family with the most friendly hospitality. Their services, indeed, were useful to him, for they afterwards assisted him in his labours; but it was as fugitives that they besought of him an asylum,

which was so readily granted. In the course of their friendly disputations at Tranquebar, Kiernander had driven them into concessions which involved them in the guilt of heresy. Their names were Da Costa and Silvestre. Da Costa was employed by the Inquisition at Goa in a confidential office at Diu. Silvestre had, in an unguarded moment, imparted his change of sentiment, and was betrayed. He was then at Diu, and Da Costa, as an official minister of the Holy Office, was commissioned to seize his friend Silvestre, and send him chained to Goa, there to await the tender mercies of the Inquisition. Da Costa shrunk from the duty with horror. They both fled; and, after perils of the most appalling kind, and a journey of several months on foot, through jungles, till then untrodden by any feet but those of the savage animals they sheltered, arrived, exhausted by suffering and toil, at Kiernander's house in Fort William. It was cheerfully opened to them, and they remained his inmates, and, in consequence of their relinquishing their Popish errors, which happened not long after, the diligent and active associates of his ministry.

In the year 1767, the first stone of the New Missionary Church at Calcutta was laid by Kiernander. To its completion he contributed, with a zeal that

outran prudence and common sense, the sum of £8,000 from his own funds, the Society having remitted him only £250 for that desirable object; and Mrs. Kiernander, whose heart was overflowing with benevolence and Christian zeal, endowed, out of a sum raised by the sale of her jewels, a considerable school attached to it. Reports soon reached the Society in England of the luxurious living of their missionary; nor were the excellence of his wines and the frequency of his entertainments forgotten. There was no defection from his high calling in these hospitalities. It was a matter of private and personal calculation how far they exceeded his means; but no slender portion of his worldly wealth had been expended on a building fit for the reception of the increasing numbers of his followers. If his dinners and wines were excellent, it was more meritorious in him than if he had lavished on his guests the nominal and hollow hospitalities of bad dinners and sour wines. It is certain, however, that Kiernander neither practised intemperance himself, nor encouraged it in others. A contemporary of Kiernander's assures the writer of this article, that those representations were exaggerated and calumnious. He lived modestly, and indulged in little more than the expenses befitting a respectable station; his hospitalities were not displayed in

ostentatious banquets, but in a table at which the friendless scholar, the needy ecclesiastic, the disappointed civilian, and the unsuccessful merchant, were welcome guests.

From the absorption of so large a portion of his fortune in the new building, during which he was too prone to listen to the advice of many who imagined themselves architects, and from time to time suggested alterations, which considerably augmented the cost originally computed; the unreflecting, and, in many instances, unrequited, services he rendered to others,—for his purse was never shut to the exigencies of his friends or the distresses of the indigent,—his means gradually diminished. In 1770, Mrs. Kiernander died, and after that event, his affairs were involved in still greater confusion. Things went on—as they usually do where prudence has been wanting—from bad to worse. At the same time, a calamity, more severe than poverty, impended over him; his sight had gradually become dim, and at the age of seventy-nine left him in total darkness. He remained blind for three years. His faithful friends, Da Costa and Silvestre, had successively dropt off two or three years before. In this desolate condition, he was left to strangers; but his conversation, which was learned beyond the common measure, and overflow-

ing with agreeable anecdotes, attracted many visitors of the highest station around him. They did not desert him; they pressed upon him their kind offices, and many of them contended in a generous rivalship for the happiness of guiding him to his pulpit. Towards the end of the third year of his blindness, it was ascertained that it proceeded from a cataract. The only operation then known for its removal was that of couching. It was performed upon him by a surgeon of an Indiaman, who had never performed it himself, nor seen it performed upon others, and who had qualified himself for it only by the diligent perusal, during the voyage, of Dr. Cheselden's treatise on that operation. Happily it succeeded, and Kiernander was gradually restored to sight, and enabled, with the help of strong magnifying glasses, to read the service of the church. The light wits of the settlement amused themselves with mimicking the air and manner of the padré, as he was familiarly called, when, reading through his glass, he exclaimed, in his foreign accent, "We will *magnify* thy name, O Lord!"

What could be expected from so long a visitation of blindness, but a still further derangement of his affairs? His creditors became clamorous, his means of paying them had vanished, and to his great shame and mortification, the church, that beautiful

structure, the noble monument of his munificence, was seized by the Sheriff of Calcutta, as the only part of Kiernander's property which was available. The debt, for which it had been assigned as the security, was ten thousand rupees. To save it from the desecration of a forced sale, or its appropriation to secular uses, the late Mr. Charles Grant, then a civil servant at Calcutta, and many years a member of the Court of Directors in England, with a high-minded zeal that shrank from no sacrifice in a righteous cause, paid the money required to redeem it. Adversity now came upon him in its most appalling shape. Another minister was appointed to officiate in the church reared as it were by his own hands, to ascend his accustomed pulpit, and to exhort his beloved congregation. He felt this severely, nor was the affliction alleviated by an occasional invitation to administer the sacrament in the chancel.

Life-writers make a good deal of these vicissitudes. It is a tempting opportunity for pathetic description. To be deserted at his utmost need by those who had fed at his table, is a topic generally worn to rags on these occasions. Mr. Carne has not neglected it; but the fact is, that the instances of absolute desertion were very few. Kiernander had incurred debts, from which the slender for-

tunes of East-India settlers at that day were not sufficient to spare what would be requisite to release him. Besides, the society of Calcutta was shifting and changeful. Those who had sat at his feasts, were dead or in Europe; the persons that succeeded them were strangers to his hospitality, and had never known him in a better condition. In addition to this, justice to Kiernander himself requires it to be said that he never solicited, and was never contumaciously refused, the little aid he craved. He was a man of great delicacy of mind, and sensibility to shame. He suffered much, but he asked for nothing.

Poor Kiernander's misfortunes did not come singly. In his eighty-third year he broke his leg, and was charitably reminded by a reverend missionary, who called on him as a comforter, that it was a judgment on him for the heedlessness of his life. But Calcutta, the scene of the longest course of his wedded and social happiness, where he had lived so long in comfort and reputation, was now intolerable to him. He offered himself as a preacher to a Dutch congregation of Lutherans at Chinsurah, and was accepted. The Society for the Improvement of Christian Knowledge, in commiseration of his misfortunes, sent him forty pounds, and with this pittance, he found himself alone and unconnected (for

his daughter by his first wife had been dead several years, and did not live to experience the sad reverses of her parent), at the age of eighty-two, thrown upon the mercy of strangers, and those of a nation proverbially unfeeling and mercenary. Occasional visits to Chandernagore, a decayed French settlement, where he was hospitably received, served to cheer his declining days. But the iron had entered his soul, and he became indifferent to external events, though still intent on imparting the sacred truths of Christianity, wherever he found the soil prepared for their reception. The Society expostulated with him upon the languor of his efforts to convert the natives of Hindustan from their idolatries. He gave them in answer sound and solid reasons for despairing of such a result, and undervalued, in a manner that was never forgotten nor forgiven, the pretensions of those who assumed the credit of such conversions.

He was still doomed to be a wanderer. In 1795, Chinsurah was taken by the English, and Kiernander, as a prisoner of war, was suffered on his parole to return to Calcutta, where he was kindly received by a relative of his last wife. His sole remaining anxiety was to close his eyes in peace. The sacrament was hastily administered to him in his dying moments, and the next day Kiernander's remains

were interred in the cemetery of the church of which he was the founder.

His correspondence was various. Some of his letters elucidate many contested facts relative to the early history of our establishment in Bengal. The intrigue respecting Omichund is placed in a light favourable to Clive and the other actors, by the testimony of an eye-witness beyond all exception; for the letters detailing those transactions were strictly private, and the nature of a distant correspondence negatives the slightest suspicion that Kiernander intended an indirect flattery to those who were concerned in them. He was a truly pious and benevolent man, not fitted indeed to be the instrument of those who had soothed their imaginations with chimerical schemes of weaning the natives of Hindustan from their idolatries, but within the circle of practical utility, an ardent and unwearied minister of the gospel. He was a perfect master of three languages, Hindustanee, Tamul, and Persian. In polemical divinity he was deeply learned, and his letters, chiefly upon theological questions, are specimens of correct and even classical latinity. In the pulpit he was eloquent and attractive; his sermons were generally unpremeditated effusions.

Divested of the romance affectedly attached to his life by his biographers, it is not destitute of in-

struction. It is quite clear, that he would have been a happier man, but for the second Mrs. Kiernander and her wealth. Opulence is a sore trial to those who have not been gradually trained to it; and his efforts at giving entertainments rendered him ridiculous, because the simplicity of the ecclesiastical character is irreconcilable with that of the host pressing his hospitalities on the sated guest. And poor Mrs. Kiernander was of an order that will always be the subject of that ill-placed mirth which is raised by the singularities or imperfections of our fellow-creatures. Even Mr. Carne's romantic delineation of her would have suffered from an involuntary laugh at her expense, had the anecdote of her carrying the chair on which she had been seated before dinner, in spite of her efforts to disengage it, quite across the room when she was led to the table, and which for many years constituted one of the most laughable traditions of the settlement, been familiar to him.

HUGH BOYD, OF MADRAS, THE REPUTED JUNIUS.

When the authorship of the letters of Junius became the fashionable puzzle of the day, it was quite ridiculous to remark the variety of individuals to whom the honour was ascribed. The most startling inconsistencies, the wildest improbabilities, nay, the most glaring impossibilities, threw little or no impediment in the way of a favourite theory. To such an excess was the habit carried, of finding out Junius in every body, that some sagacious persons agreed in making the Duke of Grafton the author—that very Duke of Grafton, who, according to Horace Walpole, could never put two sentences of decent English together; nay, the same Duke of Grafton upon whose public and personal character Junius expended his blackest venom. Burke, the leading partizan of the administration to which Junius himself belonged, the party which it is well known that Junius sup-

ported through thick and thin; Horne Tooke, whom Junius unsparingly ridicules as Parson Horne, or bespatters with abuse as the adversary of Wilkes; Lord George Germaine—have each, upon the slenderest inductions, and in defiance of the greatest improbabilities, had the credit of those memorable letters. Mankind will always retain their propensity to pet and patronize a plausible conjecture, and a *catalogue raisonné* of the different persons, wise and simple, learned and ignorant, good and indifferent writers, who have enjoyed in their generation the fame of being Junius, would furnish an amusing, if not instructive, paper.

Many Anglo-Indian characters have, in their day and in their own circles, figured as the writers of those singular compositions. When it was the usage of the Company to send out persons, invested with civil employments, who had not passed through any antecedent gradations of the service, and who were frequently of a somewhat advanced age, it was not very uncommon for some of them to bring out a kind of hazy confused suspicion of being Junius's—one on the strength of having written, under the signature of Brutus, an admirable series of letters in the *Public Advertiser* upon the conduct of Beckford, when the King turned his back upon him at the levee; another for a letter,

full of fiery remonstrance and indignant eloquence, upon the disgraceful negligence of the city scavengers; and even upon slighter grounds of conjecture. If any analogy of style or diction could be traced in an official letter or two from the hands of any of those who laboured under these flattering surmises, the evidence was complete; and one individual became Junius through all the Company's dominions, because, in his complaint to the government of being superseded as chief of Cuddalore, he told them that "the rays of their indignation irradiated the victim they were intended to consume."

It is certain that the claim of Mr. Francis (afterwards Sir Philip) rested upon evidence, internal and external, of an extraordinary kind. The coincidences were miraculous, if he was not the author. Yet miraculous coincidences have happened, and will happen to the last chapter of time,—and the point sought to be established remains as it was. Much fuss was made about the structure of Mr. Francis's sentences,—the most fluctuating of all standards. It is obvious that, after books had been written and controversies instituted, he adopted a more stately and antithetical manner of writing than he used before. Indeed, as far as internal testimony goes, the correspondence and

letters of Mr. Hastings might now and then, upon testimony equally unexceptionable, make him out to be Junius. In fact, every body who can write at all will be occasionally a Junius—at least for a sentence or two.

Hugh Boyd was a school-fellow of Grattan, and a friend and protegé of Flood, from whose familiar conversations he acknowledged himself to have received the greatest benefit in the aim and objects of his studies. Left by the death of his father nearly destitute, he chose the law as his profession, and came to London in search of fame and fortune, where he cultivated the acquaintance of Goldsmith, Garrick, Armstrong, and the celebrated Mrs. Macauley, the historian (as she facetiously called herself) of the Stuarts. But his most familiar associate was Mr. Laughlin M'Lean, the Nabob of Arcot's accredited agent. With this well-informed but highly convivial character, Boyd frequently heard the chimes of midnight at the celebrated Devil Coffee-House, afterwards known by the name of Dick's, near Temple Bar. It was a place that might be said, so far back as Queen Anne's time, to be "native to famous wits, or hospitable." His subsequent introduction to Lord Macartney, with whom he proceeded to India, was chiefly attributable to the good offices of M'Lean, who in-

structed him in the details relative to the dispute going on between Mahommed Ali Khan and the East-India Company, and Boyd took up the Nabob's cause in a series of letters that appeared in *Woodfall's Public Advertiser*, in 1777. They are written plainly and perspicuously, but the stately structure of literary reputation, reared upon them by flattering friends and enthusiastic critics, was not the least of the specious absurdities to which the Junius controversy gave rise. Soon after, M'Lean went to India, for the purpose of adjusting the dispute between the Nabob and the Company, and had he remained there, might have been of inestimable use to Boyd in advancing his fortunes. But the ship in which he embarked for Madras, in all probability, foundered at sea, for she was never heard of after she left the Cape.

But it was decreed that Boyd must be Junius. The hypothesis was fought *adversis frontibus* through certain circles; and to shew with what desperate tenacity it was clung to by its supporters, it is only requisite to adduce a specimen of the kind of reasoning to which they condescended to resort. Boyd once or twice met Dr. Johnson at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and shewed him, by every demonstration in his power, the reverence he felt for his wisdom and virtue. But it is well known that

Johnson not only attacked the political character of Junius, but handled his style and diction with peculiar severity, in that most beautiful of all tracts, *Thoughts on the Falkland Islands.* These sagacious reasoners, therefore, concluded that Junius would have reciprocated the attack with more than his usual bitterness, but for some extraordinary motive; and as Junius maintained a profound silence as to Johnson's animadversions, it followed necessarily, that Boyd must be Junius, inasmuch as it was respect and admiration only for Johnson, that could suppress even recriminatory or angry feeling after such a provocation. Another of his eulogists adduces, in aid of the same theory, an incident which, though probable, was not likely to have the effect attributed to it. In the gallery of the House of Commons, Boyd frequently sate near Pitt, who was not then a member of the house. They got so well acquainted, that once, after a long debate upon the affairs of Ireland, they retired together to a late dinner at a coffee-house, and over their wine jointly committed to writing the substance of the debate, which they transmitted to Ireland. When the bill was called for, Boyd (the most probable part of the story) happened not to have cash enough about him to pay his share, and borrowed of Pitt a few shillings to make up the defi-

ciency. Afterwards, when it began to be positively asserted, and in a tone beyond that of conjecture, that Boyd was the author of Junius's Letters, Pitt, in confirmation of the same opinion, stated his strong belief in it, by recounting the incident of their having jointly written the Irish debate, and of his attention being singularly called to Boyd's report of what had been said by Colonel Barré, which, he observed, in spirit, point, and sarcasm, reminded him, as he read it over, so strongly of Junius, that he should always retain the conviction, that a piece of writing so remarkably tinged with the colour and complexion of Junius, could have proceeded from no other pen.

However, with this reputation of being the author of Junius, Boyd went out to India, as second secretary to Lord Macartney, who had been nominated to the chair at Madras, where he arrived in the autumn of the year 1781. It might have been rationally inferred that Junius, whoever or whatever he was, had he been disposed to serve the government he had attacked with such unrelenting animosity, would have been spared the mortification of soliciting a place under it. Yet so it was. He exerted his interest with Mr. Flood to obtain for him the appointment of under-secretary of State in Lord Germaine's department. The strongest

efforts were made in his behalf, but from some ***hidden cause,*** it is pretended, proved ineffectual. This circumstance, which speaks volumes to shew that Boyd was not Junius, has been twisted by Mr. George Chalmers into an irresistible proof that he was. By the way, it may be observed, that Mr. Chalmers' efforts to establish the literary identity of Junius and Boyd occupy two very considerable volumes. Boyd, upon his arrival at Madras, devoted himself sedulously to Oriental politics, and an absurd whim having crept into the head of the Governor, that an alliance with the King of Candy would be of vital importance to the Company's possessions in India, then threatened with a powerful confederacy, which aimed at nothing less than their total destruction, Mr. Boyd accompanied Sir Edward Hughes's expedition against Trincomalee, was present at its storming, and then set out on an expedition into that almost impenetrable country, from whose court few ambassadors ever returned, and where several, who had gone in the vigour of youth, were detained till they were old men for an answer. Boyd was more lucky. His Candian majesty refused to acknowledge the right of the Company to treat with an independent sovereign, and the ambassador departed without having obtained the most material purpose of his mission.

The vessel, in which he embarked from Trincomalee, was captured by Suffrein's fleet, and he remained several months at the island of Mauritius, a close prisoner.

On his liberation (after a short visit to Calcutta, where every body was charmed with the talents, wit, and humour of the supposed Junius), he was recalled to Madras, having been appointed master-attendant at that settlement. It is remarkable that Boyd never contradicted positively the conjecture, that he was the real Junius. When the subject accidentally arose in conversation, he seemed anxiously to shrink from the discussion; and it was considered, in general, a point of delicacy to abstain from it. Once, indeed, a blundering Irishman addressed a letter to him, with the superscription of "Junius Boyd, Esq.," and in the carelessness of the convivial hour, unguarded hints and allusions were made to the presumed author of the celebrated letters, and sometimes designedly, for the purpose of drawing him out on the subject. Except, however, his remark, upon one occasion, that the writer, whoever he was, had a mass of the most weighty reasons for preserving the secret, and no other but that of idle vanity to betray it, he was uniformly silent upon this topic. This, indeed, left the question as it was. It might still be Boyd,

so reasoned the zealous partizans of the favourite hypothesis, and he might have a thousand powerful motives for concealment. Yet those who look deeper than the surface, might discern in Hugh Boyd feelings very far from those of anxiety *not* to be taken for Junius. They who looked still deeper, thought they could discern certain coquetries he was wont to play off, that might on the contrary fortify the presumption. Amongst these was a most superbly bound volume, containing the letters of Junius, flung carelessly on his table, and on opening it, a variety of pencil-marks and references to living names and characters in every page.

At the conclusion of the Mysore war, in 1792, he set on foot a paper called the *Madras Courier*, and the most superficial reader, acquainted with Junius, might observe that the style and manner of the principal articles were so framed as to confirm the notion of the writer's identity with the *nominis umbra*. In 1793, also, he commenced a series of periodical essays, under the title of the *Indian Observer*. They have been republished in a collection of Boyd's works; and the most prominent peculiarity, visible in all of them, is a laborious straining after the frame and structure of Junius's sentences,—frequently the same powerful antithesis, the same playfulness of figure, and not unfre-

quently an analogous pointedness of rebuke and bitterness of sarcasm. Yet, with all this, it was not Junius. It was impossible, even with a predisposition to believe that he was the *veritable Amphitryon*, to fly from the perpetually recurring persuasion that it was the fictitious one. A paper, like the *Indian Observer*, at one of our eastern settlements, where literary attainments were not common, did not languish for want of encouragement. Before the publication of the second number, it could boast the names of seven hundred opulent subscribers. Want of prudence, and convivial habits, however, involved poor Boyd, in spite of his master-attendantship, which was about 200 star-pagodas monthly, and of the profits of his publication, in continual perplexity. He died at Madras in 1799.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

There are few lives, passed in the laborious and honourable duties of the East-India Company's service in India, more deserving of commemoration than that of Lord Teignmouth. The executive administrators of India, amidst the records of the Bengal government, for a long and eventful series of years, have before them ample testimonies of his public services; the few surviving friends, who lived in familiar intercourse with him, will attest his private and social virtues.

Mr. Shore was of a Derbyshire family originally, but his father resided many years at Melton in Suffolk, and died in 1759, ten years before his son obtained his appointment in the civil service of Bengal. On his arrival at Calcutta, in 1769, the young civilian was stationed at Moorshedabad, as an assistant under the council of revenue; and, in 1772, served as an assistant to the resident of Raje-

shaye. He devoted himself with considerable assiduity to the Persian language, and obtained, by means of his proficiency in it, the office of Persian translator and secretary to the provincial council of Moorshedabad. In 1774, he sate as a member of the Calcutta Revenue Board, till its dissolution in 1781, when he was appointed second of the general committee of revenue. In 1785, he was recommended by Mr. Hastings, whom he accompanied to England, to a seat in the supreme council, as a public servant of distinguished talents and integrity.

But the most prominent feature of Mr. Shore's early life, in India, was his participation in the financial and judicial reforms of Lord Cornwallis. In 1787, that nobleman, on his departure for the government of India, received from the Court of Directors a code of instructions relative to the improvements they sought to introduce into the financial administration of the country. In fact, these instructions authorized, or rather enjoined, a new arrangement. The failure of the revenue, and of every successive attempt to enhance it; the frequent changes, and the substitution of farmers for the permanent zemindars, and the exclusion of the collectors from all interference with the assessments of their several districts;—above all, the heavy arrears

outstanding for the four preceding years, and the consequent impoverishment of the provinces, were the evils to be redressed. For this purpose, an equitable settlement was directed to be made with the zemindars; and the experiment, in the first instance, was to be made for ten years, and to become permanent should it be successful. The collectors were also to be invested with judicial powers. Mr. Mill, perhaps in too severe a tone of reprehension, remarks that, at this *time, the grossest* ignorance prevailed upon every subject relative to revenue among the civil servants of Bengal. They understood neither the nature of the land-tenure, nor the respective rights of the different classes of cultivators and those who enjoyed the produce; the whole of their knowledge being the actual amount annually collected: of the resources of the country they knew nothing. Lord Cornwallis, therefore, determined to suspend the arrangements prescribed by the Court of Directors, till he had collected information from every accessible source, promulgating only certain regulations, which vested the collectors with the two-fold functions of revenue-agents and magistrates.

It was to Mr. Shore that Lord Cornwallis chiefly looked for the information he required; and the result of his observations appears in the important

document he furnished on that occasion. In this paper, Mr. Shore pointed out the errors of the financial system, emphatically dwelling on its entire incapability of modification or improvement in its existing shape. "The form of the British Government in India," he remarks, "is ill-calculated for amendment. Its members are in a constant state of fluctuation, and the period of their residence often expires before any experience can be acquired. Official forms necessarily occupy a large portion of time, and the pressure of business leaves little leisure for study and reflection, without which, no knowledge of the principles and detail of the revenues can be attained."* It is worth remarking, that the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1810, not only inserted the whole of this interesting minute, but laid so much stress upon this particular passage as to incorporate it with the report itself.

In 1789, the Governor-general had matured his plan of revenue, and prepared to carry it into instant execution. It is now generally acknowledged that Lord Cornwallis was influenced by a generous (which is always an enlightened) policy, in conferring a permanent property in the soil upon a certain class; but the fault was, that of establishing a species of aristocracy upon the feudal principles of

* Fifth Report of Committee, 1810, p. 169.

Europe. The zemindars became thus hereditary proprietors of the soil, upon payment of a land-tax, not to be increased, of the sum actually assessed. Another error, which infected and vitiated the whole system, was the utter oblivion of the ryots,—a class in whom all the wealth of the country was in reality vested. The zemindars were empowered to make any terms they pleased with their ryots, with the exception of a *pottah*, which the zemindar was bound to give him; in other words, a fixed interest in his estate, such as it was. It was proposed in council, to give notice, that it was intended to make the decennial settlement permanent and unalterable, so soon as it received the approbation of the authorities at home. Mr. Shore, though a zealous advocate for the zemindary system, opposed the proposal, insisting strongly on leaving a door open for the introduction of such improvements as the experience of the probationary ten years might suggest. Lord Cornwallis, on the other hand, was so enamoured of the permanence of the settlement, that he persisted in his purpose, declaring that he would use all his influence with the Court of Directors to carry it into effect. It was not, however, till 1793, that the settlement was established in every district; and it was in the early part of that year that authority arrived in India to pro-

claim its permanence throughout the country. Besides his share in the completion of this momentous system, almost amounting to a revolution in the affairs of British India, Mr. Shore was mainly instrumental in the framing of the code of laws published in Bengal in the year 1793—a compilation constituting an era in the history of that country, as well as a most hazardous experiment in the science of human legislation.

After the long experience the Court of Directors had had of the judgment and integrity of Mr. Shore, it is not at all strange that they should have chosen him for the immediate successor of Lord Cornwallis. Economical promises were made at home, and who so able to execute them as the man who had wound himself into all the intricacies of Indian finance, and whose policy in relation to the native powers was decidedly pacific? Upon this occasion, Mr. Shore was created a baronet of England, with the title of Sir John Shore of Heachcote. Four years afterwards, he was raised by patent to an Irish peerage, with the title of Baron Teignmouth.

On his first accession to the chair of Government, Sir John Shore had to steer between no ordinary perplexities. The Mahrattas were jealous of the growing power of the English, and thirsted for the spoils of the feeble Nizam, who existed only beneath

the shade of British protection. Scindia, now at the head of the Mahratta councils, looked to the power of Tippoo as the best counterpoise to that of the English. If any thing can be fairly objected to the policy of Sir John Shore, it is,—that he relied on the good faith of the Mahrattas to act according to existing treaties, which it was their interest to set at nought, and left his ally, the Nizam, in a state almost unprotected and defenceless. The first pretext of Scindia was the demand of the arrears of the Mahratta *chout* (tribute) from the pusillanimous Nizam. The English Government offered its *mediation.* The Mahrattas, perceiving that they were not prepared to enforce it by arms, treated the proposed mediation with contempt. Tippoo was in the field, and ready to confederate with the Mahrattas for the subjugation of the Nizam. What course was the Governor-general bound to pursue? By the treaty of alliance, the Nizam was entitled to the assistance of the English against Tippoo. It was not on the Mahrattas that he could safely rely,—for he knew they were intent on their aim of plundering his dominions when a convenient juncture should arrive. He confided only in the British faith, pledged to him in consequence of his accession to the alliance. At the period when he acceded to it, his friendship

was of the highest value to the British Government,—they solicited, they sought it. The engagement with him was offensive and defensive. It is clear, then, that, if attacked by Tippoo, he could rightfully demand the benefit of the British alliance. Was his claim to that benefit diminished when he was attacked by Tippoo in conjunction with the Mahrattas? The desertion of the Nizam, therefore, involved a violation of British faith. It is to be regretted, however, that other considerations prevailed with Sir John Shore. The treaty between the English, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas, bound the parties, it was contended, not to assist the enemies of one another. In the event of a war between two of the contracting powers, the third was bound not to interfere. Putting aside the question of good faith, the Governor-general, moreover, urged the expenses of a war with Tippoo and the Mahrattas, which the revenues of the country could ill sustain. He dwelt emphatically on the Act of Parliament prohibitory of British interference in the quarrels of the native powers; evidently considering a war with Tippoo and the Mahrattas to be a greater evil than the grossest departure from faith and plain-dealing on the part of his own Government.

In pursuance, therefore, of this questionable

policy, the Nizam was left to his fate. Sir John Malcolm,* with some justice, condemns the procedure, confidently declaring, in a tone of dogmatical prescience, that had the Governor-general declared himself bound to protect the Nizam at the hazard of war, and shewn himself prepared for that extremity, the mere terror of British interference would have prevented the necessity of having recourse to it. He complains of the conduct of the Government in sacrificing the Nizam, and cultivating the Mahrattas as a more efficient ally against Tippoo Saib, contending that the obligation to support the feeble power of their ancient ally remained unimpaired and entire. One thing, however, seems to have been overlooked by that careless and positive writer. If war should break out between the Nizam and the Mahrattas, the English, if bound to assist the Nizam on the ground of having received assistance from him, were bound to assist the Mahrattas, from whom they had also received assistance. This would involve a most absurd contradiction—for the British Government would have been thus bound to send one body of British troops to fight against another.

About this period, Scindia died. His nephew

* Political History of India. This is a loose and desultory production, and not always good authority in respect of facts.

and successor inherited his policy. War between the Nizam and the Mahrattas was inevitable. In March 1795, a general action took place. The Nizam was cooped up in a secluded fort, and being reduced to famine, was compelled to conclude a peace on the most abject terms. Tippoo, in the meanwhile, remained steadfast to his father's antipathies to the British name. At the same time, the affairs of the Nabob of Oude, who largely enjoyed the benefits of English protection, became so involved as to threaten the whole of that fine province with ruin and depopulation. He refused to pay his contingent for the cavalry supplied him by the British Government. To in
the vizier to introduce some necessary reforms into his administration, and to obtain security for the expenses disbursed in maintaining the power of the Nabob, the Governor-general undertook a journey to Lucknow. The result of the mission was, the acquiescence of the vizier in the additional subsidy of two regiments of cavalry, British and native. Upon the demise of the Nabob, shortly after, a question arose as to the legitimacy of Asoph ul Dowlah, his son. The question of a kingdom was decided against him by the British Government, upon evidence, observes Mr. Mill, on which a court of law in England would not have decided a ques-

tion of a few pounds. By this decision, Asoph ul Dowlah was deposed, and Saadut Ali raised to the musnud, as the eldest surviving son of Sujah ul Dowlah. It is an intricate question of law and of policy, and the limits of this article preclude us from entering into it. But even Mr. Mill* acknowledges that it is impossible to read the Governor-general's minute, recording the transaction, and not to be impressed with a conviction of his sincerity. And the Court of Directors, in their letter of the 5th of May 1799, after a long commentary, observe: "Having taken this general view, with a minute attention to the papers and proceedings before us, we are decidedly of opinion that the late Governor-general, Lord Teignmouth, in a most arduous situation, and under circumstances of embarrassment and difficulty, conducted himself with great temper, impartiality, ability, and firmness: and that he finished a long career of faithful services, by planning and carrying into effect an arrangement, which not only redounds highly to his own honour, but which will also operate to the reciprocal advantage of the Company and the Nabob."

During the administration of Sir John Shore, a dispute, embittered by harsh terms of altercation,

* Hist. Brit. India, vol. iii. p. 350, 4to.

took place between the Supreme Board and the Madras Government under Lord Hobart, regarding the Omdut ul Omrah, Nabob of the Carnatic. In October 1795, Lord Hobart endeavoured to prevail upon the Omdut to cede all his territories on payment of a stipulated sum;—a measure in which the Governor-general acquiesced; for, by the mortgage of his territorial possessions to his creditors, and the assignment to that body of rapacious claimants of all their forthcoming produce, the Nabob became unable to pay his annual kists to the Company. But Lord Hobart failed in his object, and proposed to the Supreme Government the forcible occupation of Tinnevelly and the cession of the Carnatic forts, as security for the liquidation of the cavalry debt incurred by the Nabob with the Madras government. The Governor-general strongly discountenanced and protested against such a measure, as an infraction of treaty. In his minute, Lord Hobart urged the necessity of the procedure, on the principle of self-preservation—the decay and depopulation of the Carnatic—and the breach of treaty on the part of the Nabob himself, by the assignment of districts to which alone the Company could look for payment. This dispute was aggravated by the awkward circumstance

of the subordinate functionary being of higher rank than the supreme. Lord Hobart appealed to the Court of Directors, but their decision was superseded by the return of Lord Hobart, who was succeeded by Lord Clive; and in the beginning of 1798, Sir John Shore, who a few months before his retirement, was raised, as we have seen, to the peerage, returned to England, having been succeeded by Lord Mornington.

Lord Teignmouth lived in habits of familiar intercourse with Sir William Jones at Calcutta, and succeeded him as president of the Asiatic Society. In that capacity, he delivered, on the 22d May 1794, a warm and elegant eulogy of his predecessor, and in 1804 published memoirs of his life, writings, and correspondence. It is, upon the whole, a pleasing piece of biography, recording almost every thing interesting in his public and private character, partly in his own familiar correspondence, and transferring to the reader much of the respect and admiration for that extraordinary man, with which the writer was himself impressed. The work is closed with a delineation of Sir William Jones's character, which, though it might have exhibited greater force and discrimination, could not well have been presented in chaster and more

interesting colours. The fault of the work is the redundancy of the materials which Lord Teignmouth deemed it necessary to work up into it. For instance, the long and verbose correspondence between Jones and Revicksky, afterwards imperial ambassador to the court of St. James, chiefly in Latin, is translated and incorporated with the book, the originals being given in the Appendix; but the greater part of these letters contribute little to the development of Sir William Jones's mind or feelings; and though they give occasional intimations of his studies, and general remarks upon Asiatic literature, yet they are too slight to satisfy curiosity, and too declamatory and enthusiastic to be instructive or amusing. There is something sickening too in the mutual eulogium with which each bespatters the other. They display, however, the astonishing command of Jones over the Latin idiom. At the same time, it is scarcely possible to suppress an angry, almost a contemptuous, feeling, when we perceive to what an extravagant eminence he is inclined to raise the Asiatic poets. "*In harum litterarum*," he says of the classics, "*amore non patiar ut me vincas, ita enim incredibiliter illis delector, nihil ut suprà possit: equidem poesi Græcorum jam inde a puero ita delectabar, ut ni-*

hil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis reliquiis politius aut nitidius esse videretur. At cum poesem Arabicam et Persicam degustarem, illico exarescere ****" The remainder of the letter is lost: but that a classical scholar should avow that his enthusiam for the Greek poets became frigid when he had made himself acquainted with Asiatic poetry, is scarcely credible. Dr. Parr has more than once, in the hearing of the individual who is writing these pages, thundered out his reprehension of his old friend and pupil, for having thus given utterance to what he called "a damnable heresy."

Lord Teignmouth inserted also the correspondence of Jones with Schultens, the celebrated Dutch orientalist. The letters are written with the flowing pure Latinity, which distinguishes those to Revicksky. They are obviously the product of a mind disciplined to a severe classical taste, but not remarkable for depth of thought or fertility of sentiment. Every thing is panegyric and hyperbole. The relative merits of the Asiatic and European writers are contrasted, but no vigour of conception fixes the attention, and they are barren of the nice

* Might one be permitted to ask, what remains of Archilochus Sir William Jones could have had access to?

and we can add of our own knowledge, if Dr. Parr is a faithful interpreter of his friend's habitual modes of thinking, that he wholly disapproved of the coalition-war against France, on the ground of policy as well as of justice, uniformly adhering, though with the modifications suggested and sanctioned by successive events, to those grand swelling sentiments of liberty, which animated his early years, and the attachment to those master-principles in the civil governments and policies of mankind, which study and contemplation had fixed in his mind.

On the 4th April 1807, Lord Teignmouth was appointed a Commissioner for the Affairs of India, and was sworn one of the Privy Council a few days afterwards. His activity and zeal in the formation of the Bible Society, in 1804, are prominent features of his life, and strong indications of his sincere convictions and warmth of piety as a Christian believer. He had the honour of being fixed upon as the fittest person to preside over that well-meaning, though, in many particulars, mistaken institution; the high names of Porteus, Fisher, Burgess, Gambier, Charles Grant, and Wilberforce being associated with his own. Lord Teignmouth presided over the society in a catholic and amiable spirit of good-will and benevolence towards all sects and

communities of Christianity. He conducted it through many difficulties and controversies, some of which were unusually stormy and contentious.

We must not forget to observe, that Lord Teignmouth was earnestly bent on converting the natives of India to Christianity, and in 1811 he published a tract on that subject, entitled "Considerations on communicating to the Inhabitants of India the knowledge of Christianity." His recorded opinions concerning the moral character of the Hindus approached the lowest possible estimate that has yet been framed of it. It is probable, therefore, that his earnestness in that important though difficult aim, was strengthened by the notions he had imbibed of the Hindu character. They are recorded in a paper he presented to the Governor-general in 1794, and printed in the minutes of evidence on the trial of Mr. Hastings. One of the data assumed, somewhat too undistinguishingly, is this: "Cunning and artifice is wisdom with them; to deceive and over-reach, is to acquire the character of a wise man." Mr. Mill relies on this testimony with the most implicit acquiescence; and in the debate on the missionary clause, in 1813, it was the basis of the reasonings of Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Charles Grant. Lord Teignmouth's estimate, however, of the Hindu character, in which

he emphatically declared that the utmost ethical excellence of their moral system consisted in the greatest dexterity of mutual fraud and circumvention, must be taken with considerable restrictions; for he himself most candidly admits that it was framed exclusively from considerations of the moral condition of the Bengal provinces. Yet how strikingly does it stand contrasted with the beautiful attestation of Mr. Hastings in the House of Commons, on the 14th July 1813,—and the still more emphatic declarations of Colonel Munro on the same occasion! There is no doubt, therefore, allowing the utmost possible weight to the opinions of so correct an observer as Lord Teignmouth, that his religious opinions, which were uniformly of the high evangelical class, must have had, unconsciously perhaps, no slight influence in convincing him of the depraved condition of the people to whom he was so benevolently solicitous to impart the blessings of Christianity.

Lord Teignmouth died at the advanced age of eighty-two, 14th February 1834: his widow did not long survive him. He lived surrounded by every thing that ministers comfort to life, the attachment of a large circle of friends, and the affections of an amiable family; and his death was rendered cheerful and easy by the consolations of religion. Few

men have been more eminently useful in their destined spheres of action; few have more amply merited the honours bestowed on them, or better vindicated their rightful claim to elevated rank by their talent and integrity, than Lord Teignmouth. We might enlarge upon his personal and private virtues,—but we restrain ourselves, in the language of Tacitus: "*Abstinentiam et integritatem hujusce viri referre, injuria fuerit virtutum.*"

RAM MOHUN ROY.

Betwixt Asiatics and the nations which belong to our system of civilisation, there is a line of separation so broadly marked, that they seem superficially, in respect to moral as well as physical properties, almost to be of distinct species. When the Siamese ambassadors visited Paris, in the seventeenth century, La Bruyère tells us,* that the inhabitants of that city were as much surprised that their oriental guests could discourse rationally, and even sensibly, as if they had been monkies endowed with speech and human action: "forgetting," he observes, "that reason is confined to no particular climate, and that correct thinking may be found in all the branches of the great family of man." The surprise of the Parisians would have been more natural and excusable, had its object been a brahmin of Hindustan—a solitary example amongst

* Tome ii. ch. 12.

many millions,—who, by his own proper energy, emancipated himself from the tenacious prejudices of his nation and sect, who deeply embued his mind with European as well as Eastern erudition, and whose intellectual pretensions were not limited to the common qualities of mind which are the property of mankind in the gross, but exalted him to a level with philosophers of the West.

Such was the individual who, after being domiciled amongst us for two years, has recently paid the extreme penalty of his visit to our uncongenial climate, which has unjustly avenged in his person the fate of multitudes of our countrymen who have been sacrificed to an Indian sun, seeing that their temerity was prompted by motives far less benevolent and philanthropical than his.

The sketch we are about to give of the history of this remarkable personage is supplied partly from personal knowledge, partly from memoranda published and unpublished.*

* Of the biographical accounts of Ram Mohun Roy hitherto published, the best and most authentic are the following: a memoir of considerable length, inserted in the *Bristol Gazette* of October 2, 1833, by the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter; one in the *Athenæum*, October 5, written by Mr. Sandford Arnot (who acted as his private Secretary here), which contains a slight autobiographical sketch by the Rajah himself, in a letter to Mr. Arnot; another in the *Court Journal* of the same date, by Mr. Montgomery Martin, who, as well as Mr. Arnot, knew him in India.

Ram Mohun Roy was descended, as he states, from a long line of brahmins of a high order, who from time immemorial were devoted to the religious duties of their race (that is, they were priests by profession as well as by birth *), down to his fifth progenitor, who, about one hundred and forty years back, in the reign of Aurungzebe, when the empire began to totter, and the hopes of the Hindus to germinate, "gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandizement." He and his immediate descendants attached themselves to the Mogul Courts, acquired titles, were admitted to offices, and underwent the customary vicissitudes of the courtier's life; "sometimes," he says, "rising to honour, and sometimes falling; sometimes rich and sometimes poor." The grandfather of Ram Mohun filled posts of importance at the Court of Moorshedabad, the capital of the Soubah of Bengal, then, probably, the scene of those transactions which ultimately led to the establishment of the British power in India. Experiencing some ill-treatment at court, towards the close of his life, his son, Ram Kanth Roy, took up his residence at Radhanagur, in the district of Burdwan, where he had landed property, the patrimony of the family. There the subject of this

* It is a vulgar error to suppose that all brahmins are priests.

memoir was born, about the year 1780. His mother, a woman of rigid orthodoxy, was, he tells us, likewise of a brahmin family of high caste, by profession as well as by birth of the sacerdotal class, to the religious duties of which they have always adhered.

This diversity in the views and pursuits of Ram Mohun Roy's relatives was the cause of his early and careful initiation in Mahomedan as well as Hindu languages and literature. After receiving the first elements of native education at home, he was, in conformity with the wish of his father and the policy of his paternal relations, sent to Patna, the great school of Mahomedan learning in Bengal, in order that he might acquire the Arabic and Persian languages, a qualification indispensable to all who looked for employment at the courts of the Mahomedan princes. On the other hand, agreeably to the usage of his maternal ancestors, he devoted himself to the study of Sanscrit and the body of Hindu science contained in that classical tongue, which he pursued not at Benares but at Calcutta,* where he must have come in contact with Europeans, or, at all events, observed their character. All these accidents had, no doubt, a

* This is doubtful; he once said he had studied at Benares.

material influence upon his future opinions and conduct.

An understanding like Ram Mohun's, vigorous, active, inquisitive, which gave early indication of a predilection for the science of reasoning,—a characteristic of the Hindu mind in general—could scarcely fail to imbibe from his Moslem tutors at Patna some rational notions of religion, and to be invigorated and disciplined by the writings of Aristotle and Euclid, which he studied in Arabic.

Young as he was, his clear intellect soon discerned the folly of those superstitions, by which the pure dogma of the Hindu creed has been clouded and concealed. His learned relatives were unprovided with answers and arguments satisfactory to a mind trained to the discovery of truth by the process of logical induction and geometrical demonstration; and at an age which we should deem premature for so important a decision, he cast off his allegiance to modern Brahminism, though recommended to him by prudential considerations of vast weight, namely, worldly interest, the certainty of provoking, by a secession, the deadly enmity of his relations, and of infringing the almost sacred obligations he owed to a father. "When about the age of sixteen," he says, "I composed a manuscript, calling in question the validity of the idola-

trous system of the Hindus; this, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels." At a public meeting at Calcutta, 5th April 1834, to consider the most suitable manner of commemorating the public and private virtues of Ram Mohun Roy, Russick Lal Mullick said:—"It will be interesting to this meeting to know the occasion which led Ram Mohun Roy to reject Hinduism, and to think of all those improvements which procured him so celebrated a name, the remembrance of which we are met to commemorate. I have the misfortune not to have been personally acquainted with him; but I have heard that in his family, while he was young, an ascetic went to his father's house and claimed his protection. His father complied with the ascetic's request, and maintained him in his family. Ram Mohun Roy was then young, and as great and as orthodox a Hindu as ever existed. His father, thinking that the sum devoted to the support of the ascetic might be made to yield a fair return, recommended him to his care as a pupil; and it was thus that Ram Mohun Roy was induced to learn the *Vedas*. It was the perusal of the *Vedas* that first opened his mind, and induced him to reject that abominable system of superstition; and to think

of the future regeneration and improvement of his country. It was this which made him proceed further, till he accomplished many of those things which he had in his mind."

Having rejected the popular creed of his nation, and having yet acquired no insight into the grand truths of the Christian religion, he had a faith to seek and choose. He proceeded into Tibet, where he resided two or three years, investigating the Bauddha creed, the atheistical doctrines of which could have possessed little attraction for him; and he appears to have been offensively free in his ridicule of the Lama form of Buddhism. He travelled into other parts, chiefly within, but sometimes beyond, the limits of Hindustan, till the age of twenty, when his father consented to recal him home, and restored him to favour: probably through the offices of the female part of his family, of whose soothing kindness, Dr. Carpenter says, he spoke lately, at the distance of forty years, with deep interest, and the sense of which appears to have infused into his demeanour towards the sex,—always refined and delicate,—something which evinced a grateful sentiment.

Hitherto, Ram Mohun had entertained, he tells us, "a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India." This feeling,

we know, still secretly prevails in most of the families, Hindu and Mahomedan, who have lost the power, wealth and influence they derived from their connexion with the native courts. Resuming his studies, on his return home, and beginning to associate with Europeans, he acquired (self-taught) a knowledge of our language, made himself acquainted with our laws and government, and giving up his prejudices against the English, began to regard them with favour, "feeling assured that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead most speedily and surely to the amelioration of his countrymen."

His father, Ram Kanth Roy, died in the year 1210 of the Bengal era, (A. D. 1803), leaving another son (Dr. Carpenter says two other sons) besides Ram Mohun, named Jugmohun Roy. One account (that of Dr. Carpenter) states, that Ram Kanth divided his property amongst his sons two years before his death; another authority (Mr. Arnot) says that Ram Mohun, "was actually disinherited." The latter accords with a document of some value upon this point, namely, the answer of Ram Mohun Roy to a plaint in an action,* instituted against him in the Calcutta Provincial Court,

* Maharaja Tej Chund v. Ram Mohun Roy and Gobind Purshaud Roy, 16th June 1823: claim amount of a Kistbundee

in 1823, by the Raja of Burdwan, Tej Chund, for a balance due from his father on a kistbundy bond, wherein Ram Mohun's defence was, that "so far from inheriting the property of his deceased father, he had, during his life-time, separated himself from him and the rest of the family, in consequence of his altered habits of life, and change of opinions;" and that, inheriting no part of his father's property, he was not legally responsible for his father's debts. In his autobiography, he says, that, through the influence of his idolatrous relations, "his father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to him." His brother, Jugmohun Roy, died in the year 1811, and as we find Ram Mohun, in 1823, admitting, in defence to the suit, that he possessed "property to a considerable amount in the collectorship of Burdwan," and that he had "puttnee talooks of high jumas within the rajah's own zemindaree, as well as in the town of Calcutta," we may be allowed to infer, that, though the sacrifice of his patrimonial rights was tendered at the shrine of truth and conscience, it was not eventually exacted from him.

bond, on account of arrears of land-revenue, with interest, Rupees 15,002; verdict for the defendants. Appealed to Sudder Dewanny Adawlut, which affirmed the sentence, condemning the plaintiff in costs of both courts.

The state of his pecuniary circumstances, at this time, led him to seek official employment under the British Government, and he entered (an anonymous writer* states, as a clerk) the office of the late Mr. John Digby, collector of Rungpore, in which he soon rose to the post of *dewan*, or head native superintendant, the highest a native can hold. Here he is said to have realized as much money as enabled him to become a zemindar, with an income of £1,000 a-year; which is improbable. A better authority† states, that his object in entering this office, was to familiarize himself with the English language and sciences, and that a written agreement was signed by Mr. Digby, stipulating that Ram Mohun should not be kept standing in presence of the Collector, or receive orders as a mere Hindu functionary. We are well aware that a strict friendship subsisted between Mr. Digby and Ram Mohun, and that, till the return of the former to Europe, they cultivated Oriental and European literature in conjunction, mutually aiding each other.

Relieved from the restraint which the fear of wounding a father's feelings imposed upon the free avowal of his religious sentiments, he now, at the age of twenty-four, boldly proclaimed his disbelief

* In the *Times*. † Mr. R. M. Martin.

in Brahminism, and commenced his efforts to reform his national faith. He resided alternately in the zillahs of Ramgurh, Bhogulpore, and Rungpore, till the year 1814, when he took up his permanent residence at Calcutta,* keeping a house at Hooghly, in his zemindaree.

The modes in which he assailed the errors and superstitions of his countrymen, were by oral controversies with the most learned amongst the Brahmins, and by written works, which he was enabled to print at the Serampore press. The fruits of his success in colloquial disputations, were evanescent; the results were confined to a small circle, and his foiled antagonists† took every means of cloaking their mortification by misrepresenting them. But by availing himself of the European art of printing, Ram Mohun could set their malice at defiance, and the pure motive of his writings led him to disregard pecuniary sacrifices, and to circulate them amongst his countrymen gratuitously. His first published work was entitled, "Against the Idola-

* His house at Calcutta was in the Circular Road, and built in the European style.

† "The greater part of the brahmins," he says, "as well as of other sects of Hindus, are quite incapable of justifying that idolatry which they practise. When questioned on the subject, in place of adducing reasonable arguments, in support of their conduct, they conceive it fully sufficient to quote their ancestors as positive authority."—*Introduction to the Translation of the Vedant.*

try of all Nations," written in Persian, with an Arabic preface, designed, consequently, for the higher classes of Hindus and Musulmans. This was followed by other works, with the same end, in the vernacular languages, "which," he says, "raised such a feeling against me, that I was at last deserted by every person, except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful." He was publicly accused of "rashness, self-conceit, arrogance, and impiety;" and amongst other trials of this nature, he had to endure the bitter reproaches of his mother, who, however, before her death, he recently stated, "expressed great sorrow for what had passed, and declared her firm conviction in the unity of God, and the futility of Hindu superstition."

The study of the English language and literature, and above all, association with Europeans, naturally attracted him to the study of our Scriptures; for which purpose he acquired Greek, in order that he might read the New Testament in the original tongue. The light he obtained from this study, diffused over the ancient theological writings of his race, enabled him to recognise their pure original dogma,—"the existence of one God, Maker and Preserver of the Universe." By a sublimizing process, applied by his powers of abstraction and ana-

lysis to the Christian and Hindu systems, he brought them into approximation, regarding, with a philosophical eye, the additions to the sublime and simple truth above stated, which both discover in their concrete form, as mere human corruptions. Thus he became a Theist, Monotheist, Unitarian, or Theophilanthropist, according to the fancy of those who endeavoured to class him as a religionist; and even a Christian, so far as a belief in the existence and offices of our Saviour, apart from his divine character, entitles a person to that denomination.

The work by which he made known distinctly his sentiments on this vital point, was a "Translation of an Abridgment of the Vedant, or Resolution of all the Veds," which appeared first in an English dress at Calcutta, in 1816. Translations and abridgments had been published by him previously, in Hindustanee and Bengalee, and distributed amongst the natives, as he tells us, free of cost. In the Introduction to this work, he states that his objects, in publishing it, were to convince his countrymen of the true meaning of their sacred books, and thereby enable them to "contemplate, with true devotion, the unity and omnipresence of Nature's God;" and to prove to Europeans that "the superstitious practices, which deform the

Hindu religion, have nothing to do with the pure spirit of its dictates."

In viewing the course pursued by this great reformer of his nation, we must not lose sight of the influence which *caste* doubtless exercised over his mind and actions. Considered as a social and political distinction merely, unconnected with theological principles—as, in fact, a mark of high hereditary rank—there is nothing surprising, far less criminal, in his vigilant retention of his caste (its symbol, the *poita*, or distinguishing thread, being found upon his body after death); and when it is recollected that the "loss of caste" entails legal loss of patrimony and utter degradation, amongst Hindus, his scrupulous abstinence from every act that could subject his family to such a penalty was perhaps a measure of sound wisdom, as well as rational prudence. Attempts were made by his enemies to deprive him of his caste, and he was subjected to much expense in the ordeal; but the attempts failed. Those who mixed in social intercourse with Ram Mohun, in England, must have noticed his solicitude on this head, which sometimes imparted an air of constraint to his behaviour in the eyes of those who could not appreciate its source. How far this consideration may have withheld him from embracing, at the first, with less reservation, the

doctrines of Christianity, and always kept him in a middle course, is a question which can be solved only by Him, before whose eye all human hearts are open. It is but justice to Ram Mohun to observe, that his actions were never known to be otherwise than disinterested.

The *Vedant* was followed by a translation into Bengalee of the principal chapters of the *Véds* or *Védas*, with a view, he says, in the Introduction, of "explaining to his countrymen the real spirit of the Hindu Scriptures, which is but the declaration of the Unity of God." Portions of the *Yajur Véda*, of the *Atharva Véda*, and the *Sáma Véda*, were afterwards translated by him into English, and published at Calcutta in 1816, 1819, and 1823.

The publication of the translations from the *Yajur Véda*, and a statement in a Calcutta paper, that "this eminently learned and indefatigable reformer" had discovered that the doctrine of the Unity of the Godhead was taught in the *Puránas* and *Tantras*, as well as in the *Védas*, led to a controversy, in 1816, between Ram Mohun and Sankara Sastri, head English master in the College of Fort St. George, who admitted the fact contended for by Ram Mohun, insisting that the latter had no claim to be considered as the "discoverer" of a doctrine known to all. At the same time, he justified

the worship of the personified attributes of the Almighty, which he considered to have distinct existence. One of his arguments is not much unlike that employed to defend the Roman Catholic worship of Saints: "If a person be desirous to visit an earthly prince, he ought to be introduced, in the first instance, by his ministers, but not of himself to rush in upon him at once, regardless of offending him. Should a man wish to ascend a flight of stairs, he ought to proceed step by step, and not to leap up several at a time, so as to endanger the wounding of his legs. In like manner, the grace of God ought to be obtained by degrees, through the worship of his attributes."

Ram Mohun, in his reply, disclaims the titles of "reformer" and "discoverer," justly remarking, that he was commonly stigmatized as an "innovator;" and with respect to the Divine Attributes, he shews that the doctrine of their distinct existence is repugnant to the *Védas*, and that the worship of them would lead obviously to dangerous consequences. Soon after, he was called into the field of controversy by an attack upon his hypothesis by a learned brahmin of Calcutta, in a letter printed in Bengalee and English, to which Ram Mohun Roy replied by a "Second Defence of the Monotheistic system of the Vedas," published in the same lan-

guages. These assaults served to promote his ends, and to fortify his arguments.

The admiration which the writings of Ram Mohun now began to excite, in Europe as well as India (for he and his works were at this time extensively known in France), was not limited to the justness of the reasoning, the soundness of the reflections, and the general good sense which pervaded them; his correct English style was a subject of astonishment to those who knew with what difficulty even a native of foreign Europe acquires a critical knowledge of its niceties. Upon this point, however, we shall have something to say by and bye.

As his reading enlarged, he was enabled to justify to himself more satisfactorily the conclusions at which he had arrived. He was not driven from the simplicity of his theory, even by the fascinating philosophy of the Greeks and Romans. He attributed the success of the Gospel over the doctrines of Plato (says a gentleman who knew him well), and the lasting influence of Christianity, whilst the philosophy of the wisest of the ancients is comparatively a dead letter, to the circumstance of the precepts of Jesus claiming a divine sanction, whilst other systems of morality profess to emanate from man.

In 1820, after having acquired the Hebrew, and

matured the fruits of his researches in his own as well as our scriptural books, studying the Old Testament with a Jewish rabbi and the New with Christian divines, he published (anonymously), in English, Sanscrit, and Bengalee, his celebrated work, "the Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness," which consists of selections from the Gospels, principally the first three. In this work, all passages which are made the bases of sectarian divisions or of distinctive doctrines, and most of the allusions to miracles, are omitted, the preceptive part being, in his opinion, best adapted "to improve the hearts and minds of men of different persuasions and degrees of understanding." In the Preface to this work, he speaks of the Gospels in the following terms: "This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate men's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God, who has equally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of caste, rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment, pain and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which he has lavished over nature, and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves, and to society, that I

cannot but hope the best effects from its promulgation in the present form."

This publication brought upon him an attack far more serious than any which his countrymen could offer. In the *Friend of India*, published by the Serampore Missionaries, the Unitarian character of the work was severely animadverted upon, and its compiler was termed "a heathen." Ram Mohun replied, under the signature of "A Friend to Truth," in an Appeal to the Christian Public in defence of his work, wherein he contends that a collection of the precepts only of the Gospel was best adapted to recommend it to the natives of India, two-fifths of whom were Musulmans, believers in one God; and he endeavours to shew the reasonableness of the Unitarian doctrine, and that those of the Trinity and Atonement are not consonant with the Scriptures. This led to a reply from Dr. Marshman, and to a second appeal, in Ram Mohun's own name, which discloses what may be regarded as his confession of faith, which is as follows: "That the Omnipotent God, who is the only proper object of religious veneration, is one and undivided in person; that in reliance on numerous promises found in the sacred writings, we ought to entertain every hope of enjoying the

blessings of pardon from the merciful Father, through repentance, which is declared the only means of procuring forgiveness for our failures; and that he leads such as worship him in spirit to righteous conduct, and ultimately to salvation, through his guiding influence, which is called the Holy Spirit, given as the consequence of their sincere prayer and supplication." Of our Saviour he speaks as "the Christ of God;" he says he places "implicit confidence in his veracity, candour, and perfection;" he represents him as "a Being in whom dwelt all truth, and who was sent with a divine law to guide mankind by his preaching and example; as receiving from the Father the commission to come into the world for the salvation of mankind; as judging the world by the wisdom of God, and as being empowered to perform wonderful works." He considers his nature as subordinate, and that he received all the power which he manifested from the Father; that he was, however, "superior to the Angels in Heaven, living from the beginning of the world to eternity; and he believes that the Father created all things by him and for him;" and he dwells with great satisfaction on the conclusion to which the Gospel had led him, that the unity existing between the Father and himself is "a subsisting concord of will and design, such as

existed among his apostles, and not identity of being."*

Of the force of argument, by which he supported his Unitarian creed, some estimate may be formed from the singular fact, that one of the Baptist Missionaries of Serampore (Mr. William Adam) was actually converted by Ram Mohun, and is now a Unitarian.

The intrinsic sublimity and simplicity of this doctrine of the Unity of the Deity, and the conviction that all the great teachers of mankind, Moses, Menu, Christ, and Mahomet, inculcated no other, recommended it more and more to a mind like his, and increased his zeal to propagate it. He courted opportunities for dispute with Pagans—Hindus and Bauddhas—and with Deists, as well as Trinitarian Christians: his pen was not idle, and in the course of a few years he made many converts amongst his own countrymen. One of our authorities† states, that "the great object of his life was to establish a new sect in his native country, the basis of whose creed was to be the Unity of God." It is certain

* The first two appeals were printed at the Serampore press; but the proprietor of that press refused to print the final appeal; whereupon Ram Mohun Roy purchased type, and set up "the Unitarian Press, Dhurmtollah," where he printed his appeal, chiefly with native aid only.

† Mr. Arnot.

that, in conjunction with some whom he had brought over to his views (amongst others, that respectable and liberal-minded man, Dwarkanath Tagore), he held meetings, and established a system of worship, which consisted of reading monotheistic writings, music and singing hymns or songs inculcating the Unity of the Deity. The forms resemble those in our Unitarian chapels: first a hymn; then a prayer, followed by a portion of a monotheistic scripture; then another hymn; after which a sermon or lecture.*

A part of his plan for correcting the errors of his countrymen, and disseminating the doctrine he had adopted, was the establishment of schools, at his own expense, with the aid of a few liberal and philanthropic individuals. The pupils of Ram

* The institution which he and his party established in 1828, at a house in the Chitpoor road, is named the *Bhurma Subha.* The meetings are held there on Saturday evenings; the service consists in preaching from the *Vedant* (in the vernacular Bengalee), and singing psalms in praise of the One True God. Christians and persons of every persuasion are admitted, and wavering orthodox Hindus (as the idolaters are termed) sometimes visit the meetings, and ask questions of the pundits of the institution. Gifts are sometimes given to the Brahmins there. A regular chapel was built in 1829, on ground purchased by some wealthy Hindus, "for the worship and adoration of the eternal, unsearchable, and immutable being, who is the author and preserver of the universe." See the curious trust-deed, *Asiat. Journ* N. S. vol. ii. p. 141.

Mohun's school, at Calcutta, are likely to swell the sect of seceders from Brahminism, which now comprehends a considerable number of the rising generation of baboos.

Another auxiliary part of his scheme was availing himself of the periodical press, the efficacy of which, in the propagation of truth, he could well appreciate. He was, at different times, the proprietor or publisher of newspapers in the native languages, one of which, the *Caumoodi* (set up by him in opposition to the Brahminical *Chundrika*), is now edited by his son, Radhaprasad Roy. In 1829, he became, in conjunction with Dwarkanath Tagore and Neel Rutton Holdar, a proprietor of an English newspaper, the *Bengal Herald*, and was obliged as such to plead guilty, in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, to an indictment for a libel on an attorney.* This paper was soon after discontinued.

His connexion with the periodical press brought him, of course, into communication with the conductors of what was termed the liberal press of Calcutta, then struggling for dangerous power. The candid and ingenuous mind of Ram Mohun Roy did not see, in the attempts of these liberals, a project to lift themselves into notoriety, eminence, and

* *Asiat. Journ.* N. S. vol. i. pp. 106 and 123.

influence, at the expense of order and public security; he deemed them coadjutors with himself in the work of reform he was urging onward. Accordingly, when the ordinance for registering the Calcutta press was issued, in 1823, he joined five other native gentlemen in a memorial (understood to have been from his pen) to the sole acting judge of the Supreme Court, praying him not to register the regulation.* We are assured he lived to acknowledge the propriety of the measure he then condemned.

One of the great abuses against which Ram Mohun Roy early directed his assault, was the practice of Suttee. Prior to the death of his father, he openly denounced this barbarous rite, and in 1810, he published in Bengalee, for general circulation, a little tract, entitled "Conference between an Advocate for, and an Opponent of, the Practice of Burning Widows alive;" and two years after, a second "Conference." The irresistible arguments contained in these little works silently prepared the way for the safe prohibition by Government of this disgraceful custom.

It is worthy of remark, however, that Ram Mohun Roy was long averse to the authoritative abolition of suttees. In the Minute of Lord

* See the Memorial, *Asiat. Journ.* vol. xvi. p. 158

William Bentinck,* proposing the regulation for that purpose, after referring to the opinion of Mr. H. H. Wilson, that the attempt to put down the practice would inspire extensive dissatisfaction, his Lordship observes, "I must acknowledge that a similar opinion, as to the probable excitation of a deep distrust of our future intentions, was mentioned to me in conversation by that enlightened native, Ram Mohun Roy, a warm advocate for the abolition of suttees, and of all other superstitions and corruptions engrafted on the Hindu religion, which he considers originally to have been a pure deism. It was his opinion that the practice might be suppressed, quietly and unobservedly, by increasing the difficulties, and by the indirect agency of the police. He apprehended that any public enactment would give rise to general apprehension; that the reasoning would be, 'while the English were contending for power, they deemed it politic to allow universal toleration, and to respect our religion; but having obtained the supremacy, their first act is a violation of their professions, and the next will probably be, like the Mahomedan conquerors, to force upon us their own religion.'"

When the resolution, however, was taken, and a remonstrance was got up by the anti-abolitionists,

* Beng. Crim. Jud. Cons. 4th Dec. 1829.

Ram Mohun Roy, in spite of threatened privation of caste, and even personal outrage, was one of the deputation who presented an address to Lord William Bentinck, expressive of native gratitude for this "everlasting obligation" conferred on the Hindu community.

To the indefatigable endeavours of Ram Mohun to extinguish this and other deformities of the Brahminical system, must be partly ascribed, amongst other effects, the hostility of the late Rajah of Burdwan, one of his father's intimate friends, a powerful zemindar, distinguished for his bigotry as well as for his immense wealth.* Ram Mohun's daughter's son, Gooroodas Mookerjeea, was dewan to Purtab Chunder, only son of the Rajah of Burdwan; the young rajah died, and Ram Mohun's grandson acted as vakeel on behalf of the ranees, the wives of the deceased, against his father, in vindicating their rights in the courts. Tej Chund, the Rajah of Burdwan, it would appear, attributed this proceeding to the advice of Ram Mohun, on account of the religious differences subsisting between them; and the suit to which we have already alluded, which was instituted by the rajah in 1823, to recover the pretended balance of a bond

* He was the richest subject in British India. He died 26th August 1832.

given by the father of Ram Mohun, is expressly ascribed by the latter to personal resentment.

This enlightened Hindu had entertained for some years a desire to visit Europe. The occupations in which he was engaged, with the view of diffusing his theological opinions, and reclaiming his countrymen from their idolatrous tenets and practices, and more particularly the suit with the Rajah of Burdwan and other proceedings connected with his caste, prevented the fulfilment of his desire. Towards the latter end of the year 1830, however, events conspired to favour his design. His suit was brought to a close in the Provincial Court; he had triumphed over the interested hostility of the idolaters; his party was increasing, and included some members of his own family; the suttee practice was abolished, and he was urged to be the bearer of a petition to the British Government at home, intended to counteract the efforts of the supporters of the rite to procure the repeal of the Regulation of 1830, by the King in Council.* Above all, the discussions respecting the future government of India had commenced, and both England and India (whose subject he was) had claims upon that practical knowledge and information regarding the most important points in this question, which none could

* See *Asiat. Journ.* vol. v. p. 21.

be so capable of affording as he was. To these powerful considerations was added another.

For a few years past, the court of Delhi has evinced much dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Indian Government, in relation to certain alleged pecuniary claims. The Emperor considered himself entitled to a large increase of allowance, owing to a favourable bargain made by the Company with his Majesty, in respect to lands in the vicinity of Delhi, assigned for the maintenance of the palace, which, under the Company's management, yielded a revenue much larger in amount than the Delhi ministers could realize for their master's treasury. To this surplus, or a portion of it, the Emperor laid claim. The matter had been fully considered at home (by the Board of Control as well as the Court of Directors), and it was determined that the Mogul received all that he agreed to accept, and all that he was entitled to, in law or equity. The necessities of the Emperor, however, determined him to try the experiment of an appeal to the King of England, and in the year 1829, he made overtures to Ram Mohun Roy, proposing that he should proceed to England, as the Mogul's ambassador or envoy, with full powers to manage the negociation, or rather appeal, in the name of the nominal emperor of Hindustan, who conferred

upon Ram Mohun the title of "Rajah." The selection evinced great judgment on the part of the Court of Delhi. No individual could have conducted the affair better, and there was no impropriety or informality in conferring the office of ambassador upon a Hindu, the descendant of a family heretofore connected with the Musulman Courts of India. The Supreme Government of India, to which Ram Mohun communicated the fact of his appointment, refused to recognise his character of envoy, or his title (though he has been invariably treated by the Indian authorities with much attention), both being conferred, if not in defiance, at least without consulting the wishes, of the British Government. Official documents were applied for; these, we believe, were refused, and some are said to have been procured surreptitiously from the Government offices.

The announcement of his intention of going to Europe by sea (he at first intended to travel overland) excited much speculation amongst his countrymen. Interest, vanity, a desire to be gazed at, even an inclination to taste the supposed luxuries of Europe, were assigned by his enemies as the real motive of a resolution which they could not ascribe to laudable curiosity or disinterested philanthropy. Those Europeans who resided at Calcutta in the

months of October and November 1830 must remember how much the matter was talked of there. On the 15th of the last-mentioned month, Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, with his son, Ram Roy, left his native land, in the *Albion*, bound for Liverpool. He took with him his own servants, in order that there might be no impediment, on the passage or in England, to his conforming to the rules of his caste, which was not violated, he contended, by such a journey. The vessel touched at the Cape (in January), and arrived, on the 8th of April 1831, at Liverpool, where Ram Mohun Roy landed the same day, and set off for London.

His arrival in the metropolis, where he was well known by fame, excited much interest. It was a critical period, too, when the nation was wrought into a state of political ecstacy on the subject of the Reform Bill. His official character brought him at once into communication with the ministers, who recognised his embassy and his title, and by this means, as well as by the intrinsic recommendations of his fame and character, he mixed with the highest circles. The Court of Directors of the East-India Company, though they did not recede from their determination, treated him with honour. He was entertained at a dinner, on the 6th July, in the name of the Company, at the City of London

Tavern. In September he was presented to the King.

It was not long before his advice was sought by the Government on topics connected with the future government of his native country. He accordingly drew up those admirable replies to queries on the Revenue and Judicial Systems of India, which evince great observation, reflection, and caution. These valuable papers are printed in the *Asiatic Journal*;* and it is to be remarked that, though they breathe, throughout, a wish to ameliorate the political and social condition of the natives of India, they in no particular bear out the vulgar calumnies vented against the system of East-India administration; on the contrary, the writer does ample justice to the good intentions of the Government and to the ability of the instruments it employs.

He soon became so well known amongst those who mingled in good society, that, perhaps, no foreigner of rank, who has resided with us for an equal length of time, was ever more so. His inclination, nay his object in coming to Europe, led him into every kind of assemblage, religious, political, literary, social; in Churches, at the Court, at the Senate, in private parties and conversaziones; and the amenity of his manners, his plea-

* Vols. vii. p. 220; viii. pp. 36, 227, and 309.

-sing person and engaging demeanour, conciliated the esteem and admiration of every one. All were astonished at the familiarity which he discovered with every topic connected with our political institutions, our manners and our religious opinions; at the English turn of his thoughts and sentiments, as well as of his colloquial style. Amongst the female sex, he was an especial favourite; his fine person, and soft, expressive features, the air of deferential respect with which he treated them, so repugnant to the ideas ordinarily entertained in Europe of Asiatic manners, and the delicate incense of his compliment, perfumed occasionally with the fragrance of Oriental poetry, in which he was well versed, made a strong impression in his favour. Latterly, the circle of his acquaintance became inconveniently large, and his domestic retirement was much encroached upon by those who had acquired, or who assumed, the privilege of calling themselves his friends.

From these transient and occasional glimpses of the rajah, however, no just estimate of his character or sentiments could be formed. Conclusions, indeed, but very inaccurate ones, have been drawn from his presence at particular places of religious worship, from hasty opinions expressed by him upon political topics, from answers given to leading

questions not well understood, and from remarks extorted by systematic and persevering inquisitions, which his natural temperament and the forms of politeness in the East (where there are modes of conveying a civil negative by an affirmative) prevented him from checking. He was, indeed, by no means deficient in the firmness requisite to deal with an adversary who defied him to the arena of argument, in which his great resources of memory and observation, his vigour and quickness of mind, his logical acuteness, with no small share of wit, commonly brought him off victorious.

He was less willing, while in England, to discuss religious topics than most others. The reason is apparent. His creed was an unpopular one, and a frank declaration of his sentiments on particular points would have shocked Trinitarians. He observed, too, with pain, the fierceness of sectarian zeal in this country, of which, of course, he had had but little experience in India. "One of the first sentiments he expressed to me, on his arrival in the metropolis," says Mr. Aspland,* "was his astonishment to find such bigotry amongst the majority of Christians towards the Unitarians."

In the autumn of 1832, he visited France, where he was received with the highest considera-

* Sermon on the death of Ram Mohun Roy, p. 24.

tion. Literary as well as political men strove to testify their respect for their extraordinary guest. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, with whom he had the honour of dining more than once, and our brahmin spoke in warm terms of the king's condescension and kindness.

In January 1833, he returned from France to the hospitable mansion of Messrs. John and Joseph Hare, in Bedford-square (the brothers of Mr. Hare of Calcutta, the intimate friend of Ram Mohun, and a warm auxiliary in his benevolent designs for ameliorating the moral condition of the Hindus), where he had resided almost since his first arrival in England. He returned, however, in ill health. He had suffered from bilious attacks, to which he was constitutionally subject, and which were aggravated by the climate of Europe, producing a slight affection of the lungs. Mr. Arnot says, that after his return from Paris, "both mind and body seemed losing their tone and vigour." In this state, he went to Bristol, in the early part of September, to spend a few weeks with Miss Castles, at Stapleton-grove, intending to proceed from thence into Devonshire, there to pass the winter. On the 18th September, about ten days after his arrival at Bristol, he was taken ill, not, it was at first supposed, seriously. Next day, however, Mr. Estlin,

a friend, having called to see him, found the symptoms were those of fever. Medicine relieved him, but his tongue continued dry and glazed, and his frequent pulse and incessant restlessness indicated serious derangement. On the 21st he was attended by Dr. Prichard, and on the 23d by Dr. Carrick. The head seemed the seat of disease, though the patient complained chiefly of his stomach.

"His indisposition," says Dr. Carpenter, "experienced but a temporary check from the remedies; severe spasms, with paralysis of the left arm and leg, came on during the 26th, and he fell into a state of stupor in the afternoon of that day, from which he never revived; but breathed his last at twenty-five minutes after two A.M., on the 27th September. His son, Rajah Ram Roy, and two Hindu servants, with several attached friends who had watched over him from the first day of his illness, were with him when he expired. Mr. Hare, under whose roof the rajah had for two years lived, was also with him during the greater part of his illness; and Mr. Hare's niece, who was well acquainted with his habits, and possessed his full confidence and strong regard, attended upon him day and night, with a degree of earnest and affectionate solicitude, well deserving the epithet of filial. He repeatedly acknowledged, during his

illness, his sense of the kindness of all around him, and in strong language expressed the confidence he felt in his medical advisers. He conversed very little during his illness, but was observed to be often engaged in prayer. He told his son and those around him that he should not recover."

On an examination of the body, the brain was found to be inflamed, to contain some fluid, and was covered with a kind of purulent effusion; its membrane also adhered to the skull, the result probably of previously existing disease; the thoracic and abdominal viscera were healthy. The case appeared to be one of fever, producing great prostration of the vital powers, and accompanied by inflammation of the brain.

Such was the rapid termination of a life, from the continuance of which so much benefit had been prognosticated to England and to India, in their mutual relations.

Ram Mohun Roy has left in India a wife, from whom he had been separated (on what account we know not) for some years, and two sons: the son who accompanied him to Europe is said * to be an adopted child.

A short time before his death, he had brought his negociations with the British Government, on

* By Mr. Martin.

behalf of the King of Delhi, to a successful close, by a compromise with the ministers of the crown, which will add £30,000 a-year to the stipend of the Mogul, and, of course, make a proportionate reduction in the Indian revenue. The deceased ambassador had a contingent interest in this large addition to the ample allowance of the Mogul pageant, and his heirs, it is said, will gain from it a perpetual income of £3,000 or £4,000 a-year.*

* This statement produced the following communication, apparently from an official source:—

"As the inference from the foregoing statement is, that Ram Mohun Roy was formally received and accredited by the authorities in this country, as the representative of the King of Delhi; that they entered into negociations with him on the object of his embassy, and that the increase of the stipends of the king and royal family of Delhi, which has been granted by the Court of Directors, with the sanction of the Board of Control, is attributable to the success of Ram Mohun Roy's exertions, and the effect of his negociation, and as the prevalence of such a belief among the subjects and dependants of our empire in the East, by encouraging similar embassies and appeals, on every occasion, either of real or imaginary grievance, is calculated to weaken the due influence and authority of the local administration, and to cause unnecessary trouble and embarrassment to the authorities at home, as well as to prove the source of disappointment and useless expense to the party adopting this irregular and inefficient course of proceeding, I consider it of some importance to endeavour to counteract this impression.

"All persons acquainted with the constitution of the Indian Government are, of course, aware that the Court of Directors, as the executive and administrative organ of that Government in this country, is the only authority with which any such negocia-

He intended to return to India in 1834, *via* Turkey, Russia, and Persia.

The person of Ram Mohun Roy was, as we have already observed, a very fine one. He was nearly

tion could be regularly and efficiently conducted. But the Court uniformly refused either to accredit Ram Mohun Roy, as ambassador on the part of the King of Delhi, or to enter into discussion with him on the subject of his mission; hence the assertion that 'a short time before his death he had brought his negociations with the *British Government*, on behalf of the King of Delhi, to a successful close *by a compromise with the ministers of the Crown*,' is manifestly erroneous. Ram Mohun Roy delivered into the Court, and partially circulated, a statement, in a printed form, regarding the claims of the king, founded (I will not say designedly) on false or distorted facts, and abounding in errors and misstatements; and he also framed a letter in English and Persian, from the King of Delhi to his late majesty George IV., corresponding in substance with the former, and replete with unfounded accusations and unqualified invectives against the Indian Government, both at home and abroad. No answer was returned to either of these representations, and no negociation on the subject of them, verbal or written, was carried on with Ram Mohun Roy; neither has his mission been referred to in the Court's instructions to the Supreme Government of Bengal, as having had any influence or concern whatever in their resolution to augment the stipend of the royal family of Delhi. That augmentation was founded exclusively on a consideration of the condition and exigencies of the king and his family, as represented through the channel of the local Government, and was the result of a specific reference on the subject from the Governor-general in Council to the Court of Directors, and would have taken place although Ram Mohun Roy had never made his appearance in England; and if it be true, as stated in the memoir, that the deceased had a contingent interest in the late addition to the stipend of the

six feet high; his limbs were robust and well-proportioned, though latterly, either through age or increase of bulk, he appeared rather unwieldy and inactive. His face was beautiful; the features large and manly, the forehead lofty and expanded, the eyes dark and animated, the nose finely curved and of due proportion, the lips full, and the general expression of the countenance that of intelligence and benignity.*

His character is far more difficult to draw; indeed, a true portrait of it could be exhibited only in an honest autobiography. He was undoubtedly a most extraordinary man. The mere circumstance of his being able, by his own unassisted energies, to burst asunder the cerements in which the Hindu intellect had been shrouded for so many centuries, would be sufficient to secure to him a name. But

royal family, and that his heirs 'will gain from it a perpetual income of £3,000 or £4,000 a year,' it is only to be regretted that such a portion of the Company's bounty should be thus unnecessarily diverted from its beneficial and much-required purpose."

* The best portrait of him extant is a full-sized one by Briggs. It is a good picture as well as an admirable likeness; but the deceased always felt an unaccountable aversion to it. Perhaps it did not flatter him sufficiently in respect of complexion, a point on which he was very sensitive. There is also a miniature by Newton, and a bust by Clarke. Dr. Carpenter states that a cast for a bust was taken a few hours after his death.

his literary acquisitions in ten different languages—Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Bengalee, Hindustanee, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, and French—most of which he could write and speak fluently; the acuteness of his understanding, the philosophical precision of his writings, so utterly unlike the loose composition of the best Hindu authors, and the graceful and imposing qualities of his external or superficial character, vindicate the rajah's claim to the title we have given him.

He had infirmities—who has not?—which, though not obvious to the world, could not be concealed from those who lived in close intercourse with him. It has been said that he wrote English much better than he spoke it. The reason is, that what he spoke was really his own; but his writings were generally, to some extent, the composition of others. We are assured, on good authority, that during the period he was in Europe, except for a few months, besides an amanuensis, he had the constant assistance, in drawing up all papers or letters of any importance (his remarks on the revenue and judicial systems of India, on the suttee question, &c.), of an old Indian friend, connected with the press and politics of Bengal; and that he scarcely sent a line out of his hands without his secretary's revision, unless, as often happened, it was actually composed

by him beforehand. How much of his reputation, as an elegant writer, may therefore be attributable to others, both here and in India, can only be conjectured. As he was exceedingly ambitious of literary fame, he took care, both in Europe and in India, to obtain the best assistance he could get, both European and native. His works, therefore, do not furnish an absolute criterion of his literary talents, although these were no doubt considerable.

Perhaps, we cannot do better than, distrusting our own means of observation and judgment, lay before the reader the following sketch of his character in England, by a gentleman* who was in close and intimate communication with him here, and whose impartiality cannot be suspected, though he does not deal in that general strain of panegyric, which either elevates the man above the standard of humanity, or leaves the outline vague and indistinct.

After observing that much obscurity had been thrown on the history of Ram Mohun Roy by those who wish to give the sanction of his name to their own peculiar opinions and doctrines, he goes on to remark :—

" Some have said he was a Hindu, others a Christian; some that he was a Unitarian, and others

* The late Mr. Sandford Arnot is here referred to.

that he was attached to the forms of the Church of England. Some have asserted that he was a republican; others that he was an admirer of a citizen-King. His different biographers have thus made his real opinions a riddle; those who knew him better, seem not much disposed to clear up the mystery. The fact is, that in religion it is much easier to say what he was *not* than what he *was*. He did not believe in the doctrines of Hinduism, nor did he respect its practices: at the same time, he carefully avoided any open and flagrant violation of them, which might have shocked the feelings of his countrymen. He did not believe in the Trinity, yet he regularly attended the places of worship where that doctrine is inculcated. He wrote books in support of the unity of God—a doctrine which Christians hold in common with the Hindu Vedantís, the Jews, and Musulmans. In short, he believed in the Deity, and had a strong sentiment of natural religion, which increased with his years, and, towards the close of his life, was often expressed with all the fervour of genuine piety. He had always cherished, and the longer he lived became more confirmed in, the opinion, that religion is essentially and indispensably necessary to the welfare of mankind. As to the rest, he estimated the different systems of religion existing in the

world, not according to his notion of their truth, but of their utility, or, to speak more clearly, according as they were more or less calculated, in his opinion, to promote human happiness and virtue. All speculations, therefore, as to his belief in this or that doctrine or faith, founded on his attendance at this or that place of worship, are evidently futile. His published works on religious subjects hardly furnish a better criterion, because they state not what he believed, but what he considered the sacred books of different persuasions to inculcate: for example, he maintained that the most ancient Hindu works taught pure Theism; and that the Christian Scriptures, both Old and New Testament, taught the leading doctrines of the Unitarians. That he believed these to be the real principles of Christianity may be demonstrated; and that, during part of his life, he considered the diffusion of Christianity in this, which he deemed its purest, form, highly beneficial to mankind, may also be proved. But to shew that he himself was a Unitarian, or a Christian in any particular form, would require a distinct species of evidence, which his works do not furnish: they assuredly do not contain any declaration to that effect; and viewing him in his true character, that of a religious utilitarian, his support of any particular system cannot be construed into a profession of faith.

"In regard, then, to religious belief, I see no reason to think that the slightest change took place in the rajah's mind for the last forty or fifty years, that is, since the period when, about sixteen years of age, he began to doubt Hinduism. With the zeal of a new proselyte, he then rejected all, and is said to have composed a work on the errors of all religions. He next tried to refine the grossest of them to a system of monotheism; on this he afterwards attempted to engraft a kind of unitarianism, which might embrace alike the Hindu and the Christian. As he advanced in age, he became more strongly impressed with the importance of religion to the welfare of society, and the pernicious effects of scepticism. In his younger years, his mind had been deeply struck with the evils of believing too much, and against that he directed all his energies; but, in his latter days, he began to feel that there was as much, if not greater, danger in the tendency to believe too little. He often deplored the existence of a party which had sprung up in Calcutta, composed principally of imprudent young men, some of them possessing talent, who had avowed themselves sceptics in the widest sense of the term. He described it as partly composed of East-Indians, partly of the Hindu youth, who, from education, had learnt to reject their own faith without substi-

tuting any other. These he thought more debased than the most bigotted Hindu, and their principles the bane of all morality.

"This strong aversion to infidelity was by no means diminished during his visit to England and France; on the contrary, the more he mingled with society in Europe, the more strongly he became persuaded that religious belief is the only sure ground-work of virtue. 'If I were to settle with my family in Europe,' he used to say, 'I would never introduce them to any but religious persons, and from amongst them only would I select my friends; amongst them I find such kindness and friendship, that I feel as if surrounded by my own kindred.'

"He evidently now began to suspect that the Unitarian form of Christianity was too much rationalized (or sophisticated, perhaps I may say,) to be suitable to human nature. He remarked in the Unitarians a want of that fervour of zeal and devotion found among other sects, and felt doubts whether a system appealing to reason only was calculated to produce a permanent influence on mankind. He perceived the same defect in the Utilitarian philosophy, and ridiculed the notion that man, a being governed by three powers—reason, imagination, and the passions—could be directed

by those who addressed themselves only or chiefly to the first of these powers, overlooking the importance of the two other elements of human nature, which must continue to exert an everlasting influence so long as the world endures.

"A writer in one of the daily papers has said he was in politics a republican. I know of no ground for this opinion; if there be any, it must have reference to an early period of his life. He may have approved of it, in theory, while surrounded by power more or less arbitrary, from the form of Government existing in his native country; he may have deemed a republic good in America, but he thought the rule of the citizen-King the best adapted for France, and in the same manner heartily rejoiced in the establishment of the throne of King Leopold in Belgium. Though a decided reformer, he was generally a moderate one. For his own country, he did not propose even an Indian legislative council, like Mr. Rickards; he deemed the English more capable of governing his countrymen well, than the natives themselves. A reference of measures of internal policy to a few of the most distinguished individuals in the European and Native community, for their suggestions, previous to such measures being carried into a law, was the utmost he asked in the present state of the Indian

public mind. He not only always contended, at least among Europeans, for the necessity of continuing British rule for at least forty or fifty years to come, for the good of the people themselves, but he stood up firmly against the proposals of his more radical friends, for exchanging the East-India Company's rule for a colonial form of Government. His argument was, that in all matters connected with the colonies, he had found, from long observation, that the minister was absolute, and the majority of the House of Commons subservient; there being no body of persons there who had any adequate motive to thwart the Government in regard to distant dependencies of the British crown. The change proposed was, therefore, in his estimation, a change from a limited Government, presenting a variety of efficient checks on any abuse of its powers, for an absolute despotism.

"He had been an enthusiastic advocate of the Grey administration, from his arrival in Europe till his departure for France, in the autumn of 1832. Whether it was that he imbibed some fresh light from Louis Philippe and his subjects, or that the first Reformed British Parliament disappointed him, or that he had taken some personal disgust at the present ministry (the most probable of the three), he became most bitterly opposed to it. He

was in the habit of inveighing against it in the strongest, I may truly say coarsest, terms: a circumstance the more remarkable, as he had hitherto been distinguished by the courtesy of his language and the studied politeness of his expressions. Even when engaged in the warmest controversies, and in repelling personal insults, he would not formerly permit himself to use a strong epithet, or utter any reflection which could be considered in the least illiberal or ungentlemanly. During the last period of his life, his manners were much changed, and the powers of his mind seemed to be decaying. Controversy of any kind, in which he formerly displayed such admirable temper and patience, seemed now to throw his mind off its balance. For reasoning, he substituted invective; and, losing the power of persuasion, attributed bad motives to all who differed in opinion from him.

"Another proof of the decay of his mental powers, at this period, is the small part he took in the question of the Company's charter, which was to fix the destinies of his country for many years to come. From him some great effort might have been expected on such an occasion; but, for any thing he attempted, either publicly or privately, he might as well have been seated all the while, with Hindu quiescence, under a banyan tree on the

banks of the Ganges.* He latterly expressed a wish to withdraw himself from politics entirely, finding the discussions into which they led him no longer supportable with any comfort to himself. In short, his intellectual career had drawn evidently to a close; and, though the termination of his natural life may be sincerely regretted by his friends, it is perhaps fortunate for his fame that Providence had decreed he should not outlive his mental faculties."

In conclusion, we may mention that the signature commonly used by the Rajah was ***Ram Mohun***, written in Hindustanee رام موهن; in Bengalee রামমোহন. ***Ram*** or ***Rama*** is the name of the celebrated demi-god, the hero of the ***Ramáyana***. ***Mohun*** is one of the names of Krishna.

* He thought more of the empty title of Rajah than of the results of the East-India Bill: and if the Company had acknowledged this title, they might have calculated on his open support as they had his secret wishes in their favour.

M. VON KLAPROTH.

The ensuing biography of this eminent orientalist is almost exclusively derived from a memoir by M. C. Landresse, inserted in the *Journal Asiatique* of Paris, which "renders to his labours, his talents, and his memory, that public homage which the professors of literature owe to those who illustrate it with their labours."

Mr. Henry Julius Klaproth was born at Berlin, on the 11th October 1783, and he began, so early as the age of fourteen, to devote himself to those studies which soon raised him to the first rank of Oriental scholars. His perseverance and sagacity acquired for him, when a very young man, a store of knowledge which is rarely attained in mature age. His father, the celebrated chemist, whose predilection for the exact sciences disqualified him for appreciating the merits of Oriental literature, considered that his son was wasting his time in vain

and frivolous speculations. This path of study, it must be confessed, was then sufficiently unpopular and unpromising, whilst chemical science was enjoying the lustre and renown which the discoveries of Black, Priestley, Bergmann, Lavoisier, Vauquelin, and Klaproth, had deservedly earned for it.

The tenderness of his mother secretly encouraged the ardent passion in her son, which the cold taste of his father condemned and ridiculed. Young Klaproth felt at this time that insatiable eagerness for books, which never for an instant deserted him, or was suspended even in the midst of pain; and Mrs. Klaproth, out of her own slender accumulations, afforded him the means of feeding his inappeasable appetite. He availed himself, with equal avidity and discernment, of this resource, and he has been often heard, at a later period of life, to express in the warmest terms his gratitude for it.

That instinctive kind of inclination, or invincible bent of curiosity, which is sometimes called genius, and decides the choice of studies or vocations, directed the taste of M. Klaproth to the narratives of travellers. He contrived, for some time, to keep the balance tolerably equal between his own inclinations and his father's wishes; he even studied chemistry with success, and acquired considerable skill in mineralogy, which was ulti-

mately useful to him in his travels. But the scale soon preponderated in favour of his own favourite pursuits; he neglected and abandoned all other studies for those which were more difficult, and, as some would have said, less useful. The regret which his father experienced at his son's dislike of the career which he had marked out for him, was soon consoled by his success, and he lived long enough to confess "how groundless were his apprehensions, and how futile his prejudices, against a course of application which promised to shed a new glory upon his name."

The royal library of Berlin, which abounds in many rarities, possesses a pretty large collection of Chinese books. M. Klaproth, at the first sight of them, was seized with an irresistible ambition to learn the language in which they were written. The only means of accomplishing this object were an incomplete dictionary, edited by Mentzel, under the direction of Father Couplet, and a manuscript Chinese and Spanish dictionary, by Father Dias, equally imperfect. His industry was, perhaps, sharpened by these defective implements, and the interest which this curious language inspired was so great, that this novel study captivated his mind and absorbed all his attention. The time drew near when the examiners went through the different

schools, to require from each student an account of his progress. Klaproth's turn came, and he was unable to answer the simplest questions. The examiner, tired of interrogating him, observed, "why, you know nothing at all, Sir!" "I beg your pardon, Sir," replied Klaproth; "I know Chinese." "What! Chinese? And who taught it you?" "Nobody, Sir; I learned it by myself." "But even in China, a whole life is scarcely sufficient to acquire a knowledge of their books." "I will convince you, Sir, it is no such thing." Away went the scholar to his paper-case, and produced to the eyes of the astonished examiner copies of Chinese characters, essays of translations, and extracts from original works. He was now upon his proper ground; there was no hesitation, no perplexity; all was ease and confidence; from student he had ascended at once to master, and might retort upon others the reproach of ignorance which had just been levelled at him. His answers were satisfactory; he obviated doubts and difficulties; explained the pretended mystery of the Chinese tongue, and, after displaying the spoils of his patient industry, he described, with all the enthusiasm of a discoverer, the irresistible fascinations of a study from which he could not withhold his nights, after having sacrificed his days.

His reputation commenced from this moment; his unassisted acquisition of such a language as the Chinese, then deemed almost unconquerable,* caused young Klaproth to be looked upon as a literary phenomenon. His exclusive application to this study had, however, left his education, in other respects, defective, and, in 1801, he tore himself, with reluctance, at the instance of his father, from Berlin, to study the Greek and Latin classics at Halle. In a few months he had performed all that was required of him, and, in the summer of 1802, he was prosecuting at Dresden the studies he had been forced to forego at Berlin. Towards the close of this year, he published, at Weimar, in German, the first numbers of his Asiatic Magazine,† containing valuable memoirs and documents respecting the history and geography of Asia.

Soon after this, the Academy of St. Petersburgh named M. Klaproth one of their associates for Asiatic languages and literature. This nomination, which was not purely of an honorary character, determined him to proceed to Russia, a

* One of the Jesuit missionaries, writing from Peking, represents the acquisition of the Chinese language by a native of Europe as *impossible*.

† He commenced another periodical work under the same title, in 1824, in French. It ceased, after three numbers had appeared, owing to want of encouragement.

country which opened boundless resources to his ardent and inquisitive mind—a country which was eager to welcome learned foreigners, and where he hoped, like other ingenious men, to find better pecuniary prospects, and larger facilities of inquiry, than Prussia presented. The result did not fulfil his expectations.

He had already distinguished himself in Russia by the novelty and importance of his researches, when an extraordinary embassy to Peking afforded him a fair opportunity of augmenting and completing them. Before even the ambassador had been fixed upon, M. Klaproth was appointed to accompany him, together with a long train of scientific persons, besides political and commercial agents. The department of science was assigned to Count John Potocki; that of politics and commerce to Count Golowkin, the chief of the embassy. Great efforts were made by the government to secure an accurate report respecting the geography of the country between Lake Baikal and the frontiers of China, the steppes of the Kirgheez, and the manners of its Asiatic nomade subjects.

Before Count Golowkin had completed his arrangements, M. Klaproth set off in the spring of 1805, visited Kasan and Perm, crossed the Ural mountains at Ekatherinaburgh, followed the Irtish

from Tobolsk to Omsk, whence he proceeded to Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, and Irkutsk, where the embassy was to rendezvous. This route led him amongst the Samoyeds and the Finnish and Tartar tribes, that dwell on the banks of the Yenisei, from the Frozen Sea to Lake Baikal, extending from the Obi far into the eastern part of North Siberia. South of this province, he met with tribes of Mongol origin; he resided amongst the Tungooses of Tobolsk and Irkutsk; with the Bashkirs, the Yakoots, the Kirgheez, &c.; he studied their manners, collected vocabularies of their dialects, and noted their national physiognomy, in order to distinguish the characteristic traits of the families whose races had crossed. "Guided by the analogies and distinctions he remarked, he ascertained the relations of consanguinity and community of origin of tribes, which are now placed remotely from each other; he reduced their languages into families and subdivided them into dialects; then, following the different nations in their migrations, he traced them from station to station, till they became blended and confounded together in the nations of Middle Asia. These observations, the fruit of much reflection and confirmed by farther inquiries, constituted the foundation of an immense work, in which the people of Asia are distributed according to their

languages, and the order of their primitive races, with the exactness so essential in such matters. The classification adopted by M. Klaproth, in his *Asia Polyglotta*, as it comes into use, will soon prevent our confounding, with De Guignes or Blumenbach, all the nations of Northern Asia in one, denominated sometimes Huns and sometimes Mongols."

The embassy assembled at Irkutsk at the close of the summer of 1805, and reached Kiakhta on the 17th October. Here obstacles, thrown in the way by the Chinese authorities, detained it till the end of the year; but the delay was favourable to the objects of M. Klaproth. He applied himself with indefatigable industry to acquire a variety of Tartar dialects; he learned the Mongol, perfected himself in the Mandchoo; and, besides a valuable store of notes and other materials, he obtained a pretty large collection of Chinese, Tibetan, Mandchoo and Mongol works.

Meanwhile the cold became severe; mercury froze, and the felt tents of the Mongols were a bad protection against the rigorous inclemency of the weather. Privations and fatigue had, however, little effect upon the zeal of M. Klaproth, from which much benefit would have resulted to Oriental letters had the embassy been permitted to proceed

to Peking. After crossing the frontiers, Count Golowkin became embroiled with the Chinese viceroy of Mongolia, at Ourga, in a dispute about etiquette, and the embassy was compelled to retrograde to Kiakhta, which it reached in March 1806.

Under the instructions of the Academy of St. Petersburgh, M. Klaproth continued to examine the northern frontiers of China as far as Oostkamenogorsk, where he was to inspect the Buddhist temples of Semipalatnaya and Ablakit, and copy the Tibetan fragments said to exist there. After skirting the Sayanian mountains, traversing the Altai chain, and making an excursion from the Irtish to Lake Dzaysang, in the Eleuth country, some distance from the southern frontier of Siberia, he returned by way of Omsk to St. Petersburgh; where he arrived at the beginning of 1807. The academy, to which he made a circumstantial report of his travels, recompensed his zeal, activity, and intelligence, by appointing him academician extraordinary, prior to the allotted time, and the Emperor Alexander, besides other marks of particular regard, granted him a pension of three hundred rubles.

Another testimony to his merits was his selection, at the recommendation of Count Potocki, to survey the new conquests of this immense empire in Georgia, and on the shores of the Caspian. He

departed on this mission in September 1807; his instructions were given him by the academy, which defrayed his expenses: they required him to ascertain the extent of the new territories; to report upon the soil and moral character of the people; to study their dialects, explore their annals, and collect their traditions; and he was to push his researches as far as Baku, and even into Persia, if possible.

He arrived in Georgiewsk in November, intending, till the close of winter, to restrict his excursions to the northern part of the line of the Caucasus, and not to proceed to Tiflis till the spring. But the plague, then ravaging the country, obliged him to cross the Caucasus in the middle of December, and he reached Tiflis in January 1808, which he made the pivot of his journeys. Political circumstances, as well as pestilential diseases, prevented his visit to Persia and even to Baku; and he was recalled by the academy towards the end of the year 1808. The valuable fruits of this expedition are recorded in the narrative which he published in German and French.

The numerous vocabularies collected by M. Klaproth, during his two journeys, and the comparisons to which he subjected them, qualified him for a species of study which, though ungrateful and

unattractive, was long ago pointed out by Leibnitz as the surest means of arriving at an accurate knowledge of the origin of nations, namely, the comparative study of languages. No pursuit demands at once more judgment in the choice of materials, and more discretion in the use of them. It became with M. Klaproth a passion; with the enthusiasm of his age and the ardour of his character, he plunged into the chaos of etymological hypotheses, where, though he often collected scattered rays of light, he was sometimes deluded by *ignes fatui*. But if he was not always guided in these researches by the necessary circumspection, he evinced considerable skill in the combination and direction of the means he employed. The results he obtained from a comparison of the different dialects of the Old Continent inspired him with the desire of comparing the languages of Northern Asia with those of America, and solving, in this way, the enigma respecting the origin of the races which people the New Continent. The manifest affinities, and some remarkable analogies, which he discovered between the roots of the American tongues and those of certain other dialects, appeared to him sufficient to demonstrate that those roots sprung from a common stock or mother-tongue, which, he thought, had numerous

relations with the languages of the Samoyeds and Kamtschatdales. He fancied he perceived the affiliated dialects stretching in a vast chain along the north-west coast of America, from Queen Charlotte's Archipelago to the River of the Amazons, over southern Canada, the United States, Louisiana, Florida, the Great and Little Antilles, the Caribbee Islands and Guiana. At the same time, he found in the physiognomy and manners of these races resemblances to those of northern Asia. Many of these hypotheses are founded upon such minute analogies, that much reliance cannot be placed upon them. It is remarkable that M. Klaproth was not slow to discover or to expose the fallacy of these imaginary analogies in others. In communicating his discovery to the Academy of St. Petersburgh, he supported it by a vocabulary of Carib words, which he had met with in various dialects of northern Asia. He exhibited his views in a comparative table, under the odd title of *Hic et Ubique*,* and in others of his works, corrected, however, and modified by further inquiries and reflection. "He then began to think that, in the comparative as in the analytical study of languages, nothing is so dangerous as being too systematic and desirous of explaining everything; he

* See *Asiat. Journ.* Old Series, vol. xv. p. 461.

admitted a sort of general, universal analogy, which he called 'antediluvian,' and which he detected in dialects in which it would be almost absurd to seek for real analogies." M. Klaproth, himself, acknowledged that resemblance of language was not sufficient to prove the descent of the races of the New Continent from those of the Old.

When he abstained from large and bold deductions, and had the prudence to confine himself to more tractable subjects, the results of his comprehensive knowledge of languages, and his accuracy of research, supplied him with many new and curious materials to elucidate the primitive history of nations. He demonstrated that the native races of Great and Little Bucharia are erroneously classed amongst Turkish tribes, since they are of Persian origin; by the help of an Ouigoor vocabulary, he established the fact, that a people of Turkish origin, originally from the banks of the Orkhon and the Selinga, gradually spread themselves westward as far as the sources of the Irtish, and, after ruling over Little Bucharia, became blended, in their migrations, with the Usbeks and the Kirgheez. In another work, he considers the origin of the Afghans, which has been reported to be Armenian, Arabian, Georgian, and even Jewish; and he substitutes plausible conjectures for wild hypotheses. The

Academy of St. Petersburgh printed his dissertation on the Afghans, at its own expense, apart from its Memoirs, as well as a collection by M. Klaproth, entitled *Archives pour la Littérature Orientale.* They both appeared in 1810.

About this time, he had been employed to prepare a catalogue of the valuable collection of Chinese and Tartar works belonging to the academy. It might have been expected that, occupied so advantageously and so agreeably to his taste, in a country which afforded ample scope for his inquiries, he would not have been anxious to quit it; but, having been despatched to Berlin, in 1811, to superintend the engraving of the different characters requisite for printing his works, he seized the opportunity with eagerness to bid an eternal adieu to Russia. This year appeared his Explanation of the inscription attributed to the great Chinese emperor Yu, in which he maintains the authenticity of this monument against the sinologist Hager.

Germany was now a scene of political disorder, which was far from favourable to the cultivation of letters. M. Klaproth, who was employed on his Travels in Caucasus, endeavoured to find a quiet asylum in the mountains which separate Silesia from Bohemia. But Silesia itself was invaded and ravaged by the French armies, and it was not till

they were driven across the Rhine, in 1812-14, that he could resume the printing of his work.

He made some attempts to enter the service of France, which were unsuccessful; and, in October 1814, he quitted Berlin with the determination of applying directly to Napoleon, at Porto Ferrajo. His application was cordially received, and he was ordered, by way of trial, to prepare a memoir on the different Asiatic races which inhabit the frontiers of Russia. Before he could finish it, the downfall of the power whose patronage he had solicited left him at Florence in a most difficult position. He exerted all his resources to get to France, and, in June 1815, he arrived in Paris, where he took up his residence and continued to reside ever since.

In the capital of France, facilities for study were, at first, all the advantages he gained; he subsisted there in a precarious manner, until Baron William von Humboldt met with him, and employed all his great influence to improve the circumstances of his countryman. He knew him only by reputation, and by having found him at Dresden in a situation by no means comfortable, a short time after the battle of Leipsic; he was not ignorant of the circumstances of his journey to Porto Ferrajo; but he likewise knew the extent of his knowledge and of

his labours, and he foresaw the benefit which literature might expect from such a man. At his recommendation, the king of Prussia conferred upon M. Klaproth (August 1816) the title of professor of Asiatic languages and literature, advancing him, in addition to a handsome salary, 80,000 francs towards the publication of his works, granting him permission to remain at Paris till they were entirely completed. To this liberal patronage we owe, amongst other works, the Supplement to the Chinese Dictionary, the Mandchoo Chrestomathy, and the Catalogue of Chinese and Mandchoo books in the library of Berlin.

The literary productions which emanated from the pen of M. Klaproth, during his sojourn at Paris, and which appeared in a variety of periodical works, as well as separately, are very numerous. Though most of them are short, there are none which do not bear the strongest indications of profound study, patient research, and an accuracy which is the result of a comprehensive knowledge of the subject, tenacity of attention, and a judgment habituated to close discussion. Some of these papers bear his name, others are anonymous, and some were published under assumed names; it was seldom, however, that the characteristics of his style, and his extent of reading, did not betray him: few

could command the same resources, or apply them with equal effect. He was not over-solicitous about style; facts were his objects, and it was sufficient for him if he stated them with accuracy, precision, and perspicuity.

"But it is to be deeply regretted," observes M. Landresse, "that he should have wasted so much time in discussions, as useless to letters as they were distressing to those who took an interest in their welfare. In this species of warfare, he displayed an ardour and a skill which were invincible; yet, however just might be his judgments, he strangely detracted from their merit and effect, by divesting them of that urbanity from which neither the profoundest knowledge, nor the goodness of a cause, can claim exemption. Men are to be dealt with most gently when they are in the wrong; M. Klaproth thought differently. The intemperance which he carried into controversies had often the effect of imparting worth and importance to the notions he attacked; and he had, moreover, the misfortune to find, that nothing is so well calculated to inspire others with kindness as the manifestation of it on our own part."

This irritability of temper excited against M. Klaproth a prejudice which has greatly obscured the reputation he may justly claim. In the course

of a discussion on his merits and learning, we happened to hear it remarked with asperity, but not altogether without reason, that he had resided so long amongst rude and unpolished people, that he had, insensibly, imbibed a tincture of their manners.

Constant application, multiplied labours, and probably this very irritability of temper, undermined his constitution. For more than two years past, palpitations, the symptoms of which he alone understood, intimated to him that his days were numbered. His disorder was an aneurism, and he sunk under its effects suddenly, on the 27th August 1835, at one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of the invaluable library which he had collected at such cost and so many sacrifices.

" His sufferings," observed M. Landresse, " had scarcely interrupted his labours, but it is impossible to give even an approximate report of their number, extent, and condition. Almost inaccessible in his cabinet, maintaining no intercourse with the learned except by his books, he had not even a pupil, I might almost say a friend, to whom he confided the plans he had formed, the doubts he hoped to remove, the chasms he wished to fill; he died with the mortification of having abandoned works of importance already commenced, and plans

too little developed to be undertaken and continued by others. It is, however, supposed that his commentary on Marco Polo, if not completed, is at least considerably advanced: this work is the fruit of thirty years' prodigious study and researches, in which he consulted, compared, extracted, and translated all the Chinese, Tartar, and Persian texts, which could diffuse any light upon the places visited by the Venetian traveller. M. Klaproth appears likewise to have finished latterly a geographical, statistical, and historical description of the Chinese empire and its dependencies; and it is known that, some years ago, arrangements were concluded between him and a celebrated German bookseller, for the publication of a new *Mithridates*, which, besides a grammatical sketch and an analyzed text of each language, was to exhibit a comparative vocabulary of the dialects of the five portions of the world, and a table of the graphical system in use amongst all nations. He had just finished for the Prussian government a grand chart of Asia, in four sheets, which he intended to accompany with an explanatory and descriptive text. Lastly, he had undertaken to publish, for the Asiatic Society of Paris, a Georgian grammar and a Mandchoo dictionary."

The remains of M. Klaproth were deposited in

the cemetery of Montmartre. His obsequies were performed with the pomp due to his eminent literary character; amongst those who paid the last tribute to him after death was M. von Humboldt, who had been his most zealous patron during life.

A slight personal acquaintance, improved by a frequent correspondence, for several years, impressed us with a high esteem for the intellectual qualities and extraordinary industry of M. Klaproth, and convinces us that the void left by his loss will not soon be filled up. The havoc which the hand of death has made, within comparatively a few months, amongst Oriental scholars, in sweeping off such men as Rémusat, Saint-Martin, De Chézy, Morrison, and Klaproth—the first four at the very head of their respective departments, the last eminent in all—is an inauspicious omen to the cultivation of Asiatic literature. Certain Vandals in India seem impatient to co-operate with the ravages of Time.

THE ARABIAN POETS, AKHTAL, FARAZDAK, AND JARÍR.*

I.—AKHTAL, THE CHRISTIAN ARAB POET.

AKHTAL, Farazdak and Jareer, who were contemporary and rival poets, under the Ommiyades, were reputed by the Arabs, in the first two centuries of Islamism, to approach nearest to the ancients, who flourished at that dark period of their history, which is denominated by them 'The age of Ignorance;' and this opinion is confirmed by the authority of the best critics.†

The real name of Akhtal was Gheeath ben Ghauth; he was of a family, the Benu Malek Ebn Josham, which formed a branch of the great tribe of Taghleb, and dwelt in Mesopotamia. At that period, there were three Arabian tribes, which consisted mostly of Christians, namely, those of Behra,

* Abridged with additions from a *Notice* by M. A. Caussin de Perceval, *Journ. Asiatique.*

† *Kitab al Aghani,* iv. fol. 243, ii. fol. 177.

Taghleb, and Tenookh. Gheeath was educated in the Christian religion, and continued always attached to it, notwithstanding the offers sometimes made to induce him to embrace Islamism. His grandfather, whose name, according to Meydāni, was Selmeh ben Tareka, was renowned for his exploits. King Noman, son of Moonzur, having sent to the Arab tribes four lances for the most valiant of their warriors, one of them was awarded to Selmeh.

Gheeath was unhappy in his youth; he was poor, and had a step-mother who scarcely gave him sufficient food, reserving the best for her own children; she employed him in severe labour and sent him to tend her goats. His first verses were, it is said, an impromptu, directed against this lady, on the following occasion. Seeing at his step-mother's a skin of milk and a bag of dates and raisins, hunger impelled him to pilfer them. He found means to get his step-mother out of the way, and in her absence drank up the milk and devoured the fruit. Upon her return, she flew into a violent passion, and seized a stick in order to chastise the thief; but he escaped, and, as he ran, recited these two verses, which, like the lines of Master Samuel Johnson, on the duck, have been thought of sufficient importance to be preserved in the 'Book of Songs;'*

* *Kitab al Aghani*, ii. 180.

Gheeath a naughty trick has done;
He has stolen his step-mother's fruit and cream.
She screams, she swears:—her dutiful son
Leaves her alone to swear and scream.

It is not positively known on what occasion Gheeath received the surname of *Akhtal*, الاخطل or 'the flap-eared.' According to Damiri, it was on account of the conformation of his ears, which were loose and flapped like those of a certain animal. Others say, that this nick-name signifies 'silly babbler,' and thus explain its origin. Caab ben Joayl, then the most celebrated poet of the tribe, came one day on a visit to the family of Malek Ebn Josham, to which the poet belonged. The talents of Caab made him an object of so much regard amongst the Taghlebites, that all of whom he sought hospitality were eager to entertain him. A separate tent was prepared for his reception; a kind of enclosure was formed with cords, and it was filled with cattle, as a present to him—customary honours offered to Caab by the family of Malek. Gheeath let the animals out of the enclosure and drove them about the plain. He was rebuked for this, and the cattle were returned to the enclosure; but he liberated them a second time. Caab was irritated; and from this moment, Gheeath and Caab began to launch lampoons against each other. Gheeath, who was yet very young, had but com-

menced giving scope to his taste for poetry, yet he was nowise loth to contest the palm with an adversary already known to fame. Ghauth, however, doubted his son's discretion in courting so unequal a contest, and in order to turn away the anger of Caab, remarked to him, " Pay no attention to what my son says; he is a young ninny (اخطل) Another authority states, that it was Caab himself who applied to Geeath this epithet of contempt. Whatever be the fact, this reproachful term has been ennobled by the merit of the poet who bore it.

Akhtal soon acquired some reputation. Ambitious of extending it, and of opening to himself a path to fortune, he travelled to Damascus, the residence of the Caliph Moawiyah I. Caab ben Joayl, against whom he had exerted his satirical vein, was the very person who introduced him at court; actuated, probably, less by generosity than by malice, and for the purpose of ridding himself of a troublesome office. There was, at that time, a poet, who, in his verses, celebrated a daughter of the caliph, named Ramleh; this was Abderrahman, belonging to a family of Ansarians (inhabitants of Medina, who embraced the cause of Mahomet after his flight from Mecca). Prince Yezid, son of Moawiyah, nettled at this piece of effrontery, wished to excite his father against Abderrahman;

but Moawiyah, far from treating this indiscreet poet with severity, contented himself with the following expedient. He observed to the poet, "they tell me that your verses express your love for Ramleh, daughter of the Commander of the Faithful?" "It is true," replied Abderrahman; "and if I had known a more illustrious beauty, whose name could give more splendour and attraction to my verses, I would have celebrated her." "Why then," said Moawiyah, "do you not celebrate Hind, her sister, who surpasses her in beauty?" The caliph's object, in inviting Abderrahman to speak of the two sisters at the same time, was to let the public see that his love was a mere poetic fiction. This stroke of policy, however, did not satisfy Prince Yezid, who wished Caab ben Joayl to write a satire against the Ansarians. Caab, who was a Musulman, excused himself, alleging that he feared the displeasure of the caliph, and that, besides, he could not prevail upon himself to attack men who had supported the prophet. "But," he added, "I can introduce to you a poet of considerable talent, who is not of our religion, and therefore has no scruples upon the subject." "Who is he?" said Yezid. "Akhtal," replied Caab. Yezid desired he might be sent to him immediately, and he ordered Akhtal to write a poem against the Ansarians, promising

him his protection to the utmost of his power, if the caliph should be displeased. Akhtal set about the work with alacrity, and produced a virulent diatribe, in which was this verse:—

Noble actions and glory are the attributes of the Koreishites;
Cowardice and avarice lurk under the turbans of the Ansarians.

Noman ben Beshir, one of the heads of the Ansarians, hearing of this satire, appeared before Moawiyah, and taking off his turban and exposing his bare head to the caliph, said:—"Commander of the Faithful, do you perceive in me any marks of cowardice and avarice?" "I see nothing in you but what is honourable," replied the caliph. "Well then," returned Noman, "Akhtal has asserted that these vices are concealed beneath our turbans." "I give you leave to cut out his tongue," exclaimed the indignant caliph, and directed Akhtal to be immediately brought, that he might be delivered up to the vengeance of the Ansarian. Akhtal prevailed upon the officer who came to fetch him, to allow him first an interview with Yezid. The prince immediately went to Moawiyah, and took the part of Akhtal so effectually, that he saved the poet's tongue.

Yezid, when he succeeded to the throne, some time after, was very kind to Akhtal, whose reputation increased rapidly. The caliphs who succeeded

Yezid allowed him to participate largely in the bounty which they lavished upon poets. He was in high favour, especially under the reign of Abdalmalek, who admitted him to his intimacy. The poet, however, did not reside entirely at court; he sojourned alternately at Damascus and in Mesopotamia, amongst his family, the Benu Maleks, in which he married. He had several children, the eldest of whom was called Malek; after the birth of this son, he acquired, according to the custom of the Arabs, in addition to the name of Akhtal, that of Abu Malek, 'father of Malek.'

It would appear that, at this period, the Arabian Christians, after the example of the Musulmans, were in the common practice of divorce; for Akhtal, having repudiated his first wife, married another, who had herself been repudiated by her husband. This second union was not a happy one; the tranquillity of the poet's household was disturbed by frequent family-quarrels. Akhtal, one day, hearing his wife speak of her former husband with a sigh of regret, uttered these verses, which have been preserved in the *Kitab al Aghani*; they appear in a translation sufficiently bald and prosaic:—

Each of us passes the night in pain,
As if our wedding-contract had scorched our skins;
My wife regrets her former husband,
And I regret my former wife.

Akhtal was much addicted to wine—a habit not very creditable to his religious tenets—which he imagined (or his biographer supposes so) was calculated to open in his mind veins of rich fancy and inspiration. "Drink," said he to the Musulman poet Mutawakkul, "and you will be the king of choice spirits." In one of his journeys to Damascus, he stopped at the house of Ebn Serhun, secretary of Abdalmalek. When the poet paid his respects to the caliph, the latter asked him where he had taken up his quarters. "At Ebn Serhun's," replied Akhtal. "Ah!" said Abdalmalek, "you know where you are well off. And what is your fare?" "Vermicelli bread," answered Akhtal, "like that you eat; the most delicate dishes and exquisite wines." "Do not you remember," returned Abdalmalek, with a smile, "how often I have been vexed with you on account of your passion for this odious liquor? Become Musulman and I will load you with favours." "But what shall I do for wine?" said Akhtal. "What charm can there be in that drink," exclaimed the caliph, "which has a bitter taste at first, and in the end plunges you into inebriety?" "Whatever you may say," replied Akhtal, "between the two extremes you mention, there is a point of delicious enjoyment, in comparison with which your whole empire has, in my eyes, no more value than a drop of water from the Euphrates."

Abdalmalek once requested Akhtal to recite some verses to him. "My throat is dry," said the poet; "let me have something to drink." "Bring him water," said the caliph to his attendants. "That is asses' drink," replied Akhtal; "besides, I have plenty of water at home." "Let him have some milk, then." "Milk!" exclaimed Akhtal; "I have been weaned a long time." "Give him some honey-water." "That is very good for a sick person." "What then do you wish for?" asked the caliph. "Some wine," was the answer. "What!" returned the prince, "am I in the habit of offering this accursed liquor to those whom I entertain? But for the esteem I feel for your talents, I should treat you as you deserve." Akhtal knew that, if the caliph himself observed faithfully the precept of the Mahomedan law, his household were less scrupulous; so he went out, and desired a servant of the palace to let him have some wine. He drank freely, and returned to the apartment in which Abdalmalek was, with heavy eyes and a reeling gait, and began to recite a panegyric on the house of Ommiya, which was one of his master-pieces. The caliph, observing the state he was in, directed a slave to take him by the hand and lead him home. Instead of manifesting anger against him, however, he gave him dresses of honour and a large sum of

money. "Every family," he observed, "has a poet to sing its glory; the bard of the Ommiyades is Akhtal."

The panegyric referred to acquired an astonishing celebrity, and even excited the envy of the caliphs of the Abbas dynasty. Its founder, Abul Abbas Seffah, when urged to hear a poet who had composed a piece in honour of his house, replied: "What can he say of us equal to what the son of the Christian has sung in honour of the children of Ommiya?" It is also reported, that Haroon al Rashid one day inquired of his courtiers which, in their opinion, was the finest poem that had been made in praise of the Ommiyades or Abbassides. A long discussion ensued, and judgments were divided. Haroon decided the question by observing that the most beautiful piece of this kind was that of Akhtal.

The caustic satire of this poet might have been the occasion of his ruin, in consequence of the circumstance of Abdalmalek, who was fond of listening to a trial of skill between rival poets, in his presence, furnishing his favourite with an opportunity of shining at the expense of a sensitive rival. This occurrence, which is connected with the events of a war between two numerous tribes, requires some details.

The Benu Taghleb, Akhtal's tribe, had killed, near the city of Takrit, one Omayr ben Khashab, of the family of the Benu Cays, a branch of the tribe of the Benu Bekr.* Tamim ben Khashab, brother of Omayr, undertook to avenge him, and implored the aid of all the Benu Bekr, whose chief was Zofar ben Hareth. The latter sent troops of horse to attack and plunder various families of Benu Taghleb domiciled in Syria, all of whom, who could not escape by flight, were massacred. Zofar marched in person against the Benu Taghleb who dwelt in Mesopotamia, and who, being informed of his design, resolved to quit their country and pass the Tigris, interposing this river as a barrier between them and their enemy. He pursued and came up with them near the Kohayl, a little river which falls into the Tigris, ten parasangs south of Moosul, at the moment when the fugitives were preparing to effect their passage. A furious battle took place; the Taghlebites were worsted; a vast number perished by the sword, and a still greater number were drowned in the Tigris. The victors gave no quarter, and carried their cruelty so far as to eviscerate the females. The war lasted several

* The animosity between the tribes of Taghleb and Bekr began near half a century prior to Mahomet. A war betwixt them lasted for forty years, ending about the period of the prophet's birth.

years, with various success, between the two parties, who practised equal barbarities upon each other. At length, in A.H. 73, after the death of Abdallah ben Zobayr, the feuds of the two families were composed. The descendants of Bekr and Taghleb ceased to trouble Mesopotamia and Syria with their contests, and their chiefs even associated together at the court of Abdalmalek. But this caliph, instead of cementing their union, by endeavouring to make them mutually forget their past dissensions, was so imprudent as to allow them to vaunt their feats of arms before him, and to listen to verses in which they were celebrated. On one of these occasions, Akhtal declaimed a poem, wherein he exalted his own tribe above all the others, and poured contempt upon its adversaries, particularly the Benu Cays. A warlike poet of this tribe, named Hajaf, who had been personally attacked in the verses of Akhtal, rose and was about to retire, but the caliph detained him, and made him promise he would do nothing that might revive the animosity between the tribes of Bekr and Taghleb. Hajaf pledged his word. Some days passed away, and Akhtal quitted Damascus to return to his family. Hajaf did not hesitate to violate the compulsory obligation he had entered into. He collected a thousand horsemen, and led them, without disclosing to them

his intentions, to Ressafeh, a place situated to the southward of the Euphrates, half a day's journey from that river. There he repeated to them the verses which Akhtal had recited before Abdalmalek, declared that he wished to take vengeance for them, and said: "We must either fight, or acquiesce in the dishonour with which this satire covers us; let those who have a heart come with me, and let the rest return home." All replied, "We will follow thee; our fate shall be thine!" They set off that very night, passed Sahim, a mile south of Ressafeh, and arrived before dawn at Ajenet Erroohub, near the valley of Bechr, inhabited by a Taghlebite family, where Akhtal then was. They fell upon this family in the obscurity of the night, and massacred all they met with, men, women, and children, perpetrating the most shocking brutalities upon pregnant women. A son of Akhtal was slaughtered in this assault, which is called "the Night of Bechr," and the poet himself fell into the hands of his enemies, and owed his safety to his presence of mind. He cried out that he was a slave of the tribe: as he was clad in a coarse woollen mantle, much worn, and as his person was not known by those who took him, they believed what he said, and let him go. Hajaf, after this expedition, ordered his companions to disperse. He took refuge

in the Greek provinces till the resentment of the caliph was appeased: Abdalmalek, at length, pardoned him at the intercession of the chiefs of the Benu Cays.

Akhtal, in the sequel, obtained from the caliph a slight revenge for the injuries which the chief of the Benu Bekr, Zofar ben Hareth, had inflicted upon the Taghlebites. Zofar, after being long in a state of rebellion (having espoused the cause of Abdallah ben Zobayr), submitted, and, being summoned to court, came to Karkissa, where it was held, with a safe-conduct. Abdalmalek received him with great regard, and made him sit beside him on his throne. Ebn Zilkela, a Musulman of distinction, entering the apartment, and seeing the place of honour occupied by Zofar, shed tears. Abdalmalek asked him the cause of his emotion. "Commander of the Faithful," replied he, "how can I refrain from bitter tears when I perceive this man, so late in revolt against you, whose sabre is still reeking with the blood of my family which has been shed in your service—this murderer of those I love—seated beside you on the throne, at the foot of which I am obliged to stand?" "If I have made him sit beside me," rejoined the caliph, "it is not because I wish to exalt him above you, but merely because his senti-

ments concur with mine, and his conversation is agreeable." Akhtal, who was at this moment *drinking* in another saloon of the palace, was informed of Zofar's reception by the caliph. "I will go," said he, "and strike a blow, which Ebn Zofar cannot parry." He instantly appeared before the caliph, and after fixing his eyes attentively upon him for some seconds, declaimed as follows:—

The sparkling juice that beams in my cup,
  Lifts to the skies the quaffer's soul:
The hero who three good bumpers will sup,
  With kindness warms, as he drains the bowl:
Lightly he swims, like a Koreish fair,
  Whilst flutters his robe in the wanton air.

"Abu Malek," exclaimed the caliph, "what do you mean by coming to recite these verses to me? What fancy have you got in your head now?" "Commander of the Faithful," replied Akhtal, "it is very true that many strange fancies do obtrude upon me when I see that man seated near you, upon your very throne, who said no longer ago than yesterday:—

Whilst grass grows o'er the victims of our steel,
Our vengeful souls the deadly feud shall feel.

At these words, Abdalmalek, exasperated, gave Zofar a kick in the chest, which tumbled him from the throne, exclaiming, "God extinguish that hatred in your soul!" "For heaven's sake, sire," said

Zofar as he fell, "remember your safe-conduct!" He confessed, afterwards, that he never thought himself so near his end.

Akhtal displayed the causticity of his wit chiefly against Jareer; but the latter, equally skilful with his adversary in barbing the epigram, never had recourse to violence for revenge. The following, according to the report of Abu Obeyda, is the origin of the poetic war which subsisted between these two poets during their whole life.

The fame of Jareer and Farazdak, both junior to Akhtal, began to extend throughout Irak about the same time that the Christian poet's renown was diffusing itself in Syria. Akhtal had often heard these rivals spoken of: not having yet become acquainted with their verses, he sent his son Malek into Irak, expressly to ascertain their merit, and to collect some of their productions. Malek proceeded upon his expedition, heard the poetry of Farazdak and Jareer, and returned to his father, who was impatient to learn his opinion of his two rivals. "I find," says Malek, "that Jareer draws from a sea, and that Farazdak cuts in a rock." "He who dips out of a sea," returned Akhtal, "is the greatest of the two:" and he made a verse, which is extant, wherein he assigns the superiority to Jareer.

Some time after, Akhtal went himself to Irak,

and visited Cufa, when Bashar ben Merwan, brother of the Caliph Abdalmalek, was governor of that country. Some friends of Farazdak, fearing that Akhtal, when he appeared before the prince, would eulogize Jareer and disparage Farazdak, sent him a thousand drachms, dresses, *wine*, and a mule, with this message: "Recite not your satire against Farazdak; direct your shafts against the dog who attacks the family of Darem. You have heretofore exalted Jareer above our friend; now place our friend above Jareer." Akhtal consented to the proposal. Without giving himself more concern than modern politicians about the inconsistency of his present with his former opinions, he composed some verses against Jareer, who replied with equal spirit; and from that time they never spared each other.

Some one spoke to Akhtal on the subject. "Let me give you a little advice," said the speaker. "You satirize Jareer, and take part against him in his disputes with Farazdak; what business have you to interfere between the combatants? You are guilty of imprudence in doing so. Jareer can say things which you are not permitted to retaliate. The abuse he can vent against the offspring of Rabia, you dare not retort upon the race of Modhar, in which the sovereignty resides, and which

gave birth to the prophet. Be ruled by me, therefore, and desist from contending with unequal arms against so redoubtable an adversary." "You are quite right," replied Akhtal; "but I vow, by the cross and the host, that I can always so restrict my attacks to the descendants of Koleib, that I shall not involve in the shame of ridicule which I cast upon them all the posterity of Modhar. Besides, be assured, that connoisseurs of good poetry care very little, when they enjoy a piquant satire, whether it is the production of a Musulman or a Christian."

Akhtal and Jareer kept up for a long time an interchange of sarcasms and assaults, but had never seen each other till they met by accident at Damascus, in the presence of Abdalmalek. Akhtal, who had entered first, hearing Jareer's name proclaimed when he was introduced, examined him with eager curiosity. Jareer perceived this, and inquired of the gazer who he was. "I am one," replied Akhtal, "who has often hindered you from sleeping, and has humbled your whole family." "Evil go with you, then, whoever you be," said Jareer; and turning to the caliph, asked who that man was. Abdalmalek, laughing, replied, "That man is Akhtal." Casting upon the Christian poet a look of ineffable scorn, Jareer addressed him thus: "May God withhold his blessing from thee, thou

son of an infidel! If thou hast kept me from sleep, it would have been better for thee had I rested peacefully, rather than, waking, have overwhelmed thee with my satires. Thou hast humbled my family, say'st thou? How can that be done by thee, offspring of a race devoted to shame and indignity—payers of hateful imposts? What humiliation can that noble family, whence have sprung caliphs and the prophet himself, receive from a vile slave?—Commander of the Faithful," continued he, addressing Abdalmalek, "allow me to recite a few verses against this Christian." The caliph, however, declined to hear them, and Jareer departed abruptly.

"Jareer," observed Akhtal to Abdalmalek, "has offered to write a panegyric upon you in three days. I have been a year composing one, and I am not satisfied with it yet." "Let me hear it," said the caliph. Akhtal obeyed. Abdalmalek, as he listened, drew himself up with an air of complacency, and was so intoxicated with the poet's praise, that he exclaimed, "Shall I publish a manifesto, proclaiming you to be the first of Arabian poets?" "No," replied Akhtal, with courtier-like modesty; "it is sufficient that the lips of the Prince of Believers have testified it." A large cup was at this moment standing before the caliph, who com-

manded that it should be filled with gold and presented to Akhtal. He, besides, caused him to be clad in a robe of honour, and attended by one of his officers, who proclaimed, with a loud voice—"Behold the poet of the Commander of the Faithful! Behold the greatest of Arabian poets!"

The favour which Akhtal found in the sight of Abdalmalek never failed him, and often excited the astonishment and jealousy of the Musulmans. Clothed in superb dresses of silk, his neck adorned with a chain of gold, and large grains of the pure virgin metal, the Christian poet entered familiarly the caliph's apartment, without previous announcement, and often (*proh pudor!*) with drops of wine upon his beard. Accustomed to the lavish bounty of Abdalmalek, he disdained inferior gifts. It is related that, one day, having recited to Prince Hasham some verses he had composed in his praise, the latter, as a mark of his satisfaction, gave the poet five hundred pieces of silver. Akhtal, considering the present a paltry one, disposed of the whole sum, as soon as he departed, in the purchase of apples, which he distributed amongst the children in the neighbourhood. The act was reported to Hasham, who merely remarked, "So much the worse for him; he injured nobody but himself."

Akhtal made frequent journeys to Cufa. The

descendants of Bekr Ebn Wayl, who resided in this city, received him with much respect, notwithstanding the memory of the feuds which had so long divided the tribes of Bekr and Taghleb. Out of regard for his merit, they often made him umpire in the differences which arose between them. Akhtal, upon these occasions, went to the mosque, where the parties laid the subject of their dispute before him, and his decision was received with implicit obedience. The honourable character which, in these circumstances, the deference of the Musulmans ascribed to him, and the high rank he occupied at the court of the caliph, formed a singular contrast with the austere manner in which he was treated (highly to their credit) by the Christian priests. These personages saw in him one who, besides his propensity to wine, was in the constant habit of offending Christian maxims by speaking ill of his neighbour. Akhtal submitted with humble resignation to the corporeal chastisement which the priests inflicted upon him for this sin: for, according to the author of the *Kitab al Aghani*, it was the custom of the Christian pastors of Arabia, at this time, to exercise a jurisdiction more than spiritual over their flocks. When any person, who had been attacked in the poet's epigrams, complained to the priests, they frequently made him

expiate the offence under the cudgel, which they applied to him without regard to his reputation.*

One day, he had been placed in confinement by his priest in the church at Damascus. A noble Musulman, named Eshak, happening to enter the edifice out of curiosity, Akhtal begged him to go to the priest, and obtain his pardon. Eshak consented, and went to the good pastor to solicit the poet's release. "He is a person unworthy of your intercession," replied the minister of the altar; "a wretch whose satires spare no character." He, nevertheless, yielded to the entreaties of Eshak, and went with him to the church. The priest, approaching Akhtal, lifted up his stick, and said, "Enemy of God, wilt thou again utter abuse against thy neighbour? Wilt thou still continue to persecute both sexes with thy wicked satires?" "I will never do it again," replied Akhtal, kissing the shoes of the priest. After this scene, Eshak left the church with Akhtal, to whom he could not help observing: "Abu Malek, every one esteems you, the caliph loads you with favours, you hold an exalted rank at court, and yet you humble yourself before this priest, and even kiss his feet!" "True," replied Akhtal; "behold what religion is: this is religion!"

* *Kitab al Aghani*, ii. 180.

Akhtal was long without a personal knowledge of Farazdak, whose champion he had been against Jareer. Farazdak, in the course of a journey through the country of the Benu Taghleb, presented himself incognito at the house of Akhtal, of whose hospitality he partook. Akhtal placed food before him, and observing, "I am a Christian and you a Musulman," asked him what drink he should offer him. "What you take yourself," replied Farazdak. During the repast, Akhtal occasionally repeated verses, and Farazdak took up the quotation instantly, and finished it. Akhtal, surprised to meet with a man whose poetical erudition was equal to his own, asked who he was. When Farazdak disclosed his name, Akhtal prostrated himself before him, an action which the other imitated, ashamed, as he afterwards acknowledged, that a person of such rare talent should rank himself below him. Akhtal summoned the people of his tribe, and announced to them that his guest was Farazdak. A vast number of camels were brought by them as a present to the poet-guest, which, next day, Farazdak distributed amongst the poor of the tribe, and went his way.

Akhtal died at an advanced age. When his last moments were approaching, some one asked him, "Abu Malek, have you no message to any one?"

"Tell Farazdak," said he, "to overwhelm Jareer and his family with ridicule:" showing "the ruling passion strong in death."

Abulfaraj, the author of the *Kitab al Aghani*, does not appear to place Akhtal on a level with Farazdak and Jareer: Abu Obeyda, Abu Amru Sheybani, and Hammad Arraweeh, elevate him above them. Akhtal himself made no scruple of claiming the first rank. According to Medayni, he said, "The tribe, in which poetic talent is most general, is that of the Benu Cays Ebn Thalabeh; the family, which reckons the most distinguished poets, is that of Abu Selma; and the best poet is the individual in my shirt."

Jareer, although his enemy, did him justice. When asked what he thought of the merits of Farazdak, Akhtal, and himself, he replied: "Farazdak, in contending with me, has undertaken a task which is too much for him. As to Akhtal, he has more boldness than either of us, and knows better how to wound his adversary in the tenderest parts." Upon another occasion, Jareer, dining with his son Nooh, was asked by the latter whether he thought himself superior to Akhtal. Jareer was troubled; he laid down the piece of food he had in his hand, whilst that in his mouth almost suffocated him. "My son," said he, "your ques-

tion has given me both pleasure and pain; pleasure, because it convinces me of the interest you take in the glory of your father; pain, because it awakens in me the remembrance of a man who is no more, and who has caused me many a pang. Know, my son, that, when I entered the lists with Akhtal, he had only one canine tooth left; if he had had two, he might have devoured me. But his age and his false religion gave me a double advantage over him."

The opinion of the celebrated grammarian, Yoonis, is cited in favour of Akhtal. He conceded to him the preference over his two rivals, because, said he, his poetry is in general more elaborate and more correct, and because he has composed most pieces of a certain length which are good from beginning to end, and in which no blemish can be discovered. Abu Obeyda declared that, after careful examination, he had found ten irreproachable poems in the works of Akhtal; after which might rank ten others very little inferior to the former: and that he knew but three of this character in the works of Jareer, and none in those of Farazdak.

The partizans of Akhtal further remark in his praise, that he has contrived to give pungency to his epigrams without in the slightest degree offend-

ing decency. He said justly of himself: "I never wrote a satire which a virgin might not have heard without a blush."

It is worthy of remark, that, though Ebn Khallican has dedicated long articles in his work to the history of Farazdak and Jareer, he has made no mention of Akhtal. The religion of this poet was no doubt the reason of his exclusion by the "faithful" biographer.

II.—FARAZDAK.

The name of the Arab poet Farazdak was Hammám ben Ghaleb ben Sasaa ben Mejasheh ben Darem ben Tamim. The word *farazdak* الفرزدق signifies, according to some, a large loaf dried in order that it may be crumbled; others say that it denotes the paste prepared for the purpose of making the loaf. Whichever may be the true signification, it appears that this nickname was given to the poet on account of the coarseness and ugliness of his features. He had also the surname of *Abú faras* ابو فراس a term applied to the lion, and which perhaps referred to the energy of his powers.

His grandfather Sasaa and his father Ghaleb were both highly esteemed. A few particulars respecting them will exhibit a picture of the manners of the age in which they lived.

Anterior to Islamism, a barbarous practice prevailed amongst the Arabs. Such as were poor and unprotected frequently buried their daughters alive, the moment they were born, in order to avoid the expense of rearing them and the shame which might come upon them if they should happen to be carried off and dishonoured by their enemies. Sasaa was celebrated for the generous philanthropy which impelled him to rescue a vast number of these innocent victims from death, whence he obtained the surname of *Muhyî al Mawúdát*, 'one who gives life to girls (condemned to be) buried alive.' He has himself left the following anecdote:—

"I presented myself one day before Mahomet. He proposed to me that I should embrace Islamism. I did so, and the prophet taught me some verses of the *Coran*. I then said to him: 'I have heretofore done certain actions, for which I desire to know whether God will reward me.' 'What are they?' Mahomet asked. 'I had lost,' I replied, 'two she-camels about to have young. I mounted a he-camel in order to seek for them. I perceived

a-far off two tents near to each other. I proceeded towards them, and found in one an old man, of whom I inquired whether he had seen two she-camels big with young, and near their time, with such and such marks. "They are here," he replied; "we have helped them in their labour; they give suck to their young ones, and their milk has been a great relief to a poor family allied to you by blood, for we are descendants of Modhar." Whilst he thus spake, a cry came from the adjoining tent, that the woman was delivered. "Of what sex is the child?" said the old man; "if it is a boy, we will divide our fare with him; if a girl, let her be buried." "It is a girl," cried the woman. "What!" said I to the father, "must she then die? Spare her, and I will be her purchaser." "Brother," replied he, "how can you make such a proposal to me, that I should sell my daughter? Have I not told you that I am an Arab of noble race, a descendant of Modhar?" "My object," I rejoined, "is not to require a property in her, and to possess her as a slave; I wish merely to redeem her life, and to prevent you from killing her."—"What will you give me?"—"My two she-camels and their young ones."—"This is not enough; I must have likewise the camel on which you ride."—"I agree, provided you let it carry

me to my family, and I will then return it to you." The bargain was struck, and I caused the Arab to swear that he would take care of his daughter. Proud of an act of beneficence, of which I had set the first example amongst the Arabs, I made a vow that, as often as I heard of a daughter being about to be buried alive by her father, I would redeem her at the price of two she-camels just delivered, and a he-camel. From that time till the moment when this custom was abolished by Islamism, I have redeemed three hundred and sixty young girls. Have I thereby merited any favour from heaven?' Mahomet replied: 'Thou hast done a good and meritorious deed, and God has this day rewarded thee for it, in granting thee the happiness of embracing the Musulman faith.'"

With respect to Ghaleb, he was cited as a model of liberality, a virtue which the Arabs prize above all others, and regard as the peculiar attribute of their nation.

Three men of the tribe of Kelb had laid a wager respecting the comparative generosity of certain families descended from Tamim and Bekr. They agreed amongst them to select certain individuals out of these families, to whom they would successively make a request: the person who should grant it at once, without inquiring who they were,

was to be declared the most generous. Each of the three pointed out a person to be subjected to the experiment. Their choice fell upon Omayr, of the family of Shaiban; Thalabeh, of that of Mankar; and Ghaleb, of that of Mejasheh. They went first to Omayr, whom they besought to give them a hundred camels. "Who are ye?" said Omayr. Without replying, they withdrew, and proceeded to Thalabeh. Receiving the same question from him, they went to Ghaleb, and asked him for a hundred camels. Ghaleb gave them what they asked immediately, and slaves to take care of them besides, without asking them a single question. They retired, and next day returned the camels.

In the caliphat of Osman, a famine raging at Cufa, where Ghaleb then resided, most of the inhabitants quitted the city and took up their abode in the country. The Benu Handala, of whom Ghaleb was chief, and the Benu Rīah, whose chief was Sahim, son of Wathil, happened to meet together in a spot called Sawar, in the neighbourhood of Samawa, in the territory of the Benu Kelb, a day's journey from Cufa. Ghaleb killed a camel for the repast of his own people; he boiled the flesh, and distributed porringers of soup amongst the principal members of his family. He sent likewise a porringer to Sahim, who threw it on the ground,

and beat the servant who brought it, saying: "Am I in want of any of Ghaleb's meal? If he kills a camel, I will kill one too." And he accordingly slaughtered a camel for food for his family. Thenceforward, the two chiefs vied with each other. Next day, Ghaleb killed two camels; Sahim did the same. The third day, Ghaleb killed three; Sahim slew the same number. The fourth day, Ghaleb slaughtered a hundred camels. Sahim, who had not brought so many with him, killed none, and conceived a bitter enmity against his rival.

When the famine ceased at Cufa, and the people had returned, the Benu Rīah said to Sahim: "You have brought upon us an indelible disgrace. Why did you not kill as many camels as Ghaleb"? Sahim alleged as an excuse the impossibility, under the circumstances in which he was placed, of imitating his rival. Soon after, however, in order to obliterate the memory of his defeat, and to signalize his generosity, he caused three hundred camels to be slaughtered, and invited every one without distinction to partake of the feast. Some scrupulous persons, however, consulted Ali, son of Abutaleb, then at Cufa, as to whether religion permitted an acceptance of this invitation. Ali replied by formally prohibiting the eating of the flesh of these camels, "because," said he, "it is ostentation

and pride that has induced Sahim to slay them, and not the laudable desire of offering to his fellow-creatures the necessary sustenance of life." In consequence of this decision, the flesh of the three hundred camels was thrown into the receptacle of the filth of the city, and became the food of dogs and ravens. Sahim thus failed in his object, and Ghaleb triumphed.

Farazdak was born at Bassorah, in the latter years of the caliphat of Omar ben Khattab; and in the reign of Osman, he began to make himself known by his satirical verses. He may have been fifteen or sixteen years of age when his father presented him to the caliph Ali, in the city of Bassorah, shortly after the "Day of the Camel," or the decisive victory gained by Ali, before Bassorah, over Talha and Zobayr.* "My son," said Ghaleb, "notwithstanding his youth, is one of the poets of Modhar." "Make him study the *Coran*," replied Ali; "that will be better for him." This remark made an impression upon young Farazdak. When he returned to his father's house, he tied his feet together, and vowed he would not untie them till he had learnt the *Coran* by heart. It is not said whether he fulfilled his vow.

* Ayesha, the favourite wife of Mahomet, was in the army of the rebels, mounted on a camel; this circumstance originated the name given to this celebrated battle.

A few years after, in the beginning of the reign of Moawiyah, he lost his father, whose virtues he commemorated in an elegy still extant. Farazdak always retained a deep veneration for the memory of his father; he paid a sort of worship, out of the abundance of filial love and respect, at his tomb, and every one who invoked his aid in the name of Ghaleb was sure of his espousing his interests. There are several verses of Farazdak, in the *Kitáb al Aghani*, or Book of Songs, which relate to acts of beneficence done towards persons who pitched their tents near the grave of Ghaleb, in order to avail themselves of the charity of his son.

About the middle of the reign of Moawiyah, Farazdak, whose talents were now in high esteem, was obliged to quit Bassorah, his native place, in order to elude a peril in which his satirical vein had involved him. He had launched some bitter epigrams against the families of Fakim and Nehshel, who complained to the governor of Irak, then resident at Bassorah. This governor was Zyad, an illegitimate son of Abu Sofyan, but whom the caliph Moawiyah had acknowledged as his brother, in spite of his defect of birth, by reason of his distinguished merit. Zyad had a great regard for some members of the two families attacked by Farazdak, and wished to seize and punish the poet,

who, aware of Zyad's severity, fled, and sought an asylum at first amongst the descendants of Bekr ebn Wayl, at Cufa. Soon after, not thinking himself secure enough, he quitted Irak and went into Hejjaz. He proceeded to Medina, and was well received by the governor, Sayd ben Elassy, one of the editors of the *Coran*, under Osman, and the conqueror of Jorjan and Tabaristan. In this city, Farazdak gave himself up to wine, the society of singing women, and the intrigues of gallantry. He nevertheless did not lose the favour of Sayd, whose kindness he artfully contrived to fascinate by his encomiums. He had one day recited to him these verses:—

> In critical periods and moments of alarm,
> The noblest personages of Koreish blood
> Stand around Sayd,
> Their eyes fixed on him, as on a star of power.

Merwan ben Hakem, afterwards caliph, who was of Koreish extraction, was present. Following Farazdak, when he went out, he said to him jokingly: "Abu-faras, instead of making us stand (*wukuf*), you might as well have let us sit down (*kahwud*)."* "By no means," replied Farazdak.

* In fact قعودا 'sitting,' may be substituted for وقوفا 'standing,' without injury to the metre, in the verses, which are inserted in the *Kitâb al Aghani*, iv. 231.

"I placed all of you, and especially yourself, in the posture which becomes you." Merwan was piqued at this reply, and did not forget it.

A short time after, Sayd was deposed, and Merwan, being appointed in his place, waited an opportunity of taking vengeance for the sarcasm, when Farazdak published a poem, wherein he boasted of a love-adventure, relating that, to escape observation, on leaving his mistress, he had let himself down by cords from a prodigious height. The pious Musulmans were shocked. Merwan summoned Farazdak into his presence, and reproaching him for circulating such verses in a city inhabited by wives of the prophet, commanded him to quit Medina in three days. Nevertheless, that he might not make him his enemy, Merwan gave him a letter of credit on one of his lieutenants for 200 dinars. Farazdak received a like sum from Hossein, the son of Ali. He was proceeding towards Mecca, when he learned the death of Zayd, which permitted him to return to Bassorah, where he secured his peaceable reception by some verses in honour of Obaydallah, son of Zayd.

Farazdak was much attached to the family of Ali, from whom Moawiyah wrested the caliphat. When Hossein, relying upon the favourable disposition of the people of Irak, undertook to vindi-

cate his claims, and quitted Mecca to go to Cufa, he met Farazdak, who was on his way from the latter place. Asking the news, Farazdak said to him: "Son of the prophet, hearts are for you, and hands are against you." "How can that be?" exclaimed Hossein; "I have a camel-load of letters written by the inhabitants of Cufa, inviting and conjuring me to appear amongst them."

After the day of Kerbela, in which Hossein perished, Farazdak remarked: "If the Arabs avenge him, their prosperity and glory will be eternal; if they remain passive and indifferent, God will send them nothing but humiliations to the end of time."

The adventures of Farazdak with Nawar, and his literary rivalship with Jareer, constitute the most prominent incidents of his life.

Nawar, daughter of Ayan-ben-Sosaa, was cousin-germain of Farazdak. She had lost her father, when she was demanded in marriage by a young man of the family of the Benu Abdallah ebn Darem. Her suitor being agreeable to her, she requested her cousin to conclude the marriage on her part. Farazdak declined undertaking the office of guardian except upon one condition, namely, that Nawar would swear to accept the husband he should provide her. Nawar took the oath in pre-

sence of witnesses, and the two families were invited to the marriage-ceremony. The relations of the bridegroom, who, according to some accounts, had employed the procuration of Farazdak,* flocked in such numbers that they filled the mosque of the Benu Mejasheh at Bassorah. When all were assembled, Farazdak stepped forward, and began by offering thanks to God. He then proceeded "You, who are here present, know that Nawar is under a sworn engagement to adopt the choice I shall make for her. Be then witness of this choice. The husband I give her is *myself*. I have a better title than any other to be her husband. I propose to give as a nuptial present a hundred she-camels, of a reddish slate-colour, and with black eyes."

Nawar, exasperated at this trick, endeavoured to get the marriage dissolved; but she could find no cadi in Bussorah who would consent to pronounce a divorce between her and Farazdak, not a single individual of those who could prove that she had been cheated having the courage to give such testimony: the dread of becoming the object of the poet's satire sealed their lips. Nawar, nevertheless,

* Musulman marriages are commonly contracted by procurators, or go-betweens. The bride and bridegroom are represented by their fathers, guardians, or attornies. A father or guardian may represent both the parties to be married; the woman as her guardian; the man as his attorney or agent.

persisted in refusing to acknowledge Farazdak as her husband, and took refuge from him amongst the Benu Kays ebn Asem. Farazdak revenged himself on this family, for the protection they afforded to his wife, by composing some verses against the Benu Kays, so bitter, that they threatened to kill him if he added a word more. He thereupon ceased his attacks; but he had attained his end, for Nawar was compelled to quit this asylum. She sought refuge in another family, from which Farazdak expelled her by the same means. He directed the shafts of his satire against all the families in succession who received Nawar, pursuing her from place to place, yet without being able to overcome her repugnance.

Nawar, finding that no house in Bassorah could afford her an asylum, resolved to leave it, and fly to Abdallah ebn Zobayr, who then commanded in Hejjaz and Irak, and claimed the title of caliph; but no one would undertake to conduct her, through fear of incurring the resentment of Farazdak. She at length appealed to the Benu Nazir, a family allied to her own, conjuring them by the ties of blood to become her protectors. Yielding to her entreaties and those of her mother, they consented to convey her to Mecca, where Abdallah ebn Zobayr resided.

Farazdak was soon informed of the circumstances

of her departure. He instantly made an appeal to the generosity of some inhabitants of Bassorah, who furnished him with camels, provisions, and money for his journey, and he set off in pursuit of his fugitive wife, vowing vengeance against those who had facilitated her escape. Some verses which he made on this occasion, and which are preserved in the Book of Songs, contain a peculiarly forcible and characteristic image, too coarse, however, for modern (or rather European) ears:—

وان الذي امسي يخبب زوجتي
كماشٍ الي أسد الشري يستبيلها

Nawar, having reached Mecca before her husband, went to the wife of Abdallah ebn Zobayr, named Khauleh, daughter of Manzoor, and placed herself under her protection. Farazdak arrived soon after. His reputation had preceded him, and he was sought with eagerness by all. He took up his residence with the sons of Abdallah, who were delighted in listening to his verses and enjoying his conversation: the good opinion of Hamza especially he gained by flattering his vanity. Supported by their influence, he urged Abdallah to oblige Nawar to be reconciled to him. The Amir ap-

peared at first disposed to listen to the urgent solicitations of his children; but his wife, who had great influence over him, and commiserated Nawar's condition, induced him to change his intention.

He one day replied to the entreaties of Farazdak thus: "Why do you persist in your pursuit of Nawar, since she repels you? Return scorn for scorn, and renounce your claim to her." Farazdak, finding that Abdallah took part against him, testified his dissatisfaction in no measured terms. Abdallah, who was hasty, lost his temper, and exclaimed: "Most contemptible of men, who art thou that darest to use this language? Are not thy family, the Benu Tamim, a banished race?" He ordered him to be put out of doors, and turning to the persons present at this scene, he observed: "A hundred and fifty years before Islamism, the Benu Tamim had the presumption to take the temple of Mecca and consign it to pillage. The Arabs united to punish them for this unexampled profanation, and they were banished from the country of Tahama"—wherein Mecca is situated. Farazdak, who openly declared that Abdallah advised him to repudiate his wife, merely that he might have her to himself, vented his mortification in sundry epigrams against Abdallah, amongst which is the following:—

His son's request he will not heed,
  But trusts a woman's tale:
So, naked suitresses will speed,
  Where well-dressed suitors fail.

Abdallah heard of this sarcasm, which excited in him a deep and bitter resentment. Leaving his house on the first day of the *Zū'l hijjah* (the month when the pilgrims assemble at Mecca), clothed in his ceremonial habit, in order to discharge his religious functions, he perceived Farazdak at the door of the mosque. As he passed close to the poet, he seized him by the neck, and bent his head down between his knees. After thus humbling him, Abdallah entertained an idea of effectually escaping his satire in future, and offered Nawar to rid her of her husband for ever, either by exiling him to an enemy's country, or by putting him to death on some pretext or other. Nawar rejected this proposal. "Well," replied Abdallah, "this man is your cousin and loves you; do you wish me to sanction your union?"

Farazdak, even whilst he was employing the mediation of the sons of Abdallah with the Amīr, did not neglect pleading his own cause with Nawar, to whom he addressed many verses calculated to conciliate her towards himself and to disgust her with the person who had demanded her in mar-

riage. Whether the danger, to which she perceived from the sentiments of Abdallah that Farazdak was exposed, had excited an interest towards him in the bosom of Nawar; or whether she was flattered by the constancy with which she was sought by a man so justly celebrated; or whether, lastly, she surrendered because she was fairly worn out, certain it is, she consented to recognise Farazdak as her husband.

Abdallah, consequently, confirmed their union: but, prior to its consummation, he insisted that Farazdak should pay Nawar ten thousand drachms, as the value of the nuptial gift he had promised. Farazdak did not possess this sum, and knew not how to raise it in a place where he was a stranger. He inquired whether there was any person at Mecca generous enough to advance him so much, and was advised to apply to Salem ebn Zayd, who was then in prison by command of Abdallah. Farazdak got introduced to him, stated to him the reliance he had placed on his liberality, and recited some verses in his praise. Salem said: "The sum you ask is at your service, and I will add a like amount for your current expenses." He, in fact, presented the poet instantly with twenty thousand drachms. Oomm Osman, Salem's wife, blamed him for this, observing: "Are you in a condition to give away in

this manner twenty thousand drachms, whilst you are yourself a prisoner?" The reply of Salem is contained in the following verses, preserved in the Book of Songs:—

My silly wife condemned the liberal deed,
And wished me to become a greedy churl.
The base suggestion I indignant spurned:
"Shall one like me repel the suppliant's prayer?
Perish such counsel! Let me still give scope
To generous nature, and diffuse my stores.
Welcome the guest at all hours! Shall my sire,
So hospitable, have a niggard son?
Why seek to hoard? Can wealth prolong our span?
No more than prodigality curtail."

Farazdak forwarded the nuptial present to Nawar, and was admitted to the rights of a husband. But peace did not long endure between them. They quitted Mecca for Bassorah, travelling together, on the same camel, in a *muhmil*, that is, each placed in a kind of pannier on either side of the camel, a mode of travelling still customary in Arabia. During the journey, Nawar was in perpetual altercation with her opposite companion, because, she, being a woman of strict virtue and devoted to piety, could not endure the irreligious sentiments of Farazdak. The latter, impatient apparently at discovering that he had married a severe censor, took a second wife on the way, a

Christian, named Hadra, daughter of Zayk ebn Bestan, belonging to a family of nomade Arabs called the Benu Kays ebn Khaled, which was a branch of the tribe of Shayban, and of which the famous Khaled was the founder. Farazdak contracted to give a hundred camels as a nuptial present.

Young Hadra, like most Bedouin females, who lead an active and frugal life, was deficient in that sort of beauty which consists in roundness of shape. Nawar, on the contrary, having being educated in the softness and luxury of cities, was amply endowed with this species of attraction, upon which she set a high value. She was, therefore, doubly piqued, by the wrong inflicted upon her and by the bad taste of her husband. "Can you think," said she, "of giving a hundred camels to obtain the hand of a Bedouin, with soiled feet and lean and scraggy limbs?" Farazdak replied, with a cutting allusion to the servile condition of Nawar's mother, that "the woman who reckoned Salil and Abu Sahma amongst her ancestors, and who descended from Khaled, is far worthier of a rich nuptial present than one whose infancy was cradled in

* The Mahomedan law, which does not permit a Christian or a Jew to marry a female Musulman, forbids not the marriage of a Musulman with a Jewess or Christian woman.

the lap of slavery." In the following verses, he thus exalts Hadra and depreciates Nawar:—

> Oh, lovely wand'rer, who, the tent beneath,
> Art fanned by zephyr's cool and fragant breath,
> An antelope to me, or precious pearl,
> Or fleecy cloud, art thou, oh, charming girl!
> How much thy fairy form yon mass outvies,
> That's drowned in sweat unless the quick fan plies.

To revenge herself, Nawar appealed to the poet Jareer, whom she entreated to make verses against Hadra. Jareer revenged her, but death did it more effectually, for Hadra died soon after. Farazdak had left her in his family, and proceeded to claim of the generosity of Hajjaj the means of paying the nuptial present. Hajjaj reproached him: "How," said he, "have you promised a hundred camels for a Christian wife?" "Oh," returned Farazdak, "what is a hundred camels to a man so liberal as you?" Hajjaj, after some difficulty, gave him the sum requisite to purchase the camels, and Farazdak commenced his journey to rejoin his new wife. Whilst on the road, he had a presentiment of her death, and when he arrived at the habitation of the Benu Kays ebn Khaled, the relations of Hadra met Farazdak, and announced to him the intelligence. He declined availing himself of his claim to a moiety of her property, and even gave the parents of Hadra the whole of the nuptial present.

The death of Hadra did not re-establish harmony betwixt Farazdak and Nawar; jars and reconciliations alternately succeeded each other. Nawar was always reproaching Farazdak with the deception he had practised upon her, and she at last refused to live with him. Farazdak upon this took another wife, named Johaymeh or Haymeh, of the family of the Yarabiyah, part of the tribe of Nemr ebn Kasit. But he was obliged to repudiate her on account of his mother-in-law, Hamidha, taking an aversion to him, and exciting dissensions between his wife and him. He dismissed her, he said, "without a sigh of regret."

Nawar employed prayers and reproaches, every means in her power, to induce Farazdak to release her; and he at length consented to a divorce, on condition that she stipulated never to leave him, to sleep no where but in his house, to contract no new marriage, and to consign to him the management of her property. Nawar agreed to every thing. She merely required that Farazdak should declare the repudiation in presence of Hassan al Basry. They both proceeded separately to Hassan's house. Farazdak brought only two friends: Nawar took care to be attended by a number of witnesses, who, however, were concealed from the view of Farazdak. Hassan inquired of the couple what they

wanted with him. Farazdak said: "Be witness that Nawar is repudiated thrice;" that is, irrevocably, for the Mahomedan law, which permits a husband to take back his wife after a first and second repudiation, does not allow it after a third, except under a condition, which is equivalent to a positive prohibition; namely, the woman must marry another man, and this new marriage must be consummated and afterwards dissolved, either by the death or with the consent of the second husband.

On leaving the house of Hassan al Basry, Farazdak said to one of his companions, named Abu Shafkal, "I am sorry for what I have done." "It is too late now," replied his friend. Farazdak had several daughters and five or six sons by Nawar.

The appeal made by Nawar to Jareer, and the professional jealousy which subsisted between this poet and Farazdak, gave birth to numberless satires, in which each abused the person, the family, and the friends of his adversary. These satires have been collected in a volume, which bears the title of *Annakáiz*, 'Contradictions,' that is, poems written in reply to each other. The attack and reply are in the same measure and the same rhymes.

Khaled ben Kelthum, of the tribe of Kelb, had collected some of the poems of Farazdak and Jareer.

The former, hearing this, invited Khaled to visit him; the invitation was accepted with some apprehension. Khaled talked to Farazdak about his father Ghaleb, and carried on a conversation calculated to please him. Farazdak requested him to recite some of the epigrams which Jareer had written against him, and when Khaled had done so, "Now," said the poet, "repeat my replies." Khaled acknowledged that he did not know them. "How!" cried Farazdak, "have you learnt by heart what my enemy has written against me, and not what I have written in reply? By heaven! I will launch my satires against the children of Kelb, and cover them with ridicule to the end of the world, unless you stay with me till you have copied out all my replies to Jareer, committed them to memory, and can repeat them to me." Khaled consented, in fear; Farazdak retained him a whole month, and did not liberate him till he was able to repeat all his answers to Jareer.

A young poet, of the tribe of the Benu Haram, was bold enough to make verses against Farazdak. His relatives, alarmed at his imprudence, carried him to Farazdak, saying, "This young man is at your disposal; cut off his beard, cudgel him, do what you please with him; we shall not cherish any animosity against you, nor any desire of

revenge." Farazdak replied, that he was satisfied with observing how much they dreaded his resentment.

. Much as his pride was flattered with this incident, it was equally mortified by the remark of a village chief. "Abufaras," said he, "if you write a satire against me, shall I die?" "No."—"Will it cause my daughter's death?" "No."—"Why then, a fig for you! Abufaras." Farazdak confessed he was so disconcerted by this piece of effrontery, that he had not a word to say for himself.

Few, indeed, ventured thus to brave him, or even to withhold their tribute of esteem for his talents, without paying dearly for their temerity. He was one morning in a mosque at Medina, with a friend named Ibrahim and the poet Kathir. They were discoursing on literary topics, and repeating verses to each other, when a young man came up, and without offering to salute them, inquired rudely, "which of you is Farazdak?" Ibrahim, supposing the individual to be of the family of Koreish, and, not wishing, on this account, to reprehend his want of courtesy too sharply, contented himself with saying: "Do you treat with such little respect the most illustrious of the Arabs, the prince of their poets?" "I should not have acted thus," replied

he, "if Farazdak was really the prince of poets." "Who art thou?" asked Farazdak. "I am," he continued, "one of the Ansarians; I am of the family of Najar; in short, I am the son of Abubekr ebn Mohammed. I hear you pretend to be the chief of Arabian poets. The descendants of Modhar compliment you with this title; but a poet of our tribe, Hassan ben Thabet, has composed some verses, which I wish to repeat to you: I will give you a year to compose as good. If you succeed, I will acknowledge you to be the greatest of poets; if not, you are a quack—a plagiary—usurping the rank you affect to occupy."

The Ansarian recited the ode of Hassan and went his way. Farazdak rose in great dudgeon, and departed, dragging the skirt of his cloak along the ground, and not knowing whither he went, so great was his vexation. His two companions said to each other, "Confound this Ansarian! But what beauty, what force, in the verses he recited!" They talked of the adventure the whole day. Next morning, they met together at the same mosque, and resumed the conversation of the preceding day. "I should like to know," said Kathir, "what Farazdak has been doing since yesterday." He had scarcely spoken, when Faraz-

dak appeared, clad in a superb dress. He sat down, and inquired of his friends, whether they had seen the Ansarian again. They replied, they had not, and bestowed epithets upon the young coxcomb which denoted their anger towards him. "Heaven confound the fellow!" said Farazdak; "no one ever wounded me more keenly, and never did I hear finer poetry. When I left you yesterday, I went home, and set my mind on the rack, essaying one kind of composition after another, to as little purpose as if I had never known how to write a verse. So this morning, at break of day, I saddled my camel, and leading her by the bridle, I got upon mount Reyyan, where I invoked with loud cries my familiar spirit.* My imagination was soon heated; my breast was like a vase in which water was boiling. I did not quit the spot till I had written a piece of 113 verses."

At this juncture, the young Ansarian appeared, and saluting Farazdak, observed ironically: "I do not come to hurry you; I require nothing of you till a year has elapsed. I merely wish to know

* In the lives of Farazdak and Jareer, several traces occur of this belief in spirits furnishing poets with inspirations. An incident, in which one of the two rivals had discovered the verses composed by the other on a given subject, gave rise to the remark that "their demon was the same."

how you have passed the time since our interview of yesterday." "Sit down and you shall hear," replied Farazdak, who recited his production, in which he celebrated the praises of Hadra, his wife, and his own family. When he had finished, the Ansarian rose in confusion, and departed without saying a word. His father, Abubekr, soon appeared, accompanied by several persons of distinction amongst the Ansarians. "Abufaras," said he, addressing Farazdak, "you know who we are; you are aware of the respect which Mussulmans are enjoined by the prophet to entertain for us. A silly youth of our family, we know, has been rash enough to offer you a challenge. We conjure you, in God's name, to remember the injunction of the prophet, and to pardon this young man and us for the fault he has committed, and not to make us the objects of your satire." Ibrahim and Kathir united their entreaties to the old man's; Farazdak yielded, and his promise to spare the family of Abubekr was received with gratitude as a boon.

The charge of plagiarism uttered by the young man was not, however, without foundation. The very piece, whereby Farazdak conquered the suffrage of his detractor, contained a proof of it, in a plagiary committed on the poet Jamil. Farazdak pillaged without scruple thoughts and verses which

he found available in the works of poets of inferior reputation to himself. He was accustomed to say of plagiarism, that "the best robbery was that for which the robber incurred no risk of losing his hand."

The Arabian poets in general subsisted on the liberality of the great. In the opinion of the nation, there was no disgrace in soliciting presents; it was disgraceful not to pay for praise. Farazdak could revenge himself for a refusal by epigrams, to which no one dared to expose himself, and thus he levied contributions on all to whom he addressed his poetical encomiums.

One year, when famine prevailed at Medina, Farazdak arrived there. The inhabitants, uneasy at this visit, sent a deputation to Omar ben Abdalaziz, the governor, to say, "The famine which afflicts the country has ruined us all. None of us have any thing to give to a poet. We pray you to offer Farazdak a sum sufficient to satisfy him, and forbid him to praise or censure any of the inhabitants of Medina." Omar conveyed this intimation to Farazdak with a present of 4,000 drachms. Shortly after, Farazdak passed the house of Abdallah ben Amru, who was seated on a bench near his door, clothed in a tunic of red silk and a cloak of the same fabric. Farazdak stopped,

and turning towards him recited some verses, in which he compared Abdallah's father and mother, as well as himself, to stars glittering in the sky. Abdallah, captivated by this piece of flattery, took off mantle, tunic, and turban, and gave them to the poet, with 10,000 drachms besides. The circumstance was communicated to Omar, who punished Farazdak by expelling him from Medina.

A libertine and a cynic, sporting with the honour of women of spotless character, Farazdak joined to his reputation of a great poet that of an immoral and evil-minded man. The aged Abu Horaira, one of the companions of Mahomet, said to him one day, "your body is very weak and delicate; it is ill-calculated to sustain the torments of hell-fire. Be advised by me, and do not delay repentance." Farazdak, however, continued incorrigible all his life.

He observed one day to Hassan al Basry, who was a grave and austere person, wholly devoted to the study and practice of religion, and indifferent to the charms of poetry, "I have written a satire against the devil; listen to it." "I care not for your verses," replied Hassan. "You shall hear my satire from beginning to end," rejoined Farazdak, "or I will publish to the world, that Hassan forbids speaking ill of the devil." "Hold your peace," said the pious doctor; "it is the devil himself who speaks by your mouth."

Towards the end of Abdalmalek's reign, at the age of nearly seventy, Farazdak performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and manifested on this occasion, in a striking manner, his devotedness to the family of Ali. In the opinion of Ebn Khallican, this honourable trait effaces all the errors of his life, and gives him a title to paradise.

Hasham, son of the caliph, was at Mecca that year. He had made the customary tours of the Caaba, and was trying to get near the Black Stone. But the crowd of pilgrims was so dense, that he could not force his way through them. Whilst waiting till the number diminished, he set up a kind of scaffold, on which he stood and surveyed the animated spectacle before him. Near him were several of the chief persons of Damascus who had accompanied him in his journey. The imam Zayn al Abedin, son of Hosseyn, son of Ali, came up at this moment, to fulfil the duties prescribed by the faith. He was a man of fine figure, and his whole appearance was peculiarly striking and attractive. He performed the seven tours, and then came towards the Black Stone to touch and kiss it, when all gave way and opened a passage for him. A Syrian in Ḥasham's suite asked, "Who is this man to whom so much respect is paid?". "I do not know," said Hasham, who was afraid lest this senti-

ment of veneration for a personage belonging to a rival family to that of Ommiyah should be communicated to the Syrians. "I know who he is," exclaimed Farazdak, who was near the place; and he immediately *improvised* some verses highly encomiastic towards the family of Ali, which so excited the wrath of Hasham, that the poet was thrown into prison. Zayn al Abedin sent him 12,000 drachms, which he declined, observing, "What I said in his favour was to please God, not to obtain a present." Zayn al Abedin replied: "I am of a family which never takes back what has been once given." Upon this Farazdak accepted the money. Whilst in prison, he levelled his satire against Hasham, who, instead of being exasperated, set him at liberty.*

Preserving, till the very end of his long career, the causticity of his satire, Farazdak drew upon himself, towards the close of his life, the enmity of Khaled ben Abdallah, governor of Irak for the caliph Hasham. He had criticised some of the acts of Khaled, and had ridiculed a canal which he had

* Ebn-Khallican, art. *Farazdak* The *Aghani*, iv. 240. According to Doulet Shah, it was not Hasham, but his father Abdulmalek himself, who was performing the pilgrimage at Mecca, and to whom Farazdak recited the verses. Being cast into prison by order of the caliph, Farazdak remained there till the accession of his successor, Walid.

cut in the city of Waset, and called *Al Mabarek*, 'the blessed;' Farazdak, in an epigram, named it *Al Nahr asshūm*, 'the canal of misfortune.' This verse, passing from mouth to mouth, soon reached the ears of Khaled, who was at Cufa. He wrote immediately to Malek, the head of police at Bassorah, directing him to seize Farazdak, and send him to Cufa. The order was obeyed. A little before this, Khaled, who was of an extremely vindictive character, had caused a person of distinction, named Omar ben Yazid, to be assassinated in prison, and had afterwards circulated a report, that this person had committed suicide by sucking a poisoned ring. But the truth could not escape the suspicions of the world. Farazdak, alluding to the fate of Omar, cried out to all whom he met in the way, and in the hearing of the soldiers who escorted him, "Be witness that I have no ring!" Happily for him, when he reached Cufa, Khaled had set out on the pilgrimage to Mecca, and left his son Assad in charge of the government during his absence. By another chance, equally fortunate, Jareer was then at Cufa; and he had some influence with Assad, which he exerted in behalf of his rival. Assad pardoned Farazdak at his request, testifying at the same time his astonishment that he should intercede for a man whom he loved so little. Jareer

replied: "That is an additional humiliation to him."

Soon after recovering his liberty, Farazdak called at the house of a rich and powerful grandee, named Belal ben Abuderdeh, to whom he recited a poem in honour of his family. Belal, when he heard it, exclaimed, "All is over with you, Abufaras." "Why so?" cried the affrighted poet. "Yes, yes," returned Belal; "your genius is extinct. What a contrast between these verses and those you composed formerly in praise of Sayd, Abbas, and others!" "Show me," replied the sarcastic poet, "that you have a character comparable to theirs, and I will extol you in verses equal to those with which they inspired me." This repartee caused Belal so violent a fit of rage, that he was obliged to call for a basin of cold water, and dip his hands in it for some time, in order to calm his temper. He wanted to punish Farazdak, but his friends advised him to forego his intention, representing that it would be beneath him to chastise an old man, who had very few days to live. In fact, Farazdak died in the course of the same year.

He still travelled in the desert, notwithstanding his advanced age, when he was attacked by a pleurisy, or an internal abscess. He was conveyed to Bassorah. A physician recommended him to

drink white naphtha. On his son Labta presenting him a glass, he said: "It is rather premature, my son, to give your father the beverage of the damned (*sharāb-i-ahlu'n'nār*)."

During his illness, he made a will, by which he enfranchised his slaves and bequeathed a small sum to each of them. When he felt his end approaching, he called all his household around him, and recited these verses to them:—

> Tell me, when speech forsakes this tongue, and when
> Your hands have scattered dust upon my grave,
> Who can supply my place to you, who shield
> Your heads from harm with a protector's care?

"God," said one of the slaves. Upon which Farazdak, piqued, expunged the legacy he had left him, and ordered him to be sold forthwith.

Authorities differ a little as to the date of Farazdak's death; their accounts vary on this point from A.H. 110 to A.H. 116. But it appears certain that he did not live less than ninety-five to one hundred years. He was buried at Bassorah.

According to Abulfaraj Esfabani, the author of the *Kitáb al Aghani*, the opinion of the best judges of poetry was, that Farazdak possessed a knowledge of the secrets of the art, of the delicacies of the Arabic tongue and its infinite resources, in a higher degree than any other poet of his time. This

induced the celebrated grammarian Yunis ben Habib to say that, "without the verses of Farazdak, one-third of the Arabic language would be lost."

III.—Jareer.

Jareer, son of Ahtíyeh ben Khatfí, was born in the reign of Ali. His family, the Benu Kolayb, was a branch of the great tribe of Tamim, whose origin is traced to Modhar. After the birth of his first son, he had the surname of Abu Hazra, 'father of Hazra.' He received also the epithet of Al Basry, not that Bassorah was really his native place, but because he resided more frequently in that city than anywhere else.

Abu Obeyda relates that Jareer's mother, when pregnant with him, dreamed that she was delivered of a rope of black horse-hair, which was endued with motion, and twisting itself round the neck of various persons, strangled them. This dream gave her uneasiness; she related it, and was told that she would have a son, who would become a poet, actuated by a malicious spirit, whose bitter and caustic verses would torment all whom he attacked. When

the child was born, she called him *Jarír* جرير, because the word signifies a 'rope,' like that she had seen in her dream, which is used as a halter to lead a camel.

The first poetical production of Jareer was addressed to his father, whom he reproached in it with his niggardliness towards him, and he threatens to seek his fortune elsewhere, in Syria or Yemen. He concludes thus:

> If poor, the rich I teaze not, and if rich,
> My wealth is free to those who want. I change
> My home when irksome. Fearless is my soul:
> No danger frights me when my sabre's drawn.

Prince Yazid, son of the caliph Moawiyah, adopted these verses as his own, the author being but little known, and addressed them likewise to his father. When Yazid ascended the throne, Jareer went to court and requested to be introduced with the other poets who were admitted into the presence. The chamberlain replied that the caliph received those poets only whose productions he knew, and could thus appreciate their merit. "Tell him," said Jareer, "that it was I who composed the piece beginning 'Bring home the camels,'" (the poem before cited). The chamberlain having reported this, Yazid commanded the poet to be admitted,

and received him kindly, observing: "My father left the world in the full persuasion that I was the author of those verses." He gave him dresses of honour, and assigned him a pension, as he had done to the most distinguished poets. Yazid was the first of the caliphs who pensioned poets.

The fame of Jareer continued to increase during the succeeding reigns, exciting the jealousy of a number of rivals, whom he successfully grappled with. Akhtal and Farazdak were the only ones who could make head against him, and who disputed with him the chief rank.

Rayey al Abel, a poet of the tribe of the Benu Nomayr, loudly proclaimed that Farazdak excelled Jareer. The latter expressed his surprise at this several times to friends of Rayey, intimating that he had expected a little more courtesy from one whose tribe he had eulogized, which Farazdak had lampooned. Rayey, being at Bassorah, went daily to a place called Mirbad, where he met Farazdak and some mutual friends. One day, Jareer left his house on foot, with the intention of coming to an explanation with Rayey, on his return from this meeting. The latter appeared on a she-mule, attended by his son Jendal on foot. Jareer approached him, and after an affectionate salutation, placing his hand on the mule's mane, said, "Abu Jendal, you are the

most esteemed of the Arabs of Modhar; your words are looked upon as oracles. You are in the habit of proclaiming, in a manner offensive to me, the superiority you assign to Farazdak, although I have eulogized the Benu Nomayr, whom my rival has censured. When our merits are discussed, cannot you be content to say that we are both poets of talent, without entailing upon you, by too marked a preference of one, the animosity of the other?" Whilst Jareer was speaking, Rayey, holding in his mule, listened to him, but said nothing. His son, Jendal, interposing, exclaimed: "Why do you stay by this dog of the Benu Kolayb, as if you had anything either to fear or to hope from him?" Saying this, he struck his father's mule with a whip he held in his hand; the beast, darting suddenly forward, struck Jareer with some violence, and his cap was thrown to the ground. Rayey continued his course without making any apology. Jareer picked up his cap, brushed the dust off it, and as he replaced it on his head, observed to Jendal: "What will the tribe of Nomayr say, O Jendal! when I cover your father with dishonour?" He heard Rayey say to his son, "This cap affair will bring us into a sad scrape." "It is not the accident which has befallen my cap," added Jareer, "which most excites my indignation."

He returned home chagrined, and, after the evening prayer, shut himself up in a chamber, whither he ordered a lamp and a jug of wine to be brought. Although a religious person, and of unexceptionable morals, he did not interdict himself from this liquor, of which he made a moderate use, to stimulate his fancy. He passed the night in composing a satire of eighty verses against Rayey and his family, whom he degraded below a keeper of dogs. They concluded thus:—

> Hang down thy head, for all mankind shall know,
> Son of Nomayr, thou'rt lowest of the low.

Assured of vengeance, he shouted with triumphant voice, "*Allah akbar! Allah akbar!*" When day appeared, he waited impatiently the hour at which Rayey and his friends usually met. When he expected they were all assembled, he perfumed his head, mounted his horse, and hastened to the Mirbad, attended by a slave. He approached Rayey, without any mark of civility, and desired his slave to say to him: "Your family sent you into Irak, hoping you would return thence with treasure, but you will carry back nothing but shame and confusion." He then uttered his satire, during which Farazdak and Rayey hung their heads, and all present remained silent. When he ended, he abruptly departed.

Rayey, stung with rage, mounted his mule, and hurried off. When he reached his dwelling, he said to his fellow travellers, "Saddle your beasts; we can remain here no longer; Jareer has dishonoured us." One of them remarked: "You and your son have brought this affront upon us." They departed without delay, and rejoined their tribe, which was at Shurayf. When the adventure was known there, both Rayey and Jendal experienced every kind of insult. From this moment, Jareer persecuted the Benu Nomayr with his satires, collectively and individually, men and women, with unmitigated fury, and the name of Rayey al Abel was for many years spoken of amongst the tribe as an ominous and a fatal one.

No poet was probably exposed to more attacks than Jareer: his life may be said to have been one continued broil. According to Asmay, forty-three poets, and other authorities make the number much greater, directed their assaults against him at one and the same time, and were foiled in succession. All who cultivated poetry made it, in some degree, a point of honour to expose themselves to his lash, some preferring the sorry fame, which his epigrams attached to their names, to the obscurity which otherwise would be their inevitable lot; others regarding a sarcasm from him as giving the finishing

touch to a high reputation. Bashar,* a distinguished poet under the Ommiyahs and Abbassides, observed: "I once composed some verses against Jareer. He thought me too young to deserve a reply. If he had retorted, my glory would now be unequalled." Zairak ben Hobeyra called Jareer the "Hippodrome of Poetry," adding: "whoever has not coursed upon this hippodrome, is no poet. To venture a contest with Jareer, and to be vanquished by him, is a greater distinction than to overcome any other."

The famous Hajjaj ben Yusef, who was raised from a servile condition to the highest station, and who united to great talents for war a taste for poetry, entertained great regard for Jareer, and sought his society. One night, in conversation, Hajjaj said to him, playfully, "Enemy of God as you are, why do you bespatter so many persons with ridicule and insult?" "May heaven preserve your life at the expense of mine!" replied Jareer; "I attack nobody; I am attacked, and I come off victorious." Hajjaj wished to know in what respect each of his adversaries had provoked him;

* He was born blind, and it is astonishing to observe in his poems such lively and striking pictures of nature, which he could never have contemplated. The Caliph Mahdi caused him to die under the bastinado, as the penalty for a satire he had written against him.

upon which Jareer recapitulated all the provocations he had received. The catalogue of his aggressors was so long, that the enumeration is said to have lasted all night, and to have been interrupted by the morning prayer.

The Caliph Abdalmalek would have nothing to do with the poets of the Modhar family, because they were generally attached to the party of Abdallah ben Zobayr, who had disputed the caliphat with him. He stopped the pensions granted them by his predecessors. Jareer found he was included in this proscription, although he had manifested no opposition against the Ommiyahs. He had, on the contrary, sung the victories of Hajjaj, whose arms had rendered their cause triumphant. But the verses in which he celebrated the success of this commander, without referring any of the glory to the caliph, excited a sentiment of jealousy and vexation in the mind of the latter, which augmented his prejudice against the poet. Hajjaj undertook to extinguish it. He sent his son Mohammed to Damascus, and charged him to recommend Jareer, who accompanied him, on his part, to the caliph. When they arrived at the court, Mohammed intreated Abdalmalek to receive Jareer. He met at first with a refusal; but without giving up the point, he urged that the protégé of his father could

not be suspected of being the partisan of the son of Zobayr. "Commander of Believers," he continued, "do you wish that the Arabs should relate, in future times, that Hajjaj, your faithful servant and avenging sword, solicited you in favour of a pöet, whom you sent away without admitting into your presence?" Abdalmalek, yielding to his importunity, ordered Jareer to be introduced. The poet made his appearance, and requested permission to recite some verses in honour of the caliph. "Ah! what could you say of me," returned Adalmalek, "after the pompous eulogy you have bestowed upon Hajjaj? Audacious man; your impertinence deserves punishment. Begone from my presence instantly." Three days after, Mohammed made another attempt. "Commander of Believers," said he to Abdalmalek, "I have fulfilled the duty imposed upon me by your servant Hajjaj, in having submitted to you his request on behalf of Jareer. The reception you gave the poet, and the remarks you addressed to him, have distressed him, and made him the laughing-stock of his enemies. You would have caused him less pain had you persisted in not seeing him. I conjure you, by the services of my father as well as my own, to pardon those faults in Jareer which have excited your anger." The caliph consented to allow the poet to be intro-

duced again, but he would not listen to the panegyric the latter had prepared for him; and he dismissed him without a present.

When Mohammed was about to return to his father, Jareer said to him: "If I go away without reciting to the caliph my verses in honour of his house, and without his bestowing upon me some mark of kindness, my reputation will be lost for ever. I will not leave the court till I attain the object of my ambition; go back to Hajjaj without me." Mohammed thereupon determined to try a last effort; he went to Abdalmalek, kissed his hand and foot, and prevailed upon him to let Jareer appear before him once more. Upon the poet's soliciting the caliph's permission to recite his panegyric, Abdalmalek made no reply. "Say on," said Mohammed, putting a favourable interpretation on his silence. Jareer began, and when he came to this verse—

> None who on camels ride can you excel:
> Where in the wide world does such bounty dwell?

Abdalmalek interrupted him, saying: "Yes, we are generous, and we will always be so." From this moment, an expression of pleasure appeared on his countenance; he listened more attentively, and said to Jareer, when he concluded, "That is the way in which we love to be praised." He then com-

manded a hundred she-camels of the finest breed to be given him. "Prince of the Faithful," said the poet, "I fear they will run away, if they have not keepers." "I give you eight slaves to take care of them," rejoined the caliph. "There is only wanting a vessel to milk them in," added Jareer, casting an eye to the large gold vases standing before Abdalmalek, who smiled and threw one of them to him.

From thenceforward, Jareer was reckoned one of the poets of the court of Abdalmalek: he received a pension of 4,000 drachms.

He was one day invited to a fête given by Abdalmalek. A vast number of persons of all classes had been admitted to partake of the entertainment, which was very splendid. The guests, astonished at the rarity and profusion of the dishes, exclaimed that it was impossible for any one to have been at a repast more copious and at the same time more exquisite." "More copious, I grant," said a Bedouin, at the table; "but, for my part, I have eaten a dish more exquisite than any here." This remark, from one habituated to the spare diet of the desert, excited a general laugh. The caliph, who heard it, called the Bedouin, and desired him to mention the dish he had so highly extolled. The Arab, with a grace and an ease of elocution, which

seem peculiar attributes granted by nature to the children of the desert, gave a description of a frugal repast, which he had eaten on a hunting-expedition, consisting of dates and the flesh of the wild ass. The caliph was delighted with the vivacity and the language of the narrator; and judging that he must have a good taste in poetry,* he inquired of him which were the verses he most esteemed amongst those of the contemporary poets. "Poetry," replied the Bedouin, "is of four principal kinds. In the first, *alfakhar*, 'the most noble,' the poet vaunts his own tribe and himself. In the second, *almadih*, 'praise,' he sings the praises of others. The third, *alhijá*, 'satire,' consists of satirical pieces. The fourth, *alnasíb*, 'amatory verse,' is of the erotic kind. Thus, Jareer has said, with the view of exalting his tribe:—

> They who the wrath of Tamim's sons defy,
> Quake, as if dreading thunder from the sky.

* The Bedouins have been long considered to possess a better knowledge of the Arabic tongue and a higher degree of poetic genius than the Arabs of the cities. In literature and grammar, the testimony of a man of the desert was regarded as an authority equal to that of scholars who had devoted themselves to the most profound studies. The celebrated Yunis ben Habib, combating the opinion of those who placed Akhtal below Farazdak and Jareer, declared such critics incompetent to speak on the point, being neither *Bedouins* nor *grammarians*; that is, they possessed not the knowledge of the language, either as a gift of nature, or as the fruit of application.

He has written the following verse in praise of a noble family:—

> None who on camels ride can you excel:
> Where in the wide world does such bounty dwell?

What satire can be more pungent than this?—

> Hang down thy head, for all mankind shall know,
> Son of Nomayr, thou'rt lowest of the low.

To Jareer likewise belongs this verse, which is a model of amatory poetry:—

> Those soft voluptuous eyes our senses chain,
> Nor will they let us be ourselves again.

No poetical composition of the present age exhibits equal beauties."

During this speech, Jareer's countenance and gestures expressed the increasing satisfaction he experienced as he heard his verses cited. At length, when he found that the palm in every kind of verse was awarded to him, he exclaimed in a transport of joy, "Prince of Believers, let this Bedouin have my annual pension." "He shall have one out of my treasury," replied the caliph, "and you, Jareer, shall retain your own: I do not wish you to lose any thing with me." The Bedouin was loaded with presents by Abdalmalek. When he departed, he carried in his right hand a bag of 8,000 drachms, and in his left a large parcel of rich dresses.

The Arabian poets plumed themselves but little upon their modesty, and Jareer, like his two chief antagonists, Akhtal and Farazdak, exalted himself above all his contemporaries. One day, when he was encamped with his family in the desert, a traveller, to whom he had shown the rites of hospitality, asked him who was the best poet. He took the stranger by the hand, and led him towards a tent, whence came, on their approaching it, an old man, ill-dressed, and of mean aspect, whose beard was covered with drops of milk. "Do you know who this old man is?" inquired Jareer. "I do not," replied he. "He is my father," returned the poet; adding, "Do you know what he has been doing in this tent?" "No."—"He has been sucking the teat of a goat, which he did not like to milk, for fear his neighbours, hearing the milk fall into the vessel, should come and ask for some. I now tell you, that the best poet is he, who, with the disadvantage of having such a father, has been able to contend for superiority against eighty rivals, all of whom he has vanquished."

Upon one occasion, when Abdalmalek wished to know Jareer's opinion of the merit of Tarafa, Zobayr, Amrulkays, Zurrummeh, Farazdak, and Ahktal, Jareer pronounced an eulogium upon each in succession, in very pompous terms. "You have la-

vished so much praise upon them," said Abdalmalek, "that you have left nothing for yourself." "Prince of the Faithful," replied Jareer, "I am the City of Verse,* the country from which these came and to which they return. I charm in amatory poetry; my satire crushes; my panegyric immortalizes; I excel in all kinds of poetry, whilst other poets shine only each in a particular kind."

The question of pre-eminence between Jareer, Farazdak, and Akhtal, was a subject of much discussion at the period when they lived. The question lay principally between the two former, either because, being younger, they had a longer period to look forward to, and moreover, the notoriety of their animosity attracted observation; or because Akhtal, not professing the religion of the state, was not an object of such lively and general interest. It is a strong proof of the general diffusion of taste amongst the Arabs, that this question was discussed, not only amongst literary men, in the tranquillity of a city life, but amongst soldiers, amidst danger and fatigue. It is related that Mohalleb, whilst he was carrying on operations in Khorasan against the heretics named Azarakas, heard a great tumult one day in his camp. He felt some uneasiness on the subject, till he was told

* Mahomet called himself *Medinet ulalm*, 'the city of science.'

the cause. A dispute had arisen amongst the soldiers as to the comparative merit of Jareer and Farazdak. They wanted their general to be umpire. They appeared before him, and begged he would give them his opinion, in order to settle the point. "Do you want to expose me," said Mohalleb, "to the resentment of one or other of these quarrelsome dogs, who will tear me to pieces? You must excuse my giving any opinion upon the matter; but I will refer you to some authorities who care for neither Jareer nor Farazdak. Apply to the Azarakas; they cultivate poetry, and are capital judges."

Next day, when the two armies were in sight of each other, one of the Azarakas, named Obeyda al Yeshkori, quitted the ranks, and defied to single combat a warrior of Mohalleb's force. A soldier, who had been one of the most eager in the controversy of the preceding day, instantly accepted the challenge, and advancing towards Obeyda, said: "I beg of you, in God's name, to answer me one question I shall propose to you before we begin the contest." "Say on," replied Obeyda. "Which is the best poet," continued the soldier, "Farazdak or Jareer?"—"And do you neglect the *Coran*," rejoined Obeyda, "and the divine laws, for the sake of poetry?"—"We have had a controversy amongst

us," said the soldier, "in respect to these rivals, and we have agreed to abide by your arbitration." "Well," returned Obeyda; "who composed this verse?—

The fatigues of the combat so wasted our steeds, that their skins hung in folds, like the fabrics which the merchant of Hadramaut packs in his bales."

"Jareer wrote that," said the soldier. "True," replied Obeyda; "and to Jareer belongs the crown."

Amongst the Arabian tribes, who were so devoted to poetry, individuals of every class, men and women, made it a point to replenish their memory with verses on every subject, which they repeated on appropriate occasions. Thus, the most striking passages in poetical compositions soon became generally current. The unavoidably slow process of multiplying manuscript copies was not the only method which facilitated their publicity during even the life-time of the authors. They were circulated especially by a class of people denominated *Ráwia*, راوية, recitators or rhapsodists, who attached themselves to the most celebrated poets, learned their pieces by heart, and repeated them wherever they went. The following anecdote exhibits one of these *ráwias* acting as a herald, conveying a challenge from one poet to another.

One Abdallah ben Atyah was a recitator of the productions of Farazdak and Jareer. Farazdak one day said to him: "I have made a verse addressed to Jareer: if he is able to reply to it, I pledge myself to repudiate Nawar.* Here it is:—

> Grim Death am I: he rushes upon thee:
> Canst thou, oh man, control his mighty powers?"

Abdallah, urged by Farazdak, went to Jareer, whom he found in the court of his house, playing with sand. He repeated his rival's verse, to which Jareer tried in vain to reply. In despair, he rolled himself on the ground, scattering dust upon his head and breast. He passed the rest of the day in this condition. At length, towards evening, he exclaimed, "Victory! Nawar is repudiated! Tell the libertine from me:

> And I am Time: Death must submit to me.
> Time is eternal: canst thou count his hours?"

Abdallah returned to Farazdak, who, when he learned Jareer's reply, said to the messenger, "I earnestly beg of you to say nothing about this affair." He thus acknowledged his defeat; but he did not adhere to his promise, not repudiating Nawar till long afterwards.

At the period when Bashar, son of Merwan and

* See the Biography of Farazdak.

brother of the caliph Abdalmalek, was governor of Cufa, Jareer and Farazdak met at his house. He observed to them, "You have been long at war with each other, sometimes for glory, sometimes in bitterness of satire. I do not wish to see you contend in my presence with the weapons of ridicule and personal abuse; but I should like to hear each of you celebrate in unpremeditated verse the merit of your respective families." The two poets immediately began alternate distichs, full of conceits, which appear to our taste extremely puerile and insipid. In the opinion of Bashar, Jareer overcame his adversary in this play of words.

He obtained an advantage over him on another occasion, in a different way. They were both at Mecca, on the pilgrimage, when they were accidentally brought into proximity with each other by the crowd of pilgrims. Farazdak burst out in a strain, which displayed at once his want of piety and the excess of his pride. Jareer evinced his religious frame of mind, his sense of decorum, and his dignified moderation, by simply saying, "I am in thy presence, O God!"

Amongst the numerous enemies of Jareer was a poet named Omar ben Laja, of the tribe of Teym. They composed violent satires against each other, in which they vented the most offensive abuse

against the females of their respective families. Both being at Medina when Walid (afterwards caliph) was governor, this prince, as a penalty for the license in which they had indulged, in their attacks upon females, fastened them together, and exposed them, in that condition, in one of the public squares, to the derision of the populace. According to another authority, it was Omar ben Abdulaziz, not Walid, who inflicted upon the poets this humiliating chastisement, which is called *Itámat annás*, 'coupled culprits.' But the kind reception which Omar, when he succeeded to the caliphat, gave to Jareer, renders this account less probable.

The poets pensioned by the predecessors of this caliph had come to pay their respects to him, and to congratulate him on his elevation. Amongst the number were Jareer and Farazdak. Omar, very different from the early Ommiyahs, who were fond of splendour and magnificence, exhibited on the throne the modesty and simplicity of a private individual. He was desirous of retrenching all the superfluous expenditure with which the luxury of the latter caliphs had burthened the people, and amongst these expenses he comprehended the salaries granted to the poets. Whilst they were in the ante-chamber, a doctor of the law was on his way

to the hall of audience, when Jareer addressed him jocosely as follows: —

"Dear doctor, whose turban-ends float so queer,
And whose luck smiles so gaily, whilst mine's no more,
Pray tell our good prince, should you get at his ear,
That we rhymesters are kicking our heels at the door."

The doctor on entering requested Omar's permission to introduce Jareer, which the caliph granted. The poet was introduced, and, after a complimentary verse, in which he compared Omar to Moses, and said that "when heaven refused its beneficent rains, the people looked to the caliph for the relief they expected from heaven," he drew an affecting picture of the misery which afflicted the country. "The inhabitants of cities and the wanderers in the desert, widows with dishevelled hair, and orphans with feeble cry, invoke you," said he, "as if the malevolence of a demon, or the violence of man, had bereft them of their reason; or as if they were little nestlings, abandoned by the parent bird before they had strength to fly."

Omar was affected to tears. "Ben Khatfi," said he to Jareer, "if you belong to a family of those who accompanied the prophet in his flight from Mecca (*almahájarún*), or of those who received him at Mecca, and declared themselves his auxiliaries (*alánsár*), you have a right to claim the benefits

granted to them. If you are poor, I will assign relief to you out of the fund appropriated to charity. If you are a traveller, I will take care you shall be provided with necessaries and travelling expenses, and your beast shall be changed when it is able to carry you no farther." "Commander of Believers," replied Jareer, "I am none of these; I live in honourable ease in my tribe; but I come to request a favour to which the caliphs your predecessors have habituated me, namely, a pension of 4,000 drachms, besides dresses of honour and presents occasionally." "God, who judges the actions of men," rejoined the caliph, "will reward each according to his works. For my part, I can perceive no claim you have to pocket this sum out of the public treasury, which is the property of God and the poor, and the application of which ought to be regulated by severe justice. Wait, however, till I have made the distributions. When I have given to each person what is legitimately his due, and taken what is necessary for the subsistence of myself and my family for a twelvemonth, should anything remain, you shall have it." "No," replied Jareer, "rather lay it by, that it may be better employed; I shall not depart less contented." "Well," said the caliph, "I shall be better pleased." Jareer retired.

Scarcely had he left the apartment before Omar called him back, and said to him: "I have forty dinars and two suits of clothes, one of which I wear whilst the other is being washed. I offer to divide them with you, though God knows, I have more need than you of the twenty dinars and dress I offer you." "Retain these gifts, Commander of Believers," replied Jareer; "I assure you I am quite content." "By accepting them," said Omar, "I acknowledge you would have put me to great inconvenience. Your disinterestedness gives me more pleasure than even the encomiums you have bestowed upon me. Go, and may the blessing of God attend you!"

When Jareer came out, the other poets, who were waiting with much anxiety, asked how the caliph had behaved to him." "Omar," replied Jareer, "is the friend of the poor, and not the friend of poets. But for my part, I am satisfied with him." He immediately mounted his camel, and rode off to his tribe.

When at Yamama, at the house of Mohajir ben Abdallah, Jareer heard of the death of Farazdak, upon which he *improvised* a verse, wherein he declared that Farazdak had perished ingloriously by his blows. Mohajir observed to him: "This verse does you no credit. Why insult one who no

longer exists, and whose family is allied to yours? You should have composed an elegy instead of an epigram: the language of regret and encomium from your lips towards your rival would have earned for you the title of the most generous as well as the most skilful of Arabian poets." "I was wrong," replied Jareer; "I entreat you to conceal beneath the veil of secrecy the fault which I have just committed, and which I am about to efface:" and he immediately composed a funeral elegy to the memory of Farazdak, wherein he hyperbolically lauds the man he had just before trampled upon, exclaiming, "Let no generation be born after him."

It would appear, however, that the latter was the most sincere sentiment of the two; for when he had recited the elegy, he shed tears, and said; "I know I shall not long survive my rival; for we were both under the influence of the same star (كان نجمنا واحدًا): two friends or two enemies, whose fates are united as ours were, should go to the grave together." Jareer, in fact, died six months after Farazdak, being upwards of eighty years of age. He was buried at Yamama, supposed to be the place of his birth.

The year of Jareer's death was likewise distin-

guished by the decease of two celebrated doctors, Hassan al Basry and Ebn Syrin. The memory of these pious men is still held in great veneration amongst the Arabs, who regard them as saints; and their tombs, which are in old Bassorah, attract the respect and regard of the whole population. The merit of the two poets, Farazdak and Jareer, on the contrary, has not been able to preserve them from oblivion. Their nation has lost, along with the taste for letters, the recollection of ancient literary illustrations, and they are at present absolutely unknown in the very places where they were once so celebrated.

The ancient critics, who have compared Farazdak and Jareer, discovered in the style of the former more pomp and artifice, in that of the latter more ease and nature. "The poems of Jareer," say they, "made a more lively impression upon their auditors, and were most popular." Jareer once asked a learned person, which was the best poet, he or Farazdak. "You are the best in the eyes of the vulgar," he replied; "but in the opinion of the learned, Farazdak is superior." "Victory!" shouted Jareer; "by the Master of the Caaba, my condition is the best, for out of a hundred, there is not one who is learned."

The partisans of Jareer add that his love-pieces have most grace and delicacy, and that he succeeded in a species of composition which Farazdak did not treat with equal success, namely, the funeral elegy. On the death of Nawar, the cousin and first wife of Farazdak, some of Jareer's verses were recited at her tomb.

SELECTIONS.

MAJOR GENERAL CLAUDE MARTINE.

General Martine, a man so well known in India, both by his eccentricity and his riches, was the son of a silk-manufacturer at Lyons in France, in which city he was born, and in which some of his father's family still reside.

At an early age he expressed a dislike to follow his father's inactive profession, and determined to choose one more congenial to his disposition. He accordingly enlisted in the French army, and soon distingished himself so much, that he was removed from the infantry to the cavalry, and afterwards appointed a trooper in Count Lally's body-guard, a small corps of select men, that was formed for the purpose of accompanying that officer to Pondicherry, of which place he had then been appointed governor.

Soon after Lally's arrival at Pondicherry, he began to exercise his power with such oppressive severity, and to enforce the discipline of the army with such a rigid minuteness, that his conduct excited the disgust and detestation of the whole settlement. Several re-

monstrances were drawn up against him, and transmitted to France; and many officers of distinction resigned their appointments. He nevertheless persevered in his injudicious system of discipline, with an unremitting strictness, unmindful of the representations of some officers who were in his confidence, and totally blind to the dangers he was thus foolishly drawing on himself, till it was too late to avert them. Though he must have been sensible that he had lost the affections of the army, yet he seemed not aware of the consequences to which that loss might lead. The troops were so dissatisfied, that when the English army laid siege to Pondicherry, great numbers deserted from the garrison; and at last his own body-guard went over in a body to the enemy, carrying their horses, arms, &c. along with them. This corps was well received by the English commanders, by whom Martine was soon noticed for the spirit and ability which he displayed on many occasions. On the return of the British army to Madras, after the surrender of Pondicherry, Martine obtained permission of the Madras government to raise a company of chasseurs from among the French prisoners, of whom he got the command, with the rank of ensign in the Company's service.

A few weeks after he received this appointment, he was ordered to proceed with his chasseurs to Bengal.

On their passage, the ship in which they were embarked sprung a leak, and Martine, by great fortitude

and perseverance, but with much difficulty, saved himself and some of his men, in one of the ship's boats. The ship foundered off Point Guadawar, the promontory which separates the coast of Coromandel from that of Orissa; and thence Martine and his men proceeded in the ship's boat to Calcutta, which place they reached, after surmounting many dangers and great hardships.

He was received with much kindness by the Bengal government, and appointed a cornet of cavalry, in which service he continued until he had risen by regular succession to the rank of captain in the line, when he got a company of infantry.

Shortly after this promotion, he was employed by government to survey the north-east districts of Bengal, being an able draftsman, and in every respect well qualified for that purpose. When he had completed his journey to the north-east district, he was sent to Oude, in order to assist in surveying that province. While employed in this service, he resided chiefly at Lucknow, where he amused himself in showing his ingenuity in several branches of mechanics, and his skill in gunnery, which gave the Nabob Vizir Sujah-ud-Dowlah so high a notion of the value of his services, that he solicited and obtained permission from the Governor and council of Calcutta, to appoint him superintendant of his artillery park and arsenal. Martine was so well satisfied with this ap-

pointment, and with his prospects in the service of the Nabob Vizir, that he proposed to the Governor and council, to relinquish his pay and allowances in the Company's service, on the condition of his being permitted to retain his rank, and to continue in the service of the Nabob Vizir. This proposal was complied with; and from this his subsequent prosperity commenced.

He was now admitted into the confidence of the Vizir; and in the different changes which took place in the councils of his highness, as well as in the various negociations with the English government, he was his secret adviser. He seldom, however, appeared at the Durbar; and he never held any ostensible situation in the administration of the Vizir's government; but there is reason to believe, that few measures of importance were adopted without his advice being previously taken. Hence his influence at the court of Lucknow became very considerable, not only with the Vizir, but with his ministers, and that influence was the source of the immense fortune which he amassed. Besides a large salary, with extensive perquisites annexed to it, he used to receive from the Nabob frequent presents of considerable value; and when any of the Nabob's ministers, or other men of consequence about the court, had any particular measure to carry with their master, or personal favour to ask of him, it was their custom to go privately to

Martine, and obtain his interest in their cause, which, if he was at times induced to refuse, he took due care to procure for them ultimately, by other means and with adequate compensation.

During the reign of Asoph-ud-Dowlah, father of the present Vizir, Martine made a considerable sum of money by encouraging that prince's taste for the productions of Europe, with which he undertook to supply him. Another mode by which he realized money was, by establishing an extensive credit with the shroffs, or bankers, in Oude, and the adjacent provinces, so that no public loan could be made without his having a share in it. The extraordinary degree of favour and credit which he thus acquired in the Vizir's dominions, induced all descriptions of people to repose in him such an implicit confidence, that in times of public commotion, they flocked to him from all quarters, to deposit their moveable property, which, on the condition of paying him twelve per cent. on its full value, he engaged to secure and return them on demand. This alone must have been a source of immense profit, in a country where, for upwards of twenty years of his residence in it, personal property was so often exposed to danger.

The vast riches which he accumulated by these various and singular modes he does not appear to have laid out with a very generous spirit. He is said, indeed, to have been hospitable to the English gentlemen who

resided at Lucknow, but his table was little calculated to invite his acquaintance to it, either by the elegance of the entertainment, or the conviviality that presided at it. Very few instances have come to our knowledge of his private bounty and benevolence. He is said to have assisted his family at Lyons, by occasionally remitting small sums of money; and by his will he has left them £25,000. But the principal object of his ambition, and wish of his heart, seems to have been to amass immense treasures, in order to gratify himself by the possession of them while he lived, and by bequeathing almost the whole of them, on his death, to the support of pious institutions and public charities, to leave behind him the reputation of a philanthropist. Meanwhile, every sensible reader will judge of his title to that name, not from the bequests of his will, but from the actions of his life.

After having lived twenty-five years at Lucknow, he had attained, by regular succession, the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Company's service.

At the commencement of the war with Tippoo Sultan, in 1790, he presented the Company, at his private expense, with a number of fine horses, sufficient to mount a troop of cavalry. He was soon afterwards promoted to the rank of colonel in the Company's army, which object the present of horses was obviously designed to obtain.

In 1796, when the Company's officers received bre-

vet rank from his Majesty, Martine was included in the promotion of colonels to the rank of major-general.

Some years before this, he had finished a spacious dwelling-house on the banks of the river Goomtee, in the building of which he had long been employed. This curious edifice is constructed entirely of stone, except the doors and window-frames. The ceilings of the apartments are formed of elliptic arches, and the floors made of stucco. The basement-story comprises two caves or recesses within the banks of the river, and level with its surface when at its lowest decrease. In these caves he generally lived in the hot season, and continued in them until the commencement of the rainy season, when the increase of the river obliged him to remove. He then ascended another story, to apartments fitted up in the form of a grotto; and when the further rise of the river brought its surface on a level with these, he proceeded up to the third story, as a ground-floor, which overlooked the river when at its greatest height. On the next story above that, a handsome saloon, raised on arcades, projecting over the river, formed his habitation in the spring and winter seasons. By this ingenious contrivance, he preserved a moderate and equal temperature in his house at all seasons: on the attic story he had a museum, well supplied with various curiosities; and, over the whole, he erected an observatory, which he furnished

with the best astronomical instruments. Adjoining to the house there is a garden, not laid out with taste, but well filled with a variety of fine trees, shrubs, and flowers, together with all sorts of vegetables. In his artillery-yard, which was situated at some distance from his house, he erected a steam-engine, which had been sent to him from England; and here he used to amuse himself in making different experiments with air-balloons. After he had exhibited to some acquaintances his first balloon, the Vizir Asoph-ud-Dowlah requested he would prepare one large enough to carry twenty men. Martine told his highness that such an experiment would be attended with considerable hazard to the lives of the men; upon which the Vizir replied, "Give yourself no concern about *that*; be you so good as to make a balloon." The experiment, however, was never tried.

Beside his house at Lucknow, he had a beautiful villa about fifty miles distant, situated on a high bank of the Ganges, and surrounded by a domain of almost eight miles in circumference, somewhat resembling an English park. Here he used occasionally to retire in the hot season.

In the latter part of his life he laid out a large sum of money in constructing a gothic castle, which he did not live to finish. Beneath the ramparts of this castle he built casements, secured by iron doors, and gratings thickly wrought. The lodgments within the walls are

arched and barred, and their roofs completely bomb-proof. The castle is surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, fortified on the outer side by stockades, and a regular covered way, so that the place is sufficiently protected to resist the attacks of any Asiatic power: Within this castle he built a splendid mausoleum, in which he was interred; and on a marble tablet over his tomb is engraved the following inscription, written by himself some months before his death:—

"*Here lies Claude Martine. He was born at Lyons, A. D. 1732. He came to India a Private Soldier, and died a Major-General.*"

During the last fifteen years of his life, he was much afflicted with the stone and gravel; and disliking to undergo the usual surgical operation for that complaint, his ingenuity suggested to him a method of reducing the stone, so curious in itself, and so difficult in its execution, that we should have doubted the fact, were it not attested by the most positive evidence of several gentlemen of the first respectability. He took a very fine stout wire, of about a foot long, one end of which he cut in the manner of a file. The wire thus prepared he introduced by a *catheter*, through the *urethra*, into the bottom of the bladder, where the stone was seated. When he found the wire struck the stone, he gently worked the wire up and down, so as to give it the effect of a file; and this he continued to do for four or five minutes at a time, until the pain which

the operation of the wire produced, was so excruciating, that it obliged him to withdraw it. But finding small particles of the stone discharged along with the urine after the operation, he repeated it in the same manner from time to time, till in the course of twelve months, he succeeded in completely reducing the stone.

This circumstance exhibits a curious and remarkable trait of the eccentricity of his character. The contrivance was in itself ingenious, but his patience and perseverance in carrying it into effect are so very extraordinary, that we apprehend there are very few men, who, in a similar situation, would not rather endure the complaint than have recourse to the remedy.

Some years after the operation, gravelly concretions began again to form in his bladder; and as he did not choose to try the wire a second time, these continued to increase until the end of the year 1800, when they occasioned his death.

Though he lived so long among the English, he acquired but an imperfect knowledge of our language; notwithstanding this, he chose to write his will in English, which is altogether a very singular production. It is too long for insertion, but the following are its principal bequests.—The amount of his fortune was thirty-three lacs of rupees, or £330,000 sterling. To his relations at Lyons, he bequeathed £25,000, as we have already noticed; and he left the same sum to

the municipality of that city, for the purpose of appropriating it to the benefit of the poor within their jurisdiction, in whatever manner they should think fit. For the same purpose he bequeathed £25,000 to the city of Calcutta, and the like sum to Lucknow. To the church at Chandernagore, in Bengal, he bequeathed £15,000, as a fund, the interest of which is to be appropriated to the support of the establishment; and the like sum to be laid out in the same manner, for the benefit of the Romish Chapel at Calcutta. He also left £15,000 to endow an alms-house for poor children at Lucknow. The remainder of his fortune (nearly one half) he left in legacies to the women of his zenanah, and his principal servants. The will concludes with a curious exposition of the principles by which he regulated his conduct through life. He avows that self-interest was his sole motive of action, and that the sins of which he had been guilty were very great and manifold; and he concludes by praying forgiveness of God, which he hopes this sincere confession of his wickedness will avail to obtain.*

Such are the anecdotes which are related of this extraordinary character.

* The suit in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, respecting the property and bequests of General Martine, has been but recently brought to a close, by a decision in that Court, on the 10th May 1836 (being commenced on the 20th June 1816); the Chief Justice described it as "one of the most difficult and complicated suits ever presented to any Court."

RUNJEET SINGH.

The following very precise and detailed account of this celebrated chief of the Sikhs is from a "Sketch," written by a Hindu gentleman of Calcutta, Baboo Kasiprasad Ghose, and published in the *Calcutta Magazine.*

Ranajit Sinh is the son of Maha Sinh, of the tribe of Sahasi. He is about fifty years of age, and of a middle stature, neither too thin nor too stout. He has lost the use of one of his eyes, in consequence of an attack of the small-pox. His beard is long and flowing; but he does not suffer his nails to grow, which is criminal, according to the tenets of the religion of the Sheiks. His dress is plain white, and he wears his turban across his forehead, the left part descending down and covering the eye-brow of the left eye, which is blind, so as to shade it a little. His disposition is said to be very mild, insomuch that when he formerly used to go about his country in disguise, to learn the disposition of the people towards the government, he used to question them respecting the conduct of their magistrates, collectors, or their prince: whenever he heard any complaint, and was spoken ill of, he enquired into the nature of the grievance, calmly listened to it, and afterwards arriving at a

station, judged it impartially, and often to the satisfaction of his people.

He rises at three o'clock in the morning, bathes, and then retires to a private room, where no one, not even his servants are suffered to go. In this solitary situation, he counts over his beads and offers prayers till midday, when his priest, Madhusudana Pundit, goes and reads to him passages from the Puranas. At this time he usually offer gifts to the Brahmanas. When it is daylight, he either repairs to the fort to see the discipline of his troops, or holds his durbar till ten or eleven o'clock; after which he retires from his court and takes his meal. The rest of his time till nine in the evening, when he retires to rest, is, according to circumstances, variously employed.

He has three sons, *viz.* Kherga Sinh, Shair Sinh, and Tara Sinh; but the two latter are not recognised by him as his sons, and are not therefore treated by him as princes. It is said that they were adopted by Ranajit Sinh's first wife. When they came to years of maturity they could have no power as princes; but their mother's father having died without any other issue, Shair Sinh, the elder brother, inherited his estates, and is at present a general under Kherga Sinh. Nevertheless, the three brothers are said to bear a great affection for each other.

Ranajit Sinh has a grandson, named Navanehal Sinh, by his son Kherga Sinh. He is a promising boy of

about twelve years of age, and is a great favourite of Ranajit Sinh.

Of all the native princes of the present day, Ranajit Sinh is the only one who can be properly called independent. He is possessed of a very enterprising spirit, by which he has not only raised himself to sovereignty over his own nation (for the Sheiks were formerly divided into many petty independent states), but has also attacked his Mahomedan neighbours with success. His father, Maha Sinh, laid the groundwork of the rising power of his son. He enlarged his territories by making successful encroachments upon the adjacent states, till at last he possessed himself of Lahore, on the death of Khan Behadur, the Newab of that country. He soon after died, and left his acquisitions to his son, who, as mentioned before, by a mixture of courage and conduct, completely overthrew what is called the Sheik federacy, and has made considerable conquests. At first, his victorious career and growing ambition were for some time checked by the dread of an invasion by Zeman Shah, King of Cabul, who had entertained designs of extending his dominions on this side of India; but, upon his giving up those designs, Ranajit Sinh was encouraged to attack the forces of the monarch of Cabul, and gained success. At present, his kingdom extends from Tatta on the south, to the borders of Thibet on the north; and from Cabul on the west, to a little beyond the

Setlej on the east, comprising a very large extent of territory.

The army which Ranajit Sinh maintains is said to be very large. Besides a considerable body of cavalry, on which the chief strength of an Asiatic king depends, there are eighty regiments of infantry, under the superintendence of French commanders. These regiments are disciplined, equipped, and armed, according to the European method. Ranajit Sinh has likewise made considerable improvements in his artillery department, under the inspection of French commanders. His army is supplied with a great number of cannons, which are used according to the European mode also. It is said that the French employed by Ranajit Sinh have nothing to do with the command of the divisions to which they are respectively attached. In time of war they are imprisoned, and in peace they teach European discipline to their respective corps; but the army, upon the whole, is rather in the Asiatic style. It has several petty chiefs, enjoying a certain degree of independence, and fixed portions of land allotted to them by Ranajit Sinh. In this point of view, Kherga Sinh, the eldest son of Ranajit Sinh, is himself a petty chief, ruling over a tract of land in many ways independent of his father. The principal arsenal of Ranajit Sinh is at Amartasar, otherwise called Umritsur.

But the greatest care of Ranajit Sinh seems to be

to have an extensive treasury, which is so much needed in time of war. His principal treasury, which is at Fort Govind (or Govind-Garrah, as it is called by the natives), in Amartasar, is said to be very large. Its contents are variously described, and the immense plunder in money received in Cabul and Moultan was all transmitted to it. Besides, a certain sum is every day thrown in the principal treasury, which is never made use of, but reserved perhaps for the most urgent and necessitous times. The sort of coin used on this occasion is chiefly the Nanakshahi, so called from Nanakshah, the founder of the religion of the Sheiks. The Mahomedshahi money is also current in the dominions of Ranajit Sinh. He had two mints at Amartasar, where both the Nanakshahi and the Mahomedshahi coins were struck; but one of them, which is said to have been founded by one of his mistresses, has a few years ago been abolished, and in the other the Nanakshahi only is struck at present.

His revenue cannot be properly and accurately estimated. The land-tax for a corn field is half the produce; but the taxes of other lands vary according to the article produced. In a place where there is no established tenure, or where the land is farmed without any condition, the collector of the place, when the crop is ripe, appoints a moonshee, with an assistant and two peons, to measure out the land (if it were not previously measured), ascertain the nature of the crop,

and fix the temporary tax for that season only under a certain fixed rate. A landlord cannot sell his estate, or any part of it, but by the permission of government; the right of selling or buying lands, therefore, depends upon the pleasure of government.

Visakha Sinh is at the head of the judicial authority, and there are under him one or two, or even three judges, in every district. The Sheiks have no code or fixed laws, but the decision of law matters depends entirely upon the caprice of the judge. If a person be not satisfied with the decision of the subordinate judge, he may make his complaint to Visakha Sinh; and if he be still dissatisfied, he may appeal to Ranajit Sinh. But in so doing there is something to be dreaded. In case the complainant loses his cause by the judgment of Visakha Sinh or Ranajit Sinh, he suffers a severe punishment, not only for the unreasonableness of his complaint, but also for his presumption, in having endeavoured to bring the decision, and conquently the character of the judge, in question. But the power of Visakha Sinh is limited only to civil cases. Neither he nor any of the subordinate judges can judge a criminal case, which should be referred to the thanadars or the collectors of the place, who also exercise the civil authority, and whose decision is final. The thanadar or the collector is also the governor of a fort, if there be one.

Nothing is deemed more criminal by Ranajit Sinh,

or any of the Sheiks, than an injury to a brahman or a cow, both of whom are, as by every other Hindu sect, regarded with great veneration by the Sheiks, and the death of either is punished with the same. This has greatly ingratiated Ranajit Sinh in the favour of his people, as well as the Hindus in general. His munificence towards the brahmans has not less contributed to his popularity. His usual gift to a brahman, on certain religious days among the Sheiks, is a golden bracelet of great or small value. It may be worth while here to observe, that scarcely any Hindu prince has ever treated the brahmans with illiberality.

A third great cause of Ranajit Sinh's popularity among the Hindus is his dreadfully ill-treatment of the Mussulmans in his territories; insomuch that they are, among the many instances of cruelty and oppression partly exercised by orders of Ranajit Sinh, but mostly by his officers, prevented uttering their namaz (a daily prayer performed at morning, noon, and evening) sufficiently loud; that is, they are allowed to read it at their home, or where it may not be heard by any Sheik, without the accompaniment of all those vocal sounds which usually attend it. This exclusion of the Mussulmans from their religious ceremonies is considered by every Hindu as an act of great piety, and was one of the causes of a rebellion which but a short time ago took place in Cabul, but which was subsequently suppressed, after a great slaughter on both sides.

MAHARAJAH MULHAR RAO HOLKAR.

Maharajah Mulhar Rao Holkar, who died at Indore on the 26th October 1833, owed his elevation to the exalted station he filled more to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances than to hereditary right, for he was neither more nor less than the "illegitimate son of an illegitimate father," and that father the son of a man who was not a lineal descendant of the founder of the family.

The name and family of Holkar is but of recent date, even compared to most of the other Mahratta sovereigns. The offspring of a nation—itself of comparatively modern origin—the founder of the family was Mulhar Rao, a native of the village of Hul—originally a goat-herd—not alone as of caste, but a *bonâ-fide* keeper of goats; and "Dhoongin" is the caste of the family to the present day. He was born about the end of the seventeenth century, and was taken, while yet a youth, from the care of his flocks to join a small troop of horse, supported by his uncle in Candeish, in the service of those predatory leaders, so many of whom devastated Central India in those days of anarchy and misrule. His history is extant in more than one published work, and it is unnecessary to follow him throughout his career; suffice it

to say, that before his death, which took place some years after the middle of last century, he rose, under the peishwas, by his valour and other soldier-like qualities, to great eminence, and the fruition of extensive independent possessions on both sides of the Nurbudda. He had only one son, Kudhee Rao, who was killed before the Jaat fortress of Koombeer, some years before his father died. This son married Allyah Baie, by whom he had a son and daughter. The son, Mallee Rao, succeeded to the sovereignty on the death of his grandfather, but fortunately only lived to enjoy his dignity for a few short months. He was a lad of weak intellect, and mischievously cruel disposition. He died insane, from remorse at having wantonly killed, with his own hand, an embroiderer, whom he supposed erroneously, as was afterwards proved, to have had an intrigue with a female dependent of the family. He left no issue, and the last of the sisters having married into another house, excluded her or her children from the succession. Thus early was the line of Holkar exhausted, and all his wide-spread territories about to become the prey of fresh adventurers. This catastrophe, however, was averted by the promptitude and firmness of Kudhee Rao's widow, the celebrated and the good Allyah Baie, whose history is so well told by Sir J. Malcolm. She ruled the country with so much ability and undeviating equity, managed its revenue with so much skill, and was so happy in the

selection of her ministers and other subordinates, as to render Malwa one of the most peaceful, happy, and flourishing provinces throughout the whole of India. She associated with her, as nominal chief and commander of her immense moveable army, Tukkajee Holkar, a man of the same tribe, but, as already stated, not related to the family. Contrary to what might have been expected from this arrangement, this man ever continued faithful to the woman who had thus suddenly raised him to power and dignity; and the alliance only added to the security and happiness of the people over whom they jointly ruled. She commanded that the style of "the son of Mulhar Rao" should be engraven on his seal. He had uncontrolled command of the army, and likewise the management of large tracts of territory situate beyond the bounds of their more consolidated possessions. He was almost constantly absent from Malwa with the army; sometimes for years together, and on distant expeditions in combination with other leaders; yet he never for a moment forgot his allegiance, or ceased to discharge the debt of gratitude which he owed to his benefactress. Allyah Baie died about 1795, and Tukkajee about two years after her. He left two legitimate sons, Kassee Rao and Mulhar Rao, and two illegitimate, Jeswunt Rao and Etojee. The two former seem to have succeeded to the sovereignty without opposition: the former to the domestic management, in the

room, as it were, of Allyah Baie; and the other, a brave and aspiring young soldier, to the head of the army. The elder was decrepit in body and feeble in mind, and must have soon yielded up his share of authority to his enterprising brother. This was only obviated by the interference of Scindiah, at the instance of Kassee Rao, and for very valuable considerations. Both brothers repaired to Poonah; and through the influence of Scindiah, a mock reconciliation was brought about, owing to which, and by the mutual taking of the Bulbundar oath (the most sacred that can be taken by a Hindu), Mulhar Rao was thrown off his guard: that same night, his camp was surrounded by Scindiah's disciplined battalions, and he himself killed in attempting to make his escape. His troops were dispersed, and among them fled Jeswunt Rao, one of Tukkajee's natural sons; this same Jeswunt Rao, after escaping many perils, rose, by his own talents and energy, from the most desperate circumstances, to be the independent possessor of the Holkar territories. His race was run in stirring times, and much of his history is so mixed up with that of the most glorious days of our own army, that few readers can be ignorant of it. Although a man stained by almost every deed which can deform human nature, he was yet not without his military virtues; and personal courage, and generosity in rewarding deeds of valour done by others, have always justly been as-

cribed to him. He cruelly put to death his legitimate brother, Kassee Rao, and the young son of the ill-fated Mulhar Rao, at different times. It is conjectured, that remorse for these crimes preyed upon his mind ever after, and, joined to an unrestrained indulgence in intoxicating liquors, aggravated that tendency to insanity which was already implanted in him. He was latterly incapable of guiding the reins of government for many months before his death, which took place about 1811. Toolsah Baie, his favourite mistress, and a woman of abandoned character, was proclaimed regent, she having previously adopted the illegitimate son of Jeswunt Rao by a woman, Kepara Baie, of the koomar caste. This son was, while yet a child, placed on the guddee immediately after his father's demise, and was confirmed in the sovereignty by the British Government after the battle of Mehidpore; Toolsah Baie, before this event, having been put to death by the heads of the army for her many crimes. This boy was Mulhar Rao.

As to the policy or expediency of the British authorities, in re-establishing this Mahratta family, and in confirming this boy in the possession of their extensive ill-gotten territories, while in reality his hereditary claim was so feeble, it would be now useless to inquire, even if we had leisure or room to make the inquiry. It is, of course, impossible to say what his character might have become, had those scenes of anarchy and

rapine continued—from which India was preserved by the interference of the British Government; but it is certain that his conduct as a ruler in times of profound peace, during these last years of his manhood, have sorely belied the fine promises of his youth. Instead of the fulfilment of Sir J. Malcolm's predictions (in case of good management), of great and progressive increase in his revenues, he has of late years, it is understood, been constantly embarrassed for want of means to satisfy the clamours of a useless and rabble soldiery, for the long and heavy arrears of pay due to them. The death of his able minister, Tantiah Jogh, some five or six years ago, gave a shock to the respectability of his government, which it has never since recovered, we believe. He had almost entirely abandoned himself to the pilotage of his low and vicious passions, while his court had become one scene of mean and petty intrigue. The Dowager Baie, like ladies in general, and Mahratta ladies in particular, it is thought, aspired to political power, and had not been unsuccessful during this abasement of her son's energies: but whether for her own good, or the good of the state and the happiness of the people, is not clear. Mulhar Rao has left no issue, and is likely to be succeeded by his cousin, Harree Holkar, who has for many years been held in close duresse in the fort of Myhein.—*Mofussil Ukhbar, Nov.* 16, 1833.

HAKEEM MEHNDI ALI KHAN, THE CELEBRATED MINISTER OF OUDE.

Moontezum Ood Dowlah, Mhaindee Ally Khan, better known throughout India by the name of the Hakeem, is one of those individuals who would in any country attract that attention which is readily given, even among the most rude and uncivilized, to him who has the courage to shake himself free of those shackles which centuries of bigotry and prejudice have imposed on his countrymen. Born of a distinguished though not very opulent Persian family, he was very early called into active employment* by Saadut Ally Khan, who, with the penetration for which he was remarkable, predicted, as he contributed to, his advance-

* The late Bishop Heber has stated in his work, "that the Hakeem is a man of very considerable talents, great hereditary opulence and influence." This is an error, and takes from his real merit as the founder of his fortune. The Hakeem's father was a Persian gentleman from Shiraz, who had followed "the sabre's adventurous law" to India; his sword and his spear, his fortune and inheritance. Again: the late bishop has been misinformed in stating that this remarkable person was ever "thrown into prison," whence he was only released by the interposition of the British government. The Hakeem never was in confinement: if he had been, he would never have been released.

ment. In 1802-3, when the treaty was in agitation under which the best half of the Oude provinces were ceded to the Company, the Hakeem was high in the confidence of his sovereign; and his account of the intrigues of the court at that period, the difficulties experienced in inducing the prince to sign what he considered his erasure from the list of Indian sovereigns, afford an instructive and deeply-interesting lesson in the arcana of Indian diplomacy. The Hakeem does not attempt to deny that he counselled his master to resort to all possible means of evasion, and even of resistance, short of a reference to the "*ultima ratio regum*," to which he was far too intelligent to urge him. It is impossible not to admire the spirit which dictated the advice, as much as the candour which now admits the fruitless hostility.

Views, however, so directly in opposition to those of the British Government, could not but bring the Hakeem into rough collision with our Resident, an officer who at that time exercised a far more direct and proclaimed influence in the Oude councils than is now desired. He was therefore driven into honourable exile, as aumil or governor of some districts of the Oude territory, situated on the British frontier of Benares and Goruckpore. Here he applied himself diligently to the improvement of the districts entrusted to him; and with such success, that a country which

does not now pay the expenses of government, under his management was a most fruitful source of wealth to his master's treasury, while means were afforded him for the accumulation of one of those colossal fortunes, of which the East has afforded some rare examples. The blind goddess has seldom made so just a distribution of wealth; and never was Asiatic better fitted to govern and to instruct his countrymen.

To the keenest perception of his own interests, and a remarkable tact in the happy adaptation of the views of others to his own purposes, he adds the deepest sagacity, the greatest mental activity, and a knowledge of human nature, which I have rarely seen equalled, never exceeded. Although born and bred in a country in which the nuptial tie is so little regarded, where marriages are dissolved on demand, and concubinage has scarcely any prohibition; yet, so deeply did the Hakeem feel the loss of his wife, that not only did he never contract another marriage (although she had left him without an heir to his immense wealth), but it seemed as if every line had been broken which could attach him to the world. He never again entered the female apartments where she died, which remain just as they were at the moment of her decease. No one has ever worn her jewels; her shawls and dresses are still retained with enthusiastic fondness; and when he has casually mentioned her name, after a lapse of nearly

eight years, the sigh was in the bosom, and the tear in the eye.

Of his urbanity of manner, even in these kingdoms of masters and slaves; of his intuitive perception of what is great and good; of the justness of his conceptions, and the excellence of his judgment, I might offer many examples. At the marriage of his grand nephew, he gave a most sumptuous entertainment to the ladies and gentlemen of Futtihghur and the surrounding stations, which was conducted in the English mode; the dinner being spread in the hall of a superb house, which he purchased for the occasion, and every delicacy offered which luxury could devise, or wealth supply. In the midst of the entertainment, the string of a pearl necklace of enormous value broke, and the pearls fell in showers all around his seat. The accident, however, was not remarked by the guests, and not a pearl was picked up until they had adjourned: lest, as he observed, an interruption should have occurred in the gaiety of the company, and the party have been deranged "for a very trivial purpose."

Speaking to him one day of our Regulations, and willing to combat his impression, that in this country, as in most others, there are two laws, one for the rich and the other for the poor, he exclaimed, "Let us look no further into the question. You and your brothers interpret the regulations as may best suit *your* views of

right and wrong; but, after all, they very much resemble a curious walking-stick, which was sent to me from your Bengal capital. It looked like a stick, and was loaded with air, but it was in fact a gun." To a rather tiresome visitor, who commented at somewhat greater length than was convenient on the rapid growth of the plants in his garden, he remarked, "Sir, they have nothing else to do."—"You have lately made three presents to the country," he one day remarked to me, "and they all came in with the administration of the Marquis of Hastings: the gout, the cholera-morbus, and the supreme court; we never heard of any of them up here until he arrived."

The figure of the Hakeem is perfectly in keeping with his character. The ample but deeply-furrowed brow, the sarcastic yet smiling expression of the mouth, the ardent and awakened eye, which leaves nothing unnoticed, nothing unexamined. There is even in his dress, always remarkable, nay, studiously neglected, that impress of singularity, and disregard of all form, in a country of forms, which makes his conversation one continued stream of information and intelligence.

The Nawaub is advanced in years, but his mother is a still more remarkable instance of longevity. This lady perfectly recollected the entry of Nadir Shah into Delhi; and the event was still fresh in her recollection after the lapse of ninety years. She had the gratifica-

tion of seeing five generations united under a roof, which the poorest never entered without a welcome, nor quitted without relief.

The Hakeem, as his title imports, is practised in the medical science of his own country; and he is fond, not only of the theory, but of the practice of medicine: in which, I shall remark in passing, he considers himself something of a Machaon; and consequently rather too much inclined to underrate those modern discoveries in a science, which he says Avicenna, Hippocrates, and Galen, very certainly learnt from his countrymen. Of calomel he always expresses undisguised abhorrence. On the other hand, I went to pay him a visit one day, when he was unwell, and I found him taking an amalgam of pounded pearls, gum arabic and leaf-gold. Observing a smile on my countenance at so unusual a prescription, he asked me if I thought there might not be some virtue in one metal as well as another. Joking with him one day on a new plantation of orange-trees, from which at sixty-five it was scarcely possible for him to expect much fruit, he remarked, "One of your great poets mentions a people whose eyes were at the back of their heads; consequently they never saw any thing in front. You must be that people; you never think of what is *likely* to be hereafter, but what *has been* already." He who sent to the distant, and to him unknown valley of Cash-

meer, the splendid benefaction, which could relieve a whole city desolated by an earthquake; he who could construct a bridge for our government, and one for that of Persia, at an expense of £30,000; the Mahommedan, who believes that good men of all nations and religions may be saved—that man's character belongs to the history of his period. If the traveller merits reproach who omits the description of a noble building, why should it not be penal alike to pass in silence the far more rare example of worth uncorrupted by wealth, of religion divested of bigotry, and of charity unmixed with ostentation.—*Beng. Chron.*, *Aug.* 3, 1830.

THE END.

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